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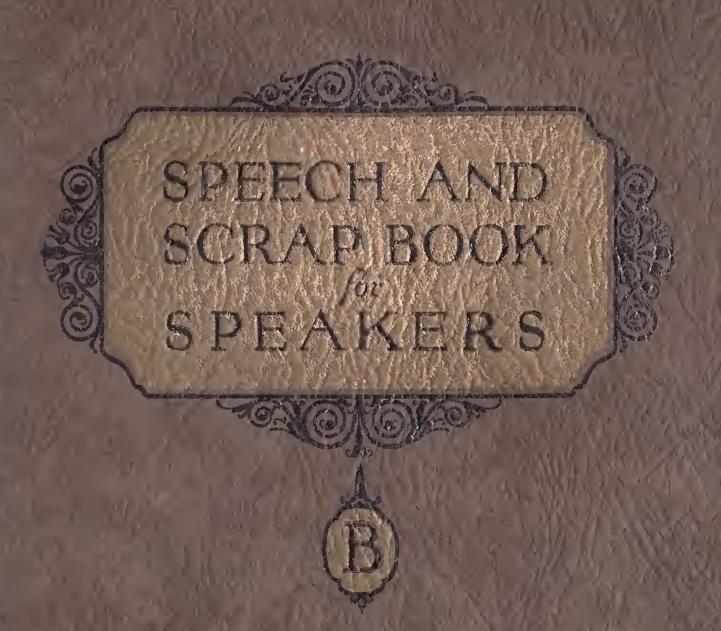
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2046

SPEECH and SCRAP BOOK

FOR

SPEAKERS

Compiled by
H. H. BROACH
and
M. H. HEDGES

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FOREWORD

This speech and scrap book undertakes to present a collection of live and interesting statements, talks and speeches for those interested in coming into contact with practical affairs and stirring events. The endeavor has been to compile and put into the student's hands constructive and interesting speeches, important facts and useful material to which he, or anyone aspiring to speak or write, can turn for ready reference and find assistance in preparing talks and arguments, statements and briefs, of various kinds.

When this kind of collection and arrangement, combined with the speech making material, was first thought of to accompany the speaking course, it was a matter of surprise to find that something of its kind had not appeared long before. And if the material in these pages—especially the material in the scrap-book section—means to you, the student, what it has meant to those who collected it through a period of years, you will live with it; it will take hold of you, and you will turn to it for hope and inspiration again and again.

Acknowledgments

Editors of this book are aware that they owe a great debt of gratitude to those speakers and writers, and to their publishers, who have generously allowed reprints of copyrighted material. They understand that these assistants have graciously given their work to this collection because they wished to forward an educational undertaking.

To Justice Oliver Wendell Holmes, Jr., and Harcourt Brace and Company, New York, for use of "The Rule of Joy" published in Justice Holmes" "Collected Legal Papers."

To Miss Jane Addams for selecting for us, and for lending to us "Woman's Business is to Feed the World."

To the William B. Dana Company, Publishers of "The Commercial and Financial Chronicle" for use of "The Banker and His Function Today" by Thomas W. Lamont; "Rehabilitation of Europe" by Paul Warburg; "What is Progress" by James M. Beck.

To Theodore Roosevelt, Jr., and to Herman Hagedorn, director Roosevelt Memorial Association, for use of "The Man With a Muck-rake."

To W. H. Parker, General Secretary, National Conference of Social Work, for use from the Annual Proceedings of that organization the following: "Waste in Industry" by Herbert C. Hoover; "Our Nation's Obligation to Her Children" by Julia C. Lathrop; "Progress of Legislation for Women" by Florence Kelley; "Factories and the Common Life" by Allen T. Burns.

To Frederick A. Stokes Company, publishers, New York City, for use of Franklin K. Lane's "Makers of the Flag" from the volume "The American Spirit."

To Julius H. Barnes and Merle Thorpe, Editor of the "Nation's Business," for "The American Political Philosophy in Its Economic and Social Aspects."

To Rhoda E. McCullough, Editor-in-Chief of the Woman's Press for permission to reprint Charlotte Perkins Gilman's "Community Conservation of Women's Strength."

To C. A. Prosser for selecting especially for this volume his piquant "Ghosts What Ain't."

To Lewis W. Harthill for selecting and granting us the use of his "Responsibility for Crime," and to George M. D. Posey for his "Sunshine of Life."

And to all others who have directly and indirectly given help, and for frequent use of government publications, and to those authors whose work has drifted to us from informal sources, we hereby acknowledge our indebtedness.

The Editors.

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Every successful speaker and writer keeps a scrapbook. It becomes the repository for all kinds of material, drawn from the four corners of the world of knowledge, out of which he builds in turn his speech or his article. Scraps are saved for different reasons, for beauty of language, for suggestive thinking, for a concise statement of facts and figures, for the fact that such and such a person spoke boldly or clearly, for the light thrown on vexed problems, for one of a dozen reasons. The student of this course is fortunate in having put at his service scrap-book material hoarded by the editors over a period of years of active reading and working. It represents, the editors believe, the fullest anthology of material touching social and public life yet gathered together. Mr. Broach especially has given generously from his collection in which he has kept material gathered in every section of the United States for his own use and enlightenment. His interest in public and industrial questions, and his wide travel makes this material significant and valuable to the student.





by

AARON SAPIRO



Co-Operation Wins

by

Aaron Sapiro

From an address given before a Conference of Farmers and Business Men.

Group production, group capital, group distribution, those are the distinctive things of normal industry today. Those are the things on which you men have built up your great businesses. Those are the things which have made you leaders of the states of Minnesota and North Dakota here present at this evening meeting. Farming is the only exception to the rule of group production. The one peculiar characteristic of farming is individual production. Every man of you not only recognizes this as a fact, but every man of you recognizes that as an ideal. Every man of you dreams of the country as a great, happy country, settled by individual farmers, their farms where the farmer owns the farm and conducts it as an individual unit of national progress.

That has been the ideal of many, many years, and all of you know that the characteristic of farming is individual production. What then is the real problem of the farmer? The problem is, how can the farmer take the products of individual production and fit them into a system of group finance and group marketing? How can the farmer, as an individual, meet the problem of group marketing? He never can do it when he sells his own product as an individual. All he can do is to take his things to the market and, blindly and unintelligently, take them to the first man who will buy them.

He is pushed by his debts, he is pushed by his creditors, he does not know how to guess, and he does not know how to calculate. He has his wheat, he has his cotton, he knows it is harvested once a year, to be used all through the 12 months. He doesn't have any conception of world conditions on it and he blindly throws it on the market, each one man against the other man and he breaks his own price by dumping.

Dumping is a characteristic of individual selling by the farmer, and the individual farmer must dump, because no single individual farmer can ever solve the group problem of marketing.

Now, what have you done to try to bridge that over, to try to show the farmer that his great difficulty is to take his individual products and to feed them into a system of group marketing? Why, you men have not shown him any way out.

You have made it a perfectly easy thing for smooth-tongued politicians to go to the farmer and promise him anything because he has no analysis of his own situation, so that he could tell the true from the false. Why, if you had taken the trouble to explain to the farmers exactly what their problem was, then they would gradually have sought a solution without falling for such ridiculous things as price stabilization and new political parties and all kinds of government action.

They would have found an economic remedy for an economic problem, just as the farmer has found them in California and other sections of the world where co-operative marketing has been tried and not found wanting.

It works with commodities, with things like eggs, of which California produces less than 4 per cent of the product of the Union! It worked before the war, it worked during the war, and it has worked since the war. It has worked in all kinds of credit conditions. It has worked with things that needed no financing. It has worked with things that have been fought bitterly from the beginning of the organization. It has worked where the whole continent and all the trade helped us organize. There is not a type of commodity on which co-operative marketing will not work, if given a test by the growers, and if given some intelligent support by the merchants and the bankers and the leaders of the community.

If there is a way out for the farmer, the way is not politics, and the way is not violence, and the way is not indignation, and the way is not getting on your knees, asking the government to treat you like a charity patient or to do things for you that it would not do for other industries. The way that has been found is the formation of co-operative marketing associations, to sell the products which are produced by individual effort and getting the growers to act as a group and thus enabling them as a group to solve the problem of group marketing.

And men, I want to tell you that it works. It works with oranges. It took them 18 years to find out how to make it work even for oranges. It works for 22 different commodities in the state of California alone. They are handling more than \$260,000,000 worth of products each year on a pure co-operative marketing basis. They have handled since 1910 more than \$2,000,000,000 worth of products on this pure co-operative basis. Who? The farmers organized in big commodity marketing associations.

You—your farmers in Minnesota—you organized co-operatives first, and you organized them all wrong. You organized them on a local basis.

Local organization is right for manufacturing, right for receiving, for grading, for packing, but it is absolutely wrong for farmers' marketing activities. You let your farmers copy the consumers' store system of England and think they were working co-operative marketing. For over 60 years they have been building a wrong type of co-operative in the state of Minnesota, while you business men, who certainly must have known better, did not observe, or, observing, kept your silence.

Why, in California, from 1886 to 1904, we staggered along with these little locals, each one dumping against the other, and none of them able to do merchandising. Finally, we found the truth, that you had to organize the commodity as far as you could, and they have organized the commodity. You can just feed it out to the markets of the world as those markets can absorb it, and do merchandising with raw farm crops just as you do merchandising with flour, with automobiles, with everything else, that is sold around this country.

We have not done any miracles with co-operative marketing. We have simply applied your business principles to the farm, and we have made them work.

Oh, yes, in California we never started a single movement but that somebody stood on the side lines and said "Yes, it will work with oranges but it won't work with beans. It will work with beans, but it won't work with almonds. It will work with almonds but it won't work with peaches, or prunes, or eggs; it won't work with milk, and it won't work with barley."

Why, men, every time we started at these movements we had the great dealers, the men who had the experience, stand on the sidelines and sneer at us and tell us that it will work with anything else except the pet thing that hits their pocketbooks.

But co-operative marketing has yet to record its first commodity failure in California. It has yet to record that commodity marketing will not work with any type of product which is presented to it. Why? Because we are doing with farming simply what you have done with business.

We have studied your methods of business. We saw that you did not manufacture flour and then have every little stockholder in your concern, or in your corporation, take his share of flour and throw it on the market as he likes.

We know that you market together. You market your flour and you have one policy for selling that flour all over the United

States, studying the markets that can take it, advertising to get them to use more of your product. You market your stuff, send it to the markets that will absorb it at a fair price, you adjust your price to the demand, and every bit of it is done by experts who represent all the stockholders sitting in the main office. And yet some sit back and say it can't be done.

Now let me tell you, that not only has it been done but it has been done in places other than California. They always said that we could do it there because we had specialty crops. Well, cotton, is not a specialty crop and the cotton men are co-operating today. More than \$250,000,000 worth of cotton is being handled co-operatively today. Tobacco. Is that a specialty crop? You would not think so if you knew that tobacco is raised in this country by more than 300,000 of which more than 230,000 are today organized, selling their tobacco through five distinct tobacco associations.

It does not merely work in California. It works anywhere in the world where it has been tried. It does not work merely on perishables. It works with perishables, it works with semiperishables, and it works with non-perishables.

THE RULE OF JOY

by

JUSTICE OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES, JR.



The Rule of Joy

by

Justice Oliver Wendell Holmes, Jr.

Speech at a dinner given to Associate Justice Holmes by the Bar Association of Boston on March 7, 1900.

Gentlemen of the Suffolk Bar:

The kindness of this reception almost unmans me, and it shakes me the more when taken with a kind of seriousness which the moment has for me. As with a drowning man, the past is telescoped into a minute, and the stages are all here at once in my mind. The day before yesterday I was at the law school, fresh from the army, arguing cases in a little club with Goulding and Beaman and Peter Olney, and laying the dust of pleading by certain sprinklings which Huntington Jackson, another ex-soldier, and I managed to contrive together. A little later in the day, in Bob Morse's office, I saw a real writ, acquired a practical conviction of the differences between assumpsit and trover, and marvelled open-mouthed at the swift certainty with which a master of his business turned it off.

Yesterday I was at the law school again, in the chair instead of on the benches, when my dear partner, Shattuck, came out and told me that in one hour the Governor would submit my name to the council for a judgeship, if notified of my assent. It was a stroke of lightning which changed the whole course of my life.

And the day before yesterday, gentlemen, was thirty-five years ago and yesterday was more than eighteen years, ago. I have gone on feeling young, but I have noticed that I met fewer of the old to whom to show my deference, and recently I was startled by being told that ours is an old bench. Well, I accept the fact, although I find it hard to realize, and I ask myself, what is there to show for this half lifetime that has passed? I look into my book in which I keep a docket of the decisions of the full court which fall to me to write, and find about a thousand cases. A thousand cases, many of them upon trifling or transitory matters, to represent nearly half of a lifetime! A thousand cases, when one would have liked to study to the bottom and to say his say on every question which the law ever has pre-

THE RULE OF JOY

sented, and then to go on and invent new problems which should be the test of doctrine, and then to generalize it all and write it in continuous, logical, philosophic exposition, setting forth the whole corpus with its roots in history and its justifications of expedience real or supposed!

Alas, gentlemen, this is life. I often imagine Shakespeare or Napoleon summing himself up and thinking: "Yes, I have written five thousand lines of solid gold and a good deal of padding—I, who would have covered the milky way with words that outshone the stars!" "Yes, I beat the Austrians in Italy and elsewhere: I made a few brilliant campaigns, and I ended in middle life in cul-de-sac—I, who had dreamed of a world monarchy and Asiatic power." We cannot live our dreams. We are lucky enough if we can give a sample of our best, and if in our hearts we can feel that it has been nobly done.

Some changes come about in the process, changes not necessarily so much in the nature as in the emphasis of our interest. I do not mean in our wish to make a living and to succeed—of course, we all want those things—but I mean in our ulterior intellectual or spiritual interest, in the ideal part, without which we are but snails or tigers.

One begins with a search for a general point of view. After a time he finds one, and then for a while he is absorbed in testing it, in trying to satisfy himself whether it is true. But after many experiments or investigations all have come out one way, and his theory is confirmed and settled in his mind; he knows in advance that the next case will be but another verification, and the stimulus of anxious curiosity is gone. He realizes that his branch of knowledge only presents more illustrations of the universal principle; he sees it all as another case of the same old ennui, or the same sublime mystery—for it does not matter what epithets you apply to the whole of things, they are merely judgments of yourself. At this stage the pleasure is no less, perhaps, but is the pure pleasure of doing the work, irrespective of further aims, and when you reach that stage you reach, as it seems to me, the triune formula of joy, the duty, and the end of life.

It was of this that Malebranche was thinking when he said that if God held in one hand truth, and in the other the pursuit of truth, he would say: "Lord, the truth is for thee alone; give me the pursuit." The joy of life is to put out one's power in some natural and useful or harmless way. There is no other. And the real misery is not to do this. The hell of the old world's literature is to be taxed beyond one's powers. This country has expressed in story—I suppose because it has experienced it in life—a deeper abyss, of intellectual asphyxia or vital ennui, when powers conscious of themselves are denied their chance.

THE RULE OF JOY

The rule of joy and the law of duty seem to me all one. I confess that altruistic and cynically selfish talk seem to me about equally unreal. With all humility, I think, "Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might" infinitely more important than the vain attempt of love one's neighbor as one's self. If you want to hit a bird on the wing, you must have all your will in a focus, you must not be thinking about yourself, and, equally, you must not be thinking about your neighbor; you must be living with your eye on that bird. Every achievement is a bird on the wing.

The joy, the duty, and, I venture to add, the end of life. I speak only of this world, of course, and of the teachings of this world. I do not seek to trench upon the province of spiritual guides. But from the point of view of the world the end of life is life. Life is action, the use of one's powers. As to use them to their height is our joy and duty, so it is the one end that justifies itself. Until lately the best thing that I was able to think of in favor of civilization, apart from blind acceptance of the order of the universe, was that it made possible the artist, the poet, the philosopher, and the man of science. But I think that is not the greatest thing. Now I believe that the greatest thing is a matter that comes directly home to us all. When it is said that we are too much occupied with the means of living to live, I answer that the chief worth of civilization is just that it makes the means of living more complex; that it calls for great and combined intellectual efforts, instead of simple, uncoordinated ones, in order that the crowd may be fed and clothed and housed and moved from place to place. Because more complex and intense intellectual efforts mean a fuller and richer lifc. They mean more life. Life is an end in itself, and the only question as to whether it is worth living is whether you have enough of it.

I will add but a word, we all are very near despair. The sheathing that floats us over its waves is compounded of hope, faith in the unexplainable worth and sure issue of effort, and the deep, sub-conscious content which comes from the exercise of our powers. In the words of a touching Negro song—

Sometimes I's up, sometimes I's down, Sometimes I's almost to the groun';

but these thoughts have carried me, as I hope they will carry the young men who hear me, through long years of doubt, self-distrust, and solitude. They do now, for, although it might seem that the day of trial was over, in fact it is renewed each day. The kindness which you have shown me makes me bold in happy moments to believe that the long and passionate struggle has not been quite in vain.



WOMAN'S BUSINESS IS TO FEED THE WORLD

by

JANE ADDAMS



Woman's Business Is to Feed the World

by

Jane Addams

An address given to Club Women on Food Conservation.

Those of us who have lived among immigrants realize that there is highly developed among them a certain reverence for food. Food is the precious stuff men live by, that which is obtained only after long and toilsome labor; it is the cherished thing which the poor have seen come into their homes little by little and often not enough, since they were children, until to waste it has come to seem sinful and irreligious.

Much may be achieved by utilizing this reverence for food, and we may also help immigrant parents and their Americanized children to work happily and usefully together in food production.

At Hull House on last Thanksgiving Day a very charming little girl stood in the doorway of my room holding between her firm little hands a bowl containing corn meal mush which she had made from corn she had helped her Italian mother to raise in a city garden plot and had later ground in a coffee mill. The delectable yellow mass was surrounded by syrup, also of their own growing, for in the same garden patch they had cultivated the sugar beets from which they had made this syrup. Apparently they had found much companionship and the use of all their faculties in these processes.

People change their food habits very slowly, we all like best "what mother used to make." Immigrants in America sometimes continue for years to import their accustomed foods. To make radical changes in our food habits requires a genuine incentive and a driving motive. It implies a struggle, none the less real, because it is concerned with domestic adjustments. The effort which is now being demanded from women is in a sense but part of that long struggle from the blindness of individuality to the consciousness of common ends—almost an epitome of human progress itself.

WOMAN'S BUSINESS IS TO FEED THE WORLD

From the time we were little children we have all of us, at moments at least, cherished overwhelming desires to be of use in the great world, to play a conscious part in its progress. The difficulty has always been in attaching our vague purposes to the routine of our daily living, in making a synthesis between our ambitions to cure the ills of the world on the one hand and the need to conform to household requirements on the other.

It is a very significant part of the situation, therefore, that at this world's crisis the two have become absolutely essential to each other. A great world purpose cannot be achieved without our participation founded upon an intelligent understanding—and upon the widest sympathy, at the same time the demand can be met only if it is attached to our domestic routine, its very success depending upon a conscious change and modification of our daily habits.

It is no slight undertaking to make this synthesis, it is probably the most compelling challenge which has been made upon woman's constructive powers for centuries. They must exert all their human affection and all their clarity of mind in order to make the great moral adjustment which the situation demands.

But what have the women's clubs done for us, of what worth is the comradeship and study carried on through so many years, if they cannot serve you in a great crisis like this? (i. e. Great War) Through the earlier years of the Federated Club movement there was much abstract study of history, literature, science and the arts, as if both those women who had been deprived of the stimulus which collective intellectual effort brings and those women who had sadly missed their old college companionships, were equally determined to find it through the widely organized clubs. It was rather the fashion in those earlier days to make fun of this studious effort, it was called foolish and superficial and a woman was sometimes told that it would be much better for her to study the art of darning her husband's stockings and the science of cooking his meals.

Nevertheless the women kept on with a sound instinct, perhaps, for what they needed most—a common background and a mutual understanding, in short the very cultivation which has so wonderfully illumined and unified the practical affairs which they have undertaken during these later years. And because thousands of women made a sustained effort to comprehend the world in which we live, it may now be possible to summon to the aid of the club women everywhere an understanding of woman's traditional relation to food, of her old obligation to nurture the world. We may be able to thus lift the challenge of the present moment into its historic setting.

Back of history itself are innumerable myths dealing with the Spirits of the Corn who are always feminine and are usually

WOMAN'S BUSINESS IS TO FEED THE WORLD

represented by a Corn Mother and her daughter, vaguely corresponding to the Greek Demeter—the always fostering Earth and her child Persephone—the changing seasons.

In Fraser's "Golden Bough" two large volumes are given over to the history and interpretation of these Spirits of the Corn.

He tells us that relics of the Corn Mother and the Corn Maiden are found in nearly all the harvest fields of the world, with very curious old customs. In many countries the last sheaf is bound in the shape, and even put into the clothes of an old woman and is then taken to the threshing floor where everything is done to please her. She is offered all the food and drink of the harvest home supper, that there may be a full harvest next year. The Corn Mother is also found among many tribes of North American Indians and the Eastern world has its Rice Mother, for whom there are solemn ceremonies when the seed rice, believed to contain "soul stuff," is gathered. These deities are always feminine, as is perhaps natural from the association with fecundity and growth.

Closely related to these old goddesses is much of the poetry and some which have gathered about the sowing of the grain and the gathering of the harvest, and those saddest plaints of all, expressing the sorrows of famine.

The Musical Clubs of this Federation doubtless know them, certainly the Irish ones, as the Graphic Arts Departments are familiar with the renaissance in beauty which came with the Barbizon School, when the artists seriously concerned themselves with the toiling peasants of France.

Perhaps those club women who cared most for history and the study of early social customs will be the first to realize that these myths centering about the Corn Mother but dimly foreshadowed what careful scientific researches have later verified and developed. Students of primitive society believe that women were the first agriculturists and were for a long time the only inventors and developers of its processes. The men of the tribe did little for cultivating the soil beyond clearing the space and sometimes surrounding it by a rough protection. The woman as consistently supplied all cereals and roots eaten by the tribe as the man brought in the game and fish, and in early picture writing the short hoe became as universally emblematic of the woman as the spear did of the hunter or the shield and battle axe of the warrier. In some tribes it became a fixed belief that seeds would not grow if planted by a man, and apparently all primitive peoples were convinced that seeds would grow much better if planted by women. In Central Africa to this day a

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woman may obtain a divorce from her husband and return to her father's tribe, if the former fails to provide her with a garden and a hoe.

Those club women who persistently kept up a study class in such stiff subjects as Comparative Religions and Philosophy, know how often a widespread myth has its counterpart in the world of morals. This was certainly true of the belief in the "fostering Mother." Students in the origin of social customs contend that the gradual change from the wasteful manner of nomadic life to a settled and much more economic mode of existence may be fairly attributed to these primitive agricultural women. We can easily imagine that when the hunting was poor or when the flocks needed a new pasture, that the men of the tribe would be for moving on, but that the women might insist that they could not possibly go until the crops were garnered; and that if the tribe were induced to remain in the same caves or huts until after harvest the women might even timidly hope that they could use the same fields next year, and thus avert the loss of their children sure to result from the alternation of gorging when the hunt was good and of starving when it was poor. The desire to grow food for her children led to a fixed abode and a real home from which our domestic morality and customs are supposed to have originated. With such an historic background, it is perhaps not surprising that peasant women all over the world are still doing a large part of the work connected with the growing and preparation of foods. One sees them in the fields in every country of Europe; by every roadside in Palestine they are grinding at the hand mills; in Egypt they are forever carrying the water of the Nile that the growing corn may not perish. American women—even the wives of ill-paid working men and the pioneer women on remote ranches have been relieved of much of this primitive drudgery, if only through the invention of plumbing and farm machinery.

European visitors never cease to marvel at the leisure of American women, of the very sort from whom club women are largely drawn. The American woman is not, however, relieved of her responsibilities and it is well if she has so utilized her unprecedented leisure that at this moment in response to a great crisis she is able to extend her sympathies and to enlarge her conception of duty in such wise that the consciousness of the world's needs becomes the actual impulse of her daily activities.

A generous response to this situation may afford an opportunity to lay over again the foundations for a wider morality, as woman's concern for feeding her children made the beginning of an orderly domestic life. We are told that when the crops of grain and roots so painstakingly produced by primitive women began to have a commercial value that their production and exchange was taken over by men, as they later took over

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the manufacturing of pottery and other of woman's early industries. Such a history, of course, but illustrates that the present situation may be woman's opportunity if only because foods at this moment are no longer being regarded from their moneymaking value but from the point of view of their human use.

In these dark years, so destructive of the old codes, the nations forced back to their tribal function of producing and conserving food, are developing a new concern for the feeding of their people. All food supplies have long been collected and distributed through the utilization of the commercial motive. When it was commercially valuable to a man, to a firm or a nation, food was shipped; when it was not commercially valuable, food was withheld or even destroyed. At the present moment, however, just as the British government has undertaken the responsibility of providing the British Isles with imported food, so other belligerent and neutral nations have been obliged to pursue the same course in order to avert starvation. Commercial competition has been suppressed, not in response to any theory, but because it could not be trusted to feed the feeble and helpless. There is no doubt that even after Peace is declared the results of starvation arising from the world's shortage of food, will compel these governments to continue and even extend their purchasing in other lands. But such a state of affairs will itself indicate a new order—the substitution of the social utility motive for that of commercial gain. The nations in their official relations to each other totally lack that modification which has come in their internal politics by the increasing care of the poor, the concern for the man at the bottom, which has led to all sorts of ameliorative legislation, including the protection and education of children. In international affairs the nations have still dealt almost exclusively with political and commercial affairs considered as matters of "rights," consequently they have never been humanized in their relations to each other as they have been in their internal affairs.

It is quite understandable that there was no place for woman and her possible contribution in these international relationships, they were indeed not "woman's sphere." But it is not quite possible that as women entered into city politics, when clean milk and sanitary housing became matters for municipal legislation, as they have consulted state officials when the premature labor of children and the tuberculosis death rate became factors in a political campaign, so they may normally be concerned with international affairs when these are dealing with such human and poignant matters as food for the starving and the rescue of women and children from annihilation.

There are unexpected turnings in the paths of moral evolution and it would not be without precedent if, when the producing and shipping of food was no longer a commercial enterprise

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but had been gradually shifted to a desire to feed the hungry, that a new and powerful force in international affairs would have to be reckoned with.

The instinct to feed those with whom we have made alliance certainly bears an analogy to those first interchanges between tribe and tribe, when a shortage of food became the humble beginning of exchange. At the present moment the Allied Nations are collecting and conserving a common food supply and each nation is facing the necessity of making certain concessions to the common good that the threat of famine for all may be averted. A new internationalism is being established day by day; the making of a more reasonable world order, so cogently urged by the President of the United States, is to some extent already under way—the war itself forming its matrix. An English economist has recently pointed out that in Europe generally the war has thus far thrown the custom tariffs flat.

Are they, perhaps, disappearing under this onslaught of energized pity for world wide needs? And is a motive power, new in the relations between nations being evolved in response to hunger and love, as the earlier domestic ethics had been? Under this new standard of measurements, preferential tariffs must inevitably disappear because the nation denied the open door must suffer in its food supplies; the control of strategic waterways or interstate railroad lines by any one nation who might be tempted to consider only the interest of its own commerce, becomes unthinkable.

It is possible that the more sophisticated questions of national grouping and territorial control will gradually adjust themselves if the paramount human question of food for the hungry be fearlessly and drastically treated upon an international basis. The League of Nations, destined to end wars, upon which the whole world led by President Wilson, is fastening its hopes, may be founded not upon broken bits of international law, but upon ministrations to primitive human needs. The League would then be organized *de facto* as all the really stable political institutions in the world have been.

In this great undertaking women may bear a valiant part if they but stretch their minds to comprehend what it means in this world crisis to produce food more abundantly and to conserve it with wisdom.

THE NAVAL RACE

by

WILLIAM E. BORAH



The Naval Race

By

William E. Borah

In the U.S. Senate in December, 1922.

It is perfectly clear to me that we are again threatened with a naval race. Different reasons for it have been assigned. I am not going to discuss it with reference to individual responsibility. But it is perfectly apparent that it is here, for the reasons which I shall undertake to disclose as the debate proceeds.

Building is going on abroad, we are told, along all lines not specifically covered by the disarmament conference treaty. The things which were covered by that treaty have been regarded to some extent as not essential to a modern navy, and therefore the course now being pursued is that of a naval race in these things which really count in modern warfare.

There is a very pronounced propaganda in the country in favor of an increased or enlarged navy. There is also a very remarkable propaganda in favor of an increased or enlarged army. The reasons which are assigned for this are because not only of the building abroad in naval affairs, but because of the economic conditions and the discontent and distress which prevail throughout the world. We are told almost daily by the admirals of the Navy or by those who are high in authority in the Army that we may expect almost any day a condition of affairs abroad which will necessitate our having a vast navy and a very much larger army.

It is not my intention, as I said a moment ago, to indulge in personal criticism. I only call attention to the condition of affairs, and that is that we are again entering upon a competitive race in armament, that we are practically abandoning any further effort along the line of disarmament or the limitation of armament. Before we accept such a course we ought to survey the situation with reference to our present condition and as to what will probably follow. It is my purpose briefly to call attention to some of the conditions in this country at this time.

Mr. President, our present national indebtedness is between twenty-one billion and twenty-two billion dollars—an almost inconceivable sum when one attempts to measure it with any

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degree of accuracy or intelligence. In these days we speak of billions in glib terms, but when one comes to measure what \$22,000,000,000 means in the way of an indebtedness it is pretty difficult to get a thorough comprehension of it. At the close of the Civil War we had an indebtedness of about two and a half billion dollars.

In the space of 50 years we had reduced it about one-half. At the same rate of reduction we now have an indebtedness which it will take us over twelve hundred years to pay. When we seek to measure the payment of this debt in human toil, in energy, in sacrifice, and in suffering it is beyond the power of human language to portray the seriousness of this burden. The entire amount of gold which has been produced since 1492 is \$5,000,000,000 less than our present national debt.

In addition to our national debt we have at present an annual expenditure of something about three and one-half billion dollars a year—possibly a little less, possibly a little more. It has not been so very long since we were regarded as unduly extravagant when it was known that we had had a billion dollar Congress in the way of appropriations; but, now, four years after the close of the World War, after all those expenditures which have particularly to do with the prosecution of the war are supposed to have been eliminated, or at least greatly modified, we still have a national expenditure of some three and a half billion dollars a year.

That, however, Mr. President, only gives a very inadequate glimpse of the real condition of affairs in this country. When we take in consideration the national debt and the national expenditure we have only a portion and a very inadequate portion, comparatively speaking, of the entire debt and the entire burden which rests upon the American people at this time.

OUR NATION'S OBLIGATION TO HER CHILDREN

by

JULIA C. LATHROP



Our Nation's Obligation to Her Children

By

Julia C. Lathrop

An address given before National Conference of Social Work.

I do not know who gave me this ambitious subject for an address, and yet I am not quite sorry to have it. I understand that someone has spoken about the government at a meeting of this conference in terms of "brass tacks." I, of course, as an employe of our government shall speak with marked gentleness.

Times change, but is it necessary to have any better definition of the obligation of our nation to her children than that it shall secure to each of them the inalienable right set forth in the Declaration of Independence to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness? It is for us in our little day to do what we can toward translating that dictum. We are sure, of course, that we see a few things that our forefathers did not see, and those of us who have any sense of the future know that posterity will smile over the things we do not see.

I have been accustomed for the last nine years to think chiefly of the federal government's obligation to children, which is quite a different and much more manageable subject than that assigned me and I shall venture to speak chiefly of the government's obligation.

Under the Constitution it is the right of the state to make laws regarding the children and the family. The government has a restricted function—it can investigate and report. This has a hollow sound as applied to the seven million illiterate persons in our land, most of them born and bred here. It is a hollow answer to the parents of more than two hundred thousand children who die yearly, a large proportion of them needlessly. It is a hollow answer to children who begin work before they learn how to use their minds and are doomed to the lowest level of comfort and dignity for all their lives in consequence. It has a hollow sound to the immigrant accustomed to centralized bureaucratic control, who comes to the United States with its magic promise—not to any one of the forty-eight states, whose

names he does not know, but one of which will govern in the main him and his children. Yet what can be done by investigation and report?

Perhaps it is not so discouraging: The great power of the Department of Agriculture lies in fifty years of investigating and reporting. Out of that it has come to have certain regulatory provisions, but its great services to the country are those it has made by investigation and report, and these have been fundamental to the laws which have developed from them. The department makes continuously an invaluable contribution toward forwarding the science of agriculture by its laboratory research, and by its investigations at home and in foreign lands. It reports by sending agents into every country to advise as to soils and stock, and the details of farm work. It sends women agents to the door to advise as to household arts. It keeps traveling experts who develop canning clubs for girls, corn clubs, and pig clubs for boys. It shows extraordinary skill, ingenuity, and directness in its reporting the manifold applications of scientific research to the daily work of men and women engaged in agriculture, yet it exerts no authority.

It is by this approach that the Children's Bureau is trying to work—investigation and report in the field of child welfare, the social field. Here the methods of research are slow, painstaking and undeveloped, and methods of reporting are still less developed. Yet the spade work of the last nine years encourages a belief in the rich contribution which such a government bureau can in time be made to give. Does not the theory of a democratic non-centralized government depend upon this method? If facts can be discovered and so uncolored in true proportion before us, can we not trust ourselves to understand and work out the remedies? There is only one answer in the long run, and it is affirmative.

Ever since I learned of the recent death of Mr. Edward B. Rosa, chief physicist of the Bureau of Standards, I have desired an opportunity before a great audience of social workers to pay tribute to that modest scientific gentleman for the aid which he gave those who work in the field of social science.

We are told that after being challenged by the Congressional Appropriations Committee as to the estimates submitted for the expenses of the Bureau of Standards, he determined to assemble precise data as to the general cost of the government, and he prepared a paper which finally took form under the title of "Expenditures and Revenues of the Federal Government," published this May, which showed at an opportune moment the relative cost of the various activities of the government. We shall never know quite how much he has contributed to that change in the popular current thought on the subject of disarmament of which

we are now all aware. He made his facts clear by terse statements in simple English, by absolute precision of data, by charts and tables, by "pies" cut in labeled "pieces." In the 1920 "pie" the sector containing social and industrial research is hardly visible to the naked eye, while the share of the Bureau I know best could not be seen. Indeed, the Children's Bureau, spurred on by the indignity of being unable to find itself, turned to calculating percentages whereby it discovered that its cost of \$271,000 for the year was less than ½ of 1 per cent of the tiny "piece" spent for education, developmental, and research functions, and a trifle less than 5/1000 of 1 per cent of the whole budget and exactly 5/1000 of 1 per cent of the war "piece."

These figures of Rosa's are not new. Usually they have been sedately, innocuously filed. They never entered the popular mind, yet they express stern living facts which he has driven into the understanding of the amiable and careless public. Rosa makes us see that war—past, present and future—cost 93 per cent of all the money the government spent in 1920 and forces us to realize that our only salvation for the improvement of civil government, for social research and betterment, must come by reducing the 23 per cent for present military maintenance and preparation, because the great sector of the war debt, 68 per cent, must be paid. Those of us here clearly realize that democratic improvement in attaining standards of living which will make much social work unnecessary must be slackened for many long years because of the war debts, and this meeting of social workers has given evidence of its belief in disarmament for this reason at least.

It is the ambition of many a government officer to emulate the ingenuity and skill in research and reporting which made Rosa's modest book his worthy monument. But the government has another method of serving the United States, the method of stimulating the activities of the states and aiding the federal states by appropriations on the fifty-fifty plan with which we are all familiar. For years, by this plan the Department of Agriculture, like a network of university extensions, has helped the farmer and his family. This fifty-fifty plan is improving our roads, and therefore reducing the isolation which is responsible for much illiteracy and child-neglect. It is helping to improve vocational education. It is building up knowledge of social hygiene. Some of us trust that it may be invoked to improve the care of mothers and infants and to reduce the present infant and maternal death rates. The present Federal Child Labor Law, which undertakes to control the labor of children in industry by taxing the net income of industries which employ children illegally, is an experiment not yet passed upon by the Supreme Court. However, whether sustained or not, it can hardly be depended upon as a precedent of federal legislation in the pro-

tection of children. Indeed extended governmental control would do violence to local autonomy beyond the measure of any benefit it could confer—as some of us believe. On the whole, the great service of the federal government in the child welfare field is that of improving, increasing, and popularizing knowledge—a vast series of government extension schools, if you please, where there is no compulsory attendance, but millions of eager students.

The nation, through the machinery of its forty-eight states, is responsible for the welfare of children and in all those matters reserved by the Constitution for state control. The inequalities are great and even shocking. Sometimes they seem beyond toleration, but cheering indications of progress are observable. One may refer to the new interest in child health and the thirtyeight states which have in recent years created child hygiene divisions within their boards of health, to the vast increase in the popular conviction that children can be kept well and not need to be cured. The increase in rural and city public health nursing and in the number of child health centers throughout the country points in the same direction. The solution of the health problem should be more rapid, but it is well begun. The juvenile court movement swept the country with an enthusiasm of taking the helpless child of neglect out of the category of criminals, and all of our states have juvenile court laws, yet we were told in 1918 that of the one hundred and seventy-five thousand children who appeared before the courts, fifty thousand were heard in courts without adequate equipment for their reasonable protection. The effort to control child labor by good schools and compulsory education laws is steadily becoming more effective and is at last reaching toward the rural child. We must not be surprised, however, that foreign visitors are disappointed in us when they see some of our failures instead of looking only at the brilliant successes reported to them abroad and which, as a matter of fact, they have imitated. This inequality is one of the evils of legislation by forty-eight separate states which time and public interest are slowly remedying. The Committee of Juvenile Court Standards which has been formed at this conference gives promise of study and research which will aid in stimulating interest and pride in equipping juvenile courts to serve the ends for which they were intended.

Illiteracy is the worst blot on the national child welfare escutcheon. Whether it can be wiped off without aid from the federal government is an open question. For myself I wish we could use the fifty-fifty plan with some freedom for aid and stimulus to the states, for stated periods, not as permanent contributions. Congress might review every seven years and determine to cease or continue, as the results justified—politics laid aside. Great progress has been made in some of the states in

the last few years, although the figures of the draft warn us of the enormous task which this generation has to perform in educating young adults as well as children. There is hardly a state whose finances would not be strained if the appropriation really needed for elementary education were made immediately.

No surer sign of the trend of state legislation toward better provision can be found than in the code commissions which have now been appointed in twenty-four states for the purpose of reviewing and improving legislation regarding children. Every one of these commissions has become aware of the child welfare legislation and standards in our other states and has endeavored to secure the best standards for its own state. These commissions may be temporary, but law is not static in our country, and the children's codes will be reviewed again and again. These commissions are really engaged in legal research for the immediate use of their respective states, and thus we come around to the same proposition for the government and for the state, that only by painstaking study, by determined effort to know the facts and put them clearly before people and make them of practical use do we secure any real progress. By this method honestly pursued, we are on the path of democratic progress which cannot lead anywhere except toward better opportunity for life and liberty and the pursuit of happiness for every child. In fact one dares to hope that—not in our day but before the history of our country is all written—we shall add another clause and say that the rights of the child include not only the pursuit of happiness but its attainment.



by

THEODORE ROOSEVELT



The Man With the Muck-Rake

By

Theodore Roosevelt

An address given in 1906 by Mr. Roosevelt on occasion of laying the corner-stone of the office building of House of Representatives.

Over a century ago Washington laid the corner-stone of the Capitol in what was then little more than a tract of wooded wilderness here beside the Potomac. We now find it necessary to provide by great additional buildings for the business of the government. This growth in the need for the housing of the government is but a proof and example of the way in which the nation has grown and the sphere of action of the National Government has grown. We now administer the affairs of a nation in which the extraordinary growth of population has been outstripped by the growth of wealth and the growth in complex interests. The material problems that face us today are not such as they were in Washington's time, but the underlying facts of human nature are the same now as they were then. Under altered external form we war with the same tendencies toward evil that were evident in Washington's time, and are helped by the same tendencies for good. It is about some of these that I wish to say a word today.

In Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress" you may recall the description of the Man with the Muck-Rake, the man who could look no way but downward, with the muck-rake in his hand; who was offered a celestial crown for his muck-rake, but who would neither look up nor regard the crown he was offered, but continued to rake to himself the filth of the floor.

In "Pilgrim's Progress" the Man with the Muck-Rake is set forth as the example of him whose vision is fixed on carnal instead of on spiritual things. Yet he also typifies the man who in this life consistently refuses to see aught that is lofty, and fixes his eyes with solemn intentness only on that which is vile and debasing. Now, it is very necessary that we should not flinch from seeing what is vile and debasing. There is filth on the floor, and it must be scraped up with the muck-rake; and there are times and places where this service is the most needed of all the services that can be performed. But the man who

never thinks or speaks or writes save of his feats with the muck-rake, speedily becomes, not a help to society, not an incitement to good, but one of the most potent forces for evil.

There are, in the body politic, economic and social, many and grave evils, and there is urgent necessity for the sternest war upon them. There should be relentless exposure of and attack upon every evil man, whether politician or business man, every evil practice whether in politics, in business, or in social life. I hail as a benefactor every writer or speaker, every man who, on the platform, or in book, magazine, or newspaper, with merciless severity makes such attack, provided always that he in his turn remembers that the attack is of use only if it is absolutely truthful. The liar is no whit better than the thief, and if his mendacity takes the form of slander, he may be worse than most thieves. It puts a premium upon knavery untruthfully to attack an honest man, or even with hysterical exaggeration to assail a bad man with untruth. An epidemic or indiscriminate assault upon character does no good, but very great harm. The soul of every scoundrel is gladdened whenever an honest man is assailed, or even when a scoundrel is untruthfully assailed.

Now, it is easy to twist out of shape what I have just said, easy to affect to misunderstand it, and if it is slurred over in repetition, not difficult really to misunderstand it. Some persons are sincerely incapable of understanding that to denounce mud-slinging does not mean the indorsement of whitewashing; and both the interested individuals who need whitewashing, and those others who practice mud-slinging, like to encourage such confusion of ideas. One of the chief counts against those who make indiscriminate assault upon men in business or men in public life is that they invite a reaction which is sure to tell powerfully in favor of the unscrupulous scoundrel who really ought to be attacked, who ought to be exposed, who ought, if possible, to be put in the penitentiary. If Aristides is praised overmuch as just, people get tired of hearing it; and overcensure of the unjust finally and from similar reasons results in their favor.

Any excess is almost sure to invite a reaction; and, unfortunately, the reaction, instead of taking the form of punishment of those guilty of the excess, is very apt to take the form either of punishment of the unoffending or of giving immunity, and even strength, to offenders. The effort to make financial or political profit out of the destruction of character can only result in public calamity. Gross and reckless assaults on character, whether on the stump or in newspaper, magazine, or book, create a morbid and vicious public sentiment, and at the same time act as a profound deterrent to able men of normal sensitiveness

and tend to prevent them from entering the public service at any price. As an instance in point, I may mention that one serious difficulty encountered in getting the right type of men to dig the Panama Canal is the certainty that they will be exposed, both without, and, I am sorry to say, sometimes within, Congress, to utterly reckless assaults on their character and capacity.

At the risk of repetition let me say again that my plea is, not for immunity to, but for the most unsparing exposure of the politician who betrays his trust, of the big business man who makes or spends his fortune in illegitimate or corrupt ways. There should be a resolute effort to hunt every such man out of the position he has disgraced. Expose the crime, and hunt down the criminal; but remember that even in the case of crime, if it is attacked in sensational, lurid, and untruthful fashion, the attack may do more damage to the public mind than the crime itself. It is because I feel that there should be no rest in the endless war against the forces of evil that I ask that the war be conducted with sanity as well as with resolution. The men with the muck-rakes are often indispensable to the well-being of society; but only if they know when to stop raking the muck, and to look upward to the celestial crown above them to the crown of worthy endeavor. There are beautiful things above and round about them; and if they gradually grow to feel that the whole world is nothing but muck, their power of usefulness is gone. If the whole picture is painted black, there remains no hue whereby to single out the rascals for distinction from their fellows. Such painting finally induces a kind of moral color-blindness; and people affected by it come to the conclusion that no man is really black, and no man really white, but that all are gray. In other words, they believe neither in the truth of the attack, nor in the honesty of the man who is attacked; they grow as suspicious of the accusation as of the offence; it becomes well-nigh hopeless to stir them either to wrath against wrong-doing or to enthusiasm for what is right; and such a mental attitude in the public gives hope to every knave, and is the despair of honest men.

To assail the great and admitted evils of our political and industrial life with such crude and sweeping generalizations as to include decent men in the general condemnation means the searing of the public conscience. There results a general attitude either of cynical belief in, and indifference to, public corruption or else of distrustful inability to discriminate between what is good and what is bad. Either attitude is fraught with untold damage to the country as a whole. The fool who has not sense to discriminate between what is good and what is bad is well-nigh as dangerous as the man who does discriminate and yet chooses the bad. There is nothing more distressing to every

good patriot, to every good American, than the hard, scoffing spirit which treats the allegation of dishonesty in a public man as a cause for laughter. Such laughter is worse than the crackling of thorns under a pot, for it denotes not merely the vacant mind, but the heart in which high emotions have been choked before they could grow to fruition.

There is any amount of good in the world, and there never was a time when loftier and more disinterested work for the betterment of mankind was being done than now. The forces that tend for evil are great and terrible but the forces of truth and love and courage and honesty and generosity and sympathy are also stronger than ever before. It is a foolish and timid, no less than a wicked thing, to blink the fact that the forces of evil are strong, but it is even worse to fail to take into account the strength of the forces that tell for good. Hysterical sensationalism is the very poorest weapon wherewith to fight for lasting righteousness. The men who, with stern sobriety and truth, assail the main evils of our time, whether in the public press, or in magazines, or in books, are the leaders and allies of all engaged in the work for social and political betterment. But if they give good reason for distrust of what they say, if they chill the ardor of those who demand truth as a primary virtue, they thereby betray the good cause, and play into the hands of the very men against whom they are nominally at war.

In his "Ecclesiastical Polity" that fine old Elizabethan divine, Bishop Hooker, wrote:

"He that goeth about to persuade a multitude that they are not so well governed as they ought to be shall never want attentive and favorable hearers, because they know the manifold defects whereunto every kind of regimen is subject; but the secret lets and difficulties, which in public proceedings are innumerable and inevitable, they have not ordinarily the judgment to consider."

This truth should be kept constantly in mind by every free people desiring to preserve the sanity and poise indispensable to the permanent success of self-government. Yet, on the other hand, it is vital not to permit this spirit of sanity and self-command to degenerate into mere mental stagnation. Bad though a state of hysterical excitement is, and evil though the results are which come from the violent oscillations such excitement invariably produces, yet a sodden acquiescence in evil is even worse. At this moment we are passing through a period of great unrest—social, political, and industrial unrest. It is of the utmost importance for our future that this should prove to be not the unrest of mere rebelliousness against life, of mere dissatisfaction with the inevitable inequality of conditions, but

the unrest of a resolute and eager ambition to secure the betterment of the individual and the nation. So far as this movement of agitation throughout the country takes the form of a fierce discontent with evil, of a determination to punish the authors of evil, whether in industry or politics, the feeling is to be heartly welcomed as a sign of healthy life.

If, on the other hand, it turns into a mere crusade of appetite against appetite, a contest between the brutal greed of the "have-nots" and the brutal greed of the "haves," then it has no significance for good, but only for evil. If it seeks to establish a line of cleavage, not along the line which divides good men from bad, but along that other line, running at right angles thereto which divides those who are well off from those who are less well off, then it will be fraught with immeasurable harm to the body politic.

We can no more and no less afford to condone evil in the man of capital than evil in the man of no capital. The wealthy man who exults because there is a failure of justice in the effort to bring some trust magnate to an account for his misdeed is as bad as, and no worse than, the so-called labor leader who clamorously strives to excite a foul class feeling on behalf of some other labor leader who is implicated in murder. One attitude is as bad as the other and no worse; in each case the accused is entitled to exact justice; and in neither case is there need of action by others which can be construed into an expression of sympathy for crime. There is nothing more anti-social in a democratic republic like ours than such vicious class-consciousness. The multi-millionaires who band together to prevent the enactment of proper laws for the supervision of the use of wealth, or to assail those who resolutely enforce such laws, or to exercise a hidden influence upon the political destinies of parties or individuals in their own personal interest, are a menace to the whole community; and a menace at least as great is offered by those laboring men who band together to defy the law, and by openly used influence to coerce law-upholding public officials. The apologists for either class of offenders are themselves enemies of good citizenship; and incidentally they are also, to a peculiar degree, the enemies of every honest-dealing corporation and every law-abiding labor union.

It is a prime necessity that if the present unrest is to result in permanent good the emotion shall be translated into action, and that the action shall be marked by honesty, sanity, and self-restraint. There is mighty little good in a mere spasm of reform. The reform that counts is that which comes through steady, continuous growth; violent emotionalism leads to exhaustion.

It is important to this people to grapple with the problems connected with the amassing of enormous fortunes, and the use of those fortunes, both corporate and individual, in business. We should discriminate in the sharpest way between fortunes well won and fortunes ill won; between those gained as an incident to performing great services to the community as a whole, and those gained in evil fashion by keeping just within the limits of mere law-honesty. Of course no amount of charity in spending such fortunes in any way compensates for misconduct in making them. As a matter of personal conviction, and without pretending to discuss the details or formulate the system, I feel that we shall ultimately have to consider the adoption of some such scheme as that of a progressive tax on all fortunes, beyond a certain amount, either given in life or devised or bequeathed upon death to any individual—a tax so framed as to put it out of the power of the owner of one of these enormous fortunes to hand on more than a certain amount to any one individual; the tax, of course, to be imposed by the National and not the State Government. Such taxation should, of course, be aimed merely at the inheritance or transmission in their entirety of those fortunes swollen beyond all healthy limits.

Again, the National Government must in some form exercise supervision over corporations engaged in inter-state business and all large corporations are engaged in inter-state business whether by license or otherwise, so as to permit us to deal with the far-reaching evils of over-capitalization. This year we are making a beginning in the direction of serious effort to settle some of these economic problems by the railway rate legislation. Such legislation, if so framed, as I am sure it will be, as to secure definite and tangible results, will amount to a great deal more in so far as it is taken as a first step in the direction of a policy of superintendence and control over corporate wealth engaged in inter-state commerce, this superintendence and control not to be exercised in a spirit of malevolence toward the men who have created the wealth, but with the firm purpose both to do justice to them and to see that they in their turn do justice to the public at large.

The first requisite in the public servants who are to deal in this shape with corporations, whether as legislators or as executives, is honesty. This honesty can be no respecter of persons. There can be no such thing as unilateral honesty. The danger is not really from corrupt corporations: it springs from the corruption itself, whether exercised for or against corporations.

The eighth commandment reads, "Thou shalt not steal." It does not read, "Thou shalt not steal from the rich man." It does not read, "Thou shalt not steal from the poor man." It

reads simply and plainly, "Thou shalt not steal." No good whatever will come from that warped and mock morality which denounces the misdeed of men of wealth and forgets the misdeed practised at their expense; which denounces bribery, but blinds itself to blackmail; which foams with rage if a corporation secures favors by improper methods, and merely leers with hideous mirth if the corporation is itself wronged. The only public servant who can be trusted honestly to protect the rights of the public against the misdeeds of a corporation is that public man who will just as surely protect the corporation itself from wrongful aggression. If a public man is willing to yield to popular clamor and do wrong to the men of wealth or to rich corporations, it may be set down as certain that if the opportunity comes he will secretly and furtively do wrong to the public in the interest of a corporation.

But, in addition to honesty, we need sanity. No honesty will make a public man useful if that man is timid or foolish, if he is a hot-headed zealot or an impracticable visionary. As we strive for reform we find that it is not at all merely the case of a long uphill pull. On the contrary, there is almost as much of breeching work as of collar work; to depend only on traces means that there will soon be a runaway and an upset. The men of wealth who today are trying to prevent the regulation and control of their business in the interest of the public by the proper government authorities will not succeed, in my judgment, in checking the progress of the movement. But if they did succeed they would find that they had sown the wind and would surely reap the whirlwind, for they would ultimately provoke the violent excesses which accompany a reform coming by convulsion instead of by steady and natural growth.

On the other hand, the wild preachers of unrest and discontent, the wild agitators against the entire existing order, the men who act crookedly, whether because of sinister design or from mere puzzle-headedness, the men who preach destruction without proposing any substitute for what they intend to destroy, or who propose a substitute which would be far worse than the existing evils—all these men are the most dangerous opponents of real reform. If they get their way, they will lead the people into a deeper pit than any into which they could fall under the present system. If they fail to get their way, they will still do incalculable harm by provoking the kind of reaction which, in its revolt against the senseless evil of their teaching, would enthrone more securely than ever the very evils which their misguided followers believe they are attacking.

More important than aught else is the development of the broadest sympathy of man for man. The welfare of the wageworker, the welfare of the tiller of the soil—upon this depends

the welfare of the entire country; their good is not to be sought in pulling down others, but their good must be the prime object of all our statesmanship.

Materially we must strive to secure a broader economic opportunity for all men, so that each shall have a better chance to show the stuff of which he is made. Spiritually and ethically we must strive to bring about clean living and right thinking. We appreciate that the things of the body are important; but we appreciate also that the things of the soul are immeasurably more important. The foundation stone of national life is and ever must be, the high individual character of the average citizen.

by

THOMAS W. LAMONT



The Banker and His Function Today

 $\mathbf{B}\mathbf{y}$

Thomas W. Lamont

An address given by a member of the firm of J. P. Morgan and Co., at dedication exercises of a new Chicago Bank Building.

This is an occasion which I welcome, not chiefly because of my great respect for the capable head of this institution; but because today we are gathered here to dedicate this beautiful new building to the encouragement and upbuilding of industry, of commerce, of sound business and of just and honorable dealing between man and man. This fair building, and the institution which it houses, are placed in the midst of a great and glowing city, in the centre of a community vital with all the forces and enthusiasms that have made America what it is today. And here and under this roof, coming as I do as one of your neighbors—for surely in this modern world, where space and time count for naught, Chicago and New York are neighbors—this company of associates and friends, I hope it may be appropriate for me to say a few words on this business of banking in which so many of you here are engaged.

Banking, like any other calling, has its critics and detractors. Yet I hear no serious suggestion that the business of banking be abolished; for it still seems to serve the community and to contribute to its orderly growth; just as it has done since the days of those bankers of Venice who, six or seven hundred years ago, financed the shipment of goods from the Far East to the countries of Europe, and in that way opened up a new world; bringing to the knowledge of the West the riches and the mysticism of the East; giving new zest to adventure and to discovery, to science and to industry; enriching the fine arts; stimulating ideas and so setting the world further upon its way.

I will not go so far as to say that the early merchant bankers were responsible for all these great developments that I have hinted at; but certainly they played no mean part in them. And from their time on down through the centuries the great bankers have always been—not the hard-headed conservatives and holders-back that they are often pictured—but real constructors. The great bankers, I say—and what one among the fraternity

is lacking in the ambition to be a great banker; great not necessarily in the eyes of the world, but great in the service which he renders to the community? Some of us may at times have been bounded by too narrow an horizon; but the number of such bankers is happily, I believe, growing less each year. The reason that the business world today has far fewer failures, in comparison to its size, than it had a generation ago is due in considerable measure to broader-minded banking methods. Nowadays far greater efforts are made by the banks to assist and to put on their feet again customers that fall into difficulties, even though such a course may mean temporary disadvantage to the bank. Far greater efforts too are made by the banks towards unity and concert of action in the case of clients whose troubles are common to them all.

This simply means that we have had in the community a marked growth of that confidence which is the basis of all banking. "Trust" is an old-fashioned Saxon and Norse word that came into business parlance almost as soon as its cognate word "true" came into colloquial use. Perhaps today we use more the rather technical phrase "to give credit," but all that means is "to trust in," "to have faith in." The late Mr. J. P. Morgan's remark, uttered only a few months before his death, to the effect that he'd rather loan a million dollars on character than on the best collateral in the world, has been repeated many times, and worthily, because it was a striking phrase to emphasize that quality of trust of faith.

If the soundness of our own business depends upon the extent to which we are able to trust our customers, how much more does the whole system of banking, of which we are a part, rest upon the faith that the community must place in us. And that faith which they have in us is bounded, not simply by their knowledge of our ordinary honesty, not simply by their belief that in our hands their savings and their deposits are safe; it has a far wider range. The community as a whole demands of the banker that he shall be an honest observer of conditions about him, that he shall make constant and careful study of those conditions, financial, economic, social and political, and that he shall have a wide vision over them all. The community does not insist that the banker shall be prophet too; but it does look to him for an intelligence of a high order and for a courage fully commensurate with such intelligence.

This being the case, it may be of benefit for us to stop now and then and examine ourselves; to ask whether we are fulfilling the high calling that is ours. This is peculiarly a time and a situation when the general public looks to its bankers to study conditions and to express themselves clearly upon the status of present day problems. For instance, is it true—as some of

our countrymen allege—that with the end of the great war our responsibilities as Americans in the world situation at once ceased? Or is it, on the other hand, true that, growing directly out of the war, a new set of problems arose that affect our own country in common with all others, and that for the solution of these new problems a responsibility almost as heavy as that undertaken in entering the war still rests upon us? These are, I take it, two insistent questions to which the American community wants an answer today. When it has its answer it will be prepared to adopt the right course, whether or not such course seems to call temporarily for seeming sacrifice.

Let us, then, see if we can find in our economic situation today any answer to these questions. Take agriculture: Our farmers are justly complaining that the price of wheat is below their cost of production. The comparatively low price is apparently due to the falling off of foreign markets for our wheat. In the year ending June 30, 1922, our wheat exports were 208 million bushels; this last fiscal year 155 millions. Export of our other great breadstuff, corn, fell from 176 million bushels to 94 million bushels in the same twelve months ending June 30, 1923. Why has there been this drop? Because of heavy crops, not only in Canada, Argentina and Australia, but in Europe as well. And why has the Continent had bumper crops this year? The answer is in part, because of the recovery from the devastation of the war, but also in large part—and this is the point to note—because our latest tariff laws put up such a barrier against foreign manufacturers that, speaking generally, the people abroad are unable to sell goods here to the extent that they otherwise might, and so, to establish as large credits as might be possible for the purchase of our grains. For years past, as the records show, the foreign markets have bought hundreds of millions of dollars of our wheat, paying for it in large part of course with goods. Now that, by our higher tariffs, we render that method of payment more difficult, we necessarily force foreign labor to turn in greater volume to agriculture. All over Europe labor has been flocking to the wheat fields. In one important way this is a very fine thing; for it means that Europe will have an abundance of food this winter. But, on the other hand, if we had not favored the idea of doing all the selling and none of the buying, our farmers and our manufacturers who are dependent for their prosperity upon the farmers' demand, might have been better off. I am not entering into a tariff argument tonight. I am merely suggesting that it is "up to" you and me as bankers to study these causes and effects, and when we have arrived at a conclusion to act upon it. If I were a farmer I shouldn't worry about our imports increasing; I should worry about agricultural exports decreasing, to try to find out why, and attempt to ascertain the remedy.

We must not forget, too, the extent to which we pull down Europe's purchasing power through the necessity of her providing for us large annual sums for interest. For instance, just as one item we note that Great Britain's remittance to our Treasury is to be \$160,000,000 or more per year.

Again, we find in our industrial communities a shortage of labor, due largely, of course, to our more stringent immigration laws, under which our immigration has been pulled down from an average of about 1,035,000 during the five years before the war to 523,000 during the last fiscal year. In levying very high tariffs on foreign goods our legislators explain that they are protecting our American labor from the competition of cheap foreign labor. Very good. Also, in putting up the bars against immigrant labor, our legislators are again trying to protect domestic labor. Does it now occur to you that in this double protection of our labor we are perhaps overdoing the job a bit? Certainly by making labor very scarce and wages very high we are putting up the costs heavily to our consumers. This then is another one of those questions that the community looks to you bankers to examine. And the more we examine this and kindred questions the more, I believe, we shall find that the idea of being a great American isolationist has little if anything to commend it. We can't turn around without finding ourselves tripped up by some pesky situation lying thousands of miles distant from Chicago, Illinois. The Argentine farmer, for instance, can today sell his wheat abroad more cheaply than our farmer can. Why? Because Argentine farm labor is more plentiful and less expensive. Again, why? Because again our present laws have this tendency to bar out plentiful labor for our farmers. It is of course quite impossible to prove by figures that the falling off in our export of foodstuffs since the imposition of the Fordney tariff has been due to its high tariff schedules; but certainly such tariff has a direct relation to the cost of manufactured goods that our farmers, with diminishing sales of their own products, are obliged to buy. We can only surmise the effect upon our exports of such tariff obstacles through our general knowledge of the way they are likely to operate.

Let us drop agriculture for the moment and turn to mining—copper, for preference, because America is the greatest and cheapest producer of copper in the world. Early last winter, prior to the French occupation of the Ruhr, the foreign demand for our copper was good and was seemingly on the increase. Prices were strengthening and predictions of twenty-cent (per pound) copper were freely made. Such a firm market would have meant production on a greatly increased scale by American mines, with more returns to labor and better markets for merchants. But the Ruhr trouble ended all that. Not only did

actual consumption of copper fall off in the Ruhr and in surrounding districts, but all over Continental Europe a certain natural timidity arose in manufacturing circles and their purchases of copper dropped. A recent Berlin dispatch says: "The average German monthly consumption of copper has fallen from 10,000 tons normally to 2,500 tons the last six months, and is now 1,500 tons." An American copper authority states: "Occupation of the Ruhr quite possibly has meant a difference between 20-cent and 14½-cent copper" for American producers.

Germany normally buys 90 per cent of her copper in the United States and of Germany's total copper purchases onefourth at least is consumed in the Ruhr. It is not, therefore, surprising that Germany's copper purchases from us have fallen and for the year ending June 30, 1923, were 76,000,000 pounds less than for the preceding year. Likewise with lead (although the total of dollars involved is small) our sales to Germany dropped for the year from about 20,000,000 to about 7,000,000 pounds; and the price, be it noted, fell from 8.5 cents to 5.85 cents per pound. Our export sales of raw cotton, of which Germany in normal times took over one-quarter fell from 6,542,000 bales in the preceding twelve months, to about 5,066,000 bales in the twelve months ending June 30, 1923, although to be sure the total money received for this past year's export was (owing to higher prices, resulting from a short crop) greater than in the preceding year. Not only did Germany's purchases of cotton decline from 1,688,298 bales to 916,727 bales, or about 46 per cent, but France bought less and so did England; the latter country took only 1,369,000 bales, as compared with 1,766,000 bales. But, you may say, England was not occupied, nor its economic life disorganized by depreciated currency and unbalanced budgets. No, but England's textile mills had felt a slackening in the demand for their cotton goods, particularly from those distant countries which had formerly been selling much to Germany. This instance excellently illustrates the fact that dislocation of trade in one important region has its repercussions in markets half way around the world. Our sales of wheat to Germany for the first seven months of this year fell to 1,015,000 bushels, as compared with 2,773,000 in the same period a year ago, and our corn exports fell to 5,491,000 bushels as compared with 25,704,000 bushels a year ago. To be perfectly fair we must note that our export sales of coal have increased because of the falling off in Ruhr tonnage; but such increase goes little way to offset the falling off in our sale of other commodities.

What an outrage, you say, that this Ruhr difficulty should continue and hurt our great foreign market for copper, cotton and cereals. Why, you say, don't those European countries settle their differences and give us back our proper export markets

for grain and metals? Why indeed? What is the answer of the American isolationist to that? Does it occur to you that it is partly our own fault? The American people decided three or more years ago to withdraw from European situations as being none of their concern. Having withdrawn, we must not complain unduly of the consequences of our withdrawal. Many people, both here and abroad, believe that if we had decided differently and determined to do our share in solving those worldwide problems that inevitably grew out of the war that we help to win, the complexion of affairs European would be far different today and would be much more serene.

But there is no use attempting to grind with the water that is past. The question that now confronts us is whether our stake in these world problems is sufficiently large to warrant our changing our policies somewhat and trying to help ourselves and others. Putting this question up to you, I am going to venture to differ radically with some of our recently returning American travelers, who, arriving upon our blessed shores, proceed to thank God that we are not as other men are, and then go on to say that Europe is nothing but a seething cauldron of greed and hate, on the imminent verge of boiling over into active war. This, according to my belief, is happily untrue. I no more look to see war break out in Europe tomorrow than I expect to see fighting between United States and Canada. And saying that, I do not mean to minimize the vast seriousness of those problems which, lacking complete solution as yet, are, as I have pointed out, affecting our own prosperity at home. Europe is manifestly greatly troubled. It is vexed with great questions; it is still sore oppressed with the grief and losses of war. But despite the Ruhr and everything else that may look gloomy, it is not on the verge of new war. In fact, it is not lacking in instances of international forgiveness and grace. Naturally, I mention first the case of Austria. There is an extraordinary display of international comity and co-operation as contrasted with the animosity that some of our returning travelers describe. The Austrian people had been brave enough and strong enough under excellent counsel to straighten out their own situation, put a stop to inflation, and had, as Mr. Morgan recently said, proved themselves as one of the nations "prepared to help themselves." Thereupon Austria's neighbors and late enemies held out the hand of friendship, joined in guaranteeing its political integrity, and then, as a crowning act, shared in a guarantee of the international loan that Austria has recently raised. Here were France, Italy, Great Britain, not long ago fighting against Austria; and Czechoslovakia which had rebelled and broken away from the old Empire, turning square around with other countries and lending every possible encouragement and assistance to the late foe. Would observers say that this extraordinary loan operation of Austria's was an exhibition of jealousy or hate?

Again, we see in the financial settlement with the Mexican Government an instance where the divergent interests of the investors of many different countries, including certainly the United States, Great Britain, France, Germany, Holland, Switzerland and Belgium, were reconciled under a plan fair to all of them and eminently fair to the Mexican Government. In the formation of this important plan looking to the readjustment of not less than \$700,000,000 of debts, principal and interest, I observed on the part of all these foreign interests not a spirit of jealousy or selfishness but one full of conciliation, and give and take.

Again, I hear people say: How terribly France hates Germany; how ruthlessly she is trying to dismember and trample Germany under foot. I could, however, detect no strong desire on the part of the people in France to dismember Germany. Whether or not France may have been ill-advised in her Ruhr policy; whether or not her course has been constructive to world peace; yet when I was in France last spring I could find no ground for its idea that France is trying to crush Germany or attempting to imperialize the Continent of Europe. I did note in France a great longing for permanent peace, a determination to be made secure against future German aggression, a decision that to the extent of her capacity Germany must repair the material damage wrought upon France.

In this connection I have noted that some of my American friends recently in France have upon their return taken the French Government severely to task for alleged failure in its taxation policies, sometimes going so far as to state that the French people were avoiding taxation almost completely. Feeling sure from French Government reports that I had read that my friends had not accurately pictured the situation, I sent over and asked for up-to-date official figures on this question of French taxation. Here are some of the figures which may be accepted as authentic. I give them by way of comparison for the two years, 1913 (the last year before the war) and 1922. They show that in 1913 the French Government budgetary receipts in total were a little under 5 billion francs—to be exact 4,907,000,-000. For 1922 these same receipts were almost 24 billion—to be exact 23,854,000,000. This of course, means receipts exclusive of any receipts from Government loans. Now while the depreciation of the franc must be taken into account, nevertheless it must be clear that there has been a most substantial increase in various forms of taxation. It is simple to say that the French people are not taxing themselves, but is it true? Twenty-four billion francs of Government revenue for 1922 would not indicate it. Those, mind you, are not revenue scheduled for collection but actual receipts.

We are apt to say that in France the people pay no income worthy the name. Again, is that true? In 1913 France, like the United States prior to that year, had no income tax. And as a great bulk of the French population is made up of peasant farmers and small artisans, the income tax necessarily makes its way rather slowly, just as it does with us. Yet from nothing in 1913 France in 1922 collected an income tax of 3,280,000,000 francs. In the first six months this year they collected 2,064,000,000 francs, or at the rate for the current year of 4,128,000,000, a substantial increase over 1922. I am not claiming that France is levying anything like as heavy an income tax as Great Britain is, where the income tax has been law for almost a century. But I am saying that the tale that France is practically evading all direct taxation is erroneous and unjust.

On the whole it seemed to me that there was a gradually increasing spirit of tolerance in Europe, as a desire to get the other person's point of view. In saying this, I certainly admit myself to be an optimist. Yet I cannot but feel that, even with the great questions, forces are working gradually towards a settlement. It may have to be piece-meal, it is also sure to be slow in coming; but certainly there is no warrant for Americans to become discouraged or indignant over the situation, to be unduly critical of it, or to get the idea that we Americans have become moulded into a nobler clay than that from which our forebears of Great Britain and the Continent of Europe are fashioned. Modern nations are in the last analysis strikingly similar. No one of them is preponderantly selfish or overwhelmingly tolerant and generous. Each of them on the whole is probably trying to do the decent thing as it sees it. And these nations, just like men, frequently fall far short of their good intentions. They listen to bad counsel, their governments are often unduly influenced by temporary considerations. make unwise and blundering moves. But that does not mean that we should attribute to them motives of greed and hate. It means, so far as Europe is concerned, that still burdened, as I have said, with the prepossessions of war, the judgments of its people quite naturally at times have gone awry; but probably no more so than ours would have gone under equal strain. The people abroad would welcome our co-operation in their counsels upon a larger scale than we have given it to them. But they are not asking for it. They can get along without it. They expect nothing from us that it is not manifestly to our own best interest to give. That is a fact that should be noted and emphasized.

Nor have I been able to see how, through reasonable participation in those affairs of Europe that directly concern us, we are likely to get tripped up and "put in a hole," as some of our orators so fervidly apprehend. What does history show us that

the European countries are all wicked and engaged, from time on end, in devilish plots to circumvent us; and that we are simply a lot of guileless, gawky country folks, full of sweetness and light to be sure, but essentially a lot of innocents? How did we get that way? Do not the circumstances of history studied prove quite the opposite? Following the Declaration of Independence the course of the Revolutionary War would indicate that we had cultivated a singular knack of taking care of ourselves. When we negotiated the Treaty of Ghent after the War of 1812 with Great Britain, we got everything that we had fought for, and that (at the Peace Conference) we negotiated for; the other side little or nothing. President Monroe utters a dictum to the effect that no European nation can "play in our backyard," that, we declare, stretches down to Cape Horn. And this excellent Monroe Doctrine of ours has grown to be a thing whereat the monarchs of the world bow down and tremble. Again at the end of the Civil War, we made upon Great Britain certain sweeping claims for damages alleged to have been inflicted by the S. S. Alabama. International lawyers were sharply divided over the equities in the case, but we insisted upon the settlement of our claims, and settled they were. In 1896, out of the clear sky, President Cleveland demanded that Great Britain cease from a certain course of procedure with reference to Venezuela, concerning whose unwarranted attitude towards certain British subjects there seemed to be no question. We demanded, I say, and Great Britain promptly withdrew. Who can justly say that we are a nation bursting with unsophistication and innocence, doomed to be the dupe of any European group that we happen to sit down at table with?

May I finally, then, suggest that we forget once and for all this ridiculous notion that our friends across the water are not to be trusted? After some experience with them I have never seen evidence that they were trying to get the better of us. We in New York and you here in Chicago, and in those other neighboring cities that I see so worthily represented here tonight, may sometimes fail for the moment to understand one another on any given proposition. We or you, as the case may be, may have failed to get all facts and therefore may question one another's judgment. But as to our underlying motives, as to our basic good faith, you can have no question any more than we can question yours. We are all Americans together working for a common end—the progress, prosperity and happiness of our common land. Is it then going too far to urge the view that, with the world indissolubly knit together as a whole in economic advance and well being, the time has come when we should regard ourselves as citizens of a wider civilization than one country alone; that we should look upon these forebears of ours, who never cast their lot upon American soil, as still kin with us, as men to be trusted first of all; as men to believe in, to work

with, to try to understand during the brief span of our short lives? And when we advocate a spirit of somewhat greater trustfulness, do not let us get the idea that one portion of the community, more than another, has special interest in such an attitude. The whole American community, fortunately, is bound together in good fortune or in ill. What, in international relationships, is to be the advantage of all?

To feed the poor, to succor those in sore distress, the American people are the most kind-hearted, the most generous in the world. Russia is starving and we send her grain by the million bushels. Austrian babies are dying and cargoes of American milk are dispatched. Famine comes down on China like a thief in the night, and we Americans are the ones who relieve it. Japan is devastated and there is from all over our country a spontaneous giving that is as remarkable in its spirit of charity and loving kindness as it is effective.

But when it comes to the question of means to prevent the woe and waste and distress of war, then do we not seem to pause? We are ready to repair war's ravages—to make great sacrifices—but to prevent them we seem to falter, because we distrust the the other nations. Suppose we think that point over a bit. Wouldn't it be a paying proposition for us to co-operate a little more with our good counsel and great influence so as to help to prevent war, rather than to wait until it is too late and then pay heavily for the damage?

How shall we set about such co-operation? It is not for me to point the way. Ways and means enough are to be found if the spirit prompts. Will it prompt us? Will it stir us into action, vital once more and helpful to ourselves and to the whole world besides?

THE AMERICAN POLITICAL PHILOSOPHY IN ITS ECONOMIC AND SOCIAL ASPECTS

by

JULIUS H. BARNES



The American Political Philosophy in

Its Economic and Social Aspects

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An address given by the President of the United States Chamber of Commerce.

The three hundred years of American national history comprise an era which may well challenge the attention of every student.

A survey of the vast material progress of America in its short national history may well occasion the profoundest American pride of accomplishment.

A study of the social structure created on this base of material prosperity is one which should enlist the most sober attention.

And again, if one thus finds the world's most striking creation of material wealth and the world's most encouraging advance in living standards and social relations, then we have still to ascertain whether America is running true to the ideals on which this political structure was erected.

A nation that in three hundred years of national history has created the vast aggregate of three hundred billion of national wealth, possesses vast potentiality of human service. When we find its nearest rival, the British Empire, with two thousand years of creative opportunity and with its present possessions circling the globe, attaining an aggregate wealth of only one hundred and seventy billion, the imagination is challenged, indeed, to a search for the reason of America's miracle development.

We must recognize the favor of Nature in great natural resources, but so also, other countries have coal, and iron, and oil, and timber, and vast fertile fields, yet have not translated this natural wealth into human service and possession as has

America. We owe something to fortunate geographical position, with its freedom from the burdens of military defense and the shock of recurrent war alarms. We owe more, perhaps, to the readiness of adaptability, peculiar to a newly-founded commonwealth, free from age-old habits and customs difficult to alter.

But when we have weighed all these factors, we realize that there has been a potent stimulant beyond all these; a stimulant inherent in the political philosophy of America.

This philosophy recognizes national progress and national attainment only as the sum of individual effort and accomplishment. This philosophy holds the prime function of constituted authority to be that of preserving fair play and equal opportunity for every individual. This philosophy guarantees individual security in the enjoyment of rewards, secured through the natural processes of service to society. This philosophy, in providing thus the field of their opportunity and security of reward, stimulates the individual to create his own niche in the social structure, by his own character and ability and devoted effort.

Under such a political philosophy the whole structure of society remains fluid; there is little tendency to harden into social strata which encase the individual and stifle individual effort.

Influenced by this political philosophy, running parallel with it, and justified by its accomplishment under test, runs the American industrial ideal by which a premium is put on human effort, through the enlargement of its production, by mechanical aids. The typical American industrial theory of mass production, justified by industry itself only on the claim of economy of operation, has nevertheless proved, in its history, to be a most potent social service in advancing living standards.

This premium which America places on man-power, as against the social and industrial methods of the Old World, is shown most strikingly in Agriculture.

For instance, the criticism is often heard that the cereal yield per acre in America falls below the cereal yield per acre of Europe and indicates in some vague way an inferiority of American methods. On the contrary, should not the cereal yield be measured by the product per worker employed? When we recount that America's cereal yield annually is twelve tons, per worker for the rest of the world, we visualize the disparity in conception of the value of human labor.

Further, it may be accurately calculated that the wheat crop of America, today requires the equivalent of seven million

working days, while if that crop were produced today on the methods used before the invention of the harvester and its succeeding devices, it would require one hundred and thirty million total working days instead. This reduction, in three generations, of human effort devoted to a single crop, releasing one hundred and twenty-three million working days to other production, typifies the constant progress of American industry. There are countries in the world, competitors with America in the production of cereals for sale in Europe's import markets, still producing their cereals with the hand methods of three generations ago.

This particular phase of agricultural production helps to explain why the streets of America's western towns are lined with automobiles, while peasant labor still ekes out a bare existence in Argentina, and India, and Russia.

The American farm is not usually thought of as a highly mechanized industry, yet this process of mechanical aids in the enlargement of human production has made vast strides in that basic industry.

A generation ago, a single horse, with a single plow, guided by a single man, plowed a single acre in a single day. Today, the American tractor, with a single man, will plow eight to ten acres in a single day.

A generation ago an industrious farmer could plant by hand two acres of corn each day. Today the check-rower, guided by the same single worker, will seed eighteen to twenty acres day by day.

The reflection of these typical improvements into farm earnings rests not alone in the economy which follows fewer workers employed, but also in the freedom from weather interference which more expeditious accomplishment of necessary farm work thus secures.

The same recent years which have witnessed these improvements, have also strengthened the security of farm marketing opportunity. The hard-surfaced highway and the motor truck deliver farm produce at a lower cost and without the weather blockade of impassable roads, while the telegraph and telephone give the farmer instant and continuous contact with market conditions and market prices,—greatly to his own advantage.

These mechanical aids and their service to the farm, in twenty years, have helped advance the farm values of this country from twenty billion to seventy-eight billion dollars, with all that means of the security of this great basic industry.

This same peculiarly American philosophy runs through all the processes of industry. Typical instances may be cited thus:

In thirty years, the production of pig iron per worker has risen from 267 tons annually, to 709 tons, or almost three-fold.

Iron and steel have become the great frame-work for all modern industry, and the significance which follows this constantly increasing output, per worker enlisted, can hardly be overrated, in its industrial service.

In window-glass, less than twenty years ago a single invention, almost within the space of a single year increased the output, per worker, from fifty-five square feet per hour, to over three thousand square feet per hour. Here is a striking demonstration of the great expansion of output which the same number of workers could supply to the constantly enlarging building program of this growing country.

The daily papers, although the number of pages and their size are constantly on the increase, show in ten years an increase in circulation, per employee, from 1,500 to 1,800 per day. In this economy rests the explanation of the continued two-cent paper, with its constant enlargement of service and wider range of contents.

In bituminous coal, in thirty years the production per day, per worker, has risen from two and one-half tons to over four tons. Here rests a reason why this industry has expanded in one hundred years from the 50,000 tons which was the total annual production in 1820, to the 600 million tons which was the production of 1920. The imagination is staggered, indeed, to comprehend what 600 million tons annual increase means in the service of other industry and the production of articles of common sense.

In silk manufacture, in twenty years the pounds of raw silk used, per employee, have risen from 118 to 204. In this economy rests the explanation of the fact that silk, in gown and hose, has become the almost universal possession of American women.

In gasoline production, in twenty years the annual output, per employee, has risen from 23,000 gallons, to 71,000 gallons. Here is a vast economy in the production of motive power, serving that great agency of pleasure and great agency of earnings, the automobile.

In automobile manufacturing, in the short space of ten years, the annual output, per worker, has risen from one and onehalf cars, to over four. What this has meant to America in earn-

ing power, and in social enjoyment, is beyond human ability to tabulate. What it has meant to economy of production, and thus in enlarging the circle of users, is stated most graphically in the fact that one single manufacturer in the United States produces in four months more cars than have accumulated in twenty years in our nearest rival, Great Britain.

These instances of enlargement of product per worker, are sufficient to show how maintained and increased production requires relatively fewer workers assigned to that production.

Our industrial history makes it manifest that the workers thus released through the substitution of mechanical devices and labor-saving aids are not consigned to unemployment, with the social injury of idleness and lack of earnings and savings, but are released instead to the constantly expanding old and new industries, and thus constantly swelling the production stream of articles of common use.

It is manifest that the standard of living can only be advanced and maintained by the creation of more and more articles for division among American homes. It is manifest that the American process of mass production, the constantly expanding output, of itself, directly tend to expand the average standard of possession. It is manifest that this increasing volume must press into more and more homes, facilitated by the economies of costs which mass production itself secures, and aided in its distribution by more widely distributed buying power which enlarged competition for workers itself assures.

It is, however, necessary and proper that, in material wealth, we should make sure that such wealth is fairly and equitably distributed, not by law and edict, with all the inequalities and injustices which follow such application of human judgment in authority, but that it be fairly and equitably distributed by the social system and the natural processes of trade in which individual superiority obtains its reward by the attraction of superior service.

It is reassuring in this respect to trace the increase in capital savings of this country. It is reassuring to realize that, within the last ten years, savings accounts have increased from six billion to fourteen billion dollars in this country. It is reassuring that our National Bank deposits, in the same ten years, have increased from six billion to seventeen billion dollars.

But we have besides these evidences of liquid wealth, a ready method of testing the distribution of wealth, of measuring the distribution of buying power in this country. For instance, we use this simple table:

In twenty years between the census dates of 1900 and 1920, these comparisons occurred:

Our population increased forty per cent. The volume of food production increased thirty-eight per cent with the assurance of adequate home supplies which that suggests.

The volume of mine production increased 128 per cent, showing that in metals and iron there was adequate assurance for the necessary supplies of manufacturing industry.

And in the same twenty years the volume of factory output rose ninety-five per cent or almost doubled.

If you extend the increasing annual output rising between 1900 and 1920 to almost double, you arrive at a rough calculation that the factory output of articles of common use had, in that twenty years, mounted to one thousand per cent above the continued level of 1900 on which it started. If one proceeds to eliminate from this vast addition, those articles which may have been currently consumed, such as food and clothing, there is such a residue plainly left as to lead to the unavoidable conviction, that in 1920, the average home of America possessed three times the articles of common use which the average home of 1900 possessed. You may test this roughly in your own observation by recalling how recently have come into general use, bath rooms and plumbing, telephones and phonographs, electrical devices, and automobiles, and a thousand other things.

Moreover, the very fact that such an enormous swelling increase of factory products could be made and could be marketed in America, is the most conclusive evidence that buying power was widely distributed in the hands of innumerable buyers. Such an increase of factory production would not have been possible of sale, were wealth concentrated in the hands of a wealthy few.

But when thus we have demonstrated that, in America, we have made the world's most astounding increase in national wealth and have established the world's most advanced standard of living, there still remains the test as to whether we have lost anything of the inspirational value of the early ideals of this Republic. High ideals do not lend themselves to ready appraisal of their own value. They are not qualities which readily subject themselves to statistical record. They do manifest themselves, however, by certain evidence which indisputably base themselves on high ideals and righteous impulse.

In the educational world, for example, the increase of average attendance of school age from 10,700,000, in 1900, to 16,200,-

000 in 1920, is assurance that there is no slackening in the desire for intellectual training for our children.

This increase in school attendance, exceeding fifty per cent, during the years when our population increased forty, shows an accelerated ratio of child training in the public school.

Moreover, in the same twenty years, the per cent of children in high schools increased from three per cent to ten, and the total registration in public high schools increased by 325 per cent.

In college and university registration, there was an increase of 190 per cent. And in the value of public school property, an increase in the same twenty years, of 340 per cent.

Here then, in the record of the development of educational opportunity and the appreciation of that opportunity, is no story of any slackening of educational aspiration, such as materialism alone would inevitably produce.

America is certainly today realizing on its ten generations of public school training. In no other way can one account for the general ready adoption of the devices of science and invention into industry, and the demonstration that the workers of America lend themselves most effectively to the operation of inventions. The whole record of expanded national wealth and increasing individual opportunity justifies the early conception of the Republic that a general public school education was the surest guaranty of equality of opportunity for all our children.

Genius, to be sure, is not the product of education, alone, no matter how wisely planned; but to readily adopt in general use, the inventions of genius, requires a people whose mentality is trained and developed beyond the capacity of mere physical drudgery. The countries, for instance, of the Old World, whose social concepts accept as natural and proper the labor of women in coaling ships and carrying building hods, have a long and difficult task in any effort to utilize the service of science and invention in every day industry.

The enlargement of earning power which in America followed the utilization of science and invention in its industrial processes, has manifested itself in many forms. The man of superior mentality, of superior directing or organizing genius, can make himself effective many-fold through the products of this era of invention. By the aid of the telegraph and telephone, the fast train and the automobile, by time and labor-saving devices of all kinds, with aid of standardization which has followed perfected engineering and chemical exactness, this superior ability

can direct at many places, factories of unprecedented size and output, where his father could have made effective equal ability in but a single place.

The very processes of mass production, the standardization of tasks, has made a secure place of employment for men of low mentality, men who a generation ago would have been out of work half the time. Such men of inferior ability today, performing a simple task in the process of assembly of such products as the automobile, find themselves secure with the wages of a skilled mechanic. Between these two extremes, every grade of mentality has by the service of mechanical aids greatly enlarged its earning and saving potentiality.

But the solid foundation on which American industry has developed, with this security of opportunity and employment, rests in the national ideal of universal education, and the individual equipment which that secures.

If in other fields than education we measure the average of American social ideals, we find the same encouragement. The total gifts and legacies recorded in support of philanthropies, in aid of the sick, the aged and the orphaned, in scientific research to lighten human suffering, show little evidence of individual and national selfishness.

The ethics of the business world and the standards of political morality are distinctly higher than those of a generation ago.

If then, without narrow provincialism or national self-conceit, one is led to the conclusion that America has established a world leadership in material progress, in living standards, and an advance as well in those indefinable qualities that denote character, one must soberly examine the characteristics of our political philosophy under which this progress has been made.

If one should attempt to define the American social and political philosophy in a phrase, it might be described as the Philosophy of Fair Play. America clearly rebels against the Old World concept that human authority may properly rate, in dollars, and safely restrict in reward, the value of such imponderable qualities as human genius. The value to living standards of Edison and the electric lamp can not be gauged safely by lesser intellects, but only by the free expression of Society, which evidences its appreciation by actual purchase and use. America clearly begrudges no reward for superior service to society, through invention, or production, or organization, or distribution, so, that it be clearly a reward obtained in free competition and bestowed because society has rated such service as better

than a competitor has been able to perform. That this manifest the public temper is shown by the fact that there is today, no public resentment at the recent statement that a single individual in America in twenty years has acquired a personal fortune of six hundred million dollars, selling an article of universal appeal to five million users.

America clearly recognizes that it is a violation of this fair play when combinations of superior wealth and power are made, as against the public.

It is, therefore, in the very preservation of the national philosophy of fair play that the theory of Government regulation has been evolved. This regulation, which controls practices and affects earnings, must, in the national self-interest, be restrained, and wise, and generous. It must attract the enlistment of capital, and attract the services of superior individual ability, in order that regulated industry may march in step with private industry in the development of economies and of service. In Europe there was no half-way station between private ownership and ownership by the State, of public utilities. Closing their eyes to the manifest disability which must follow the State as an employer of individuals whose votes do, of themselves affect the State, there has been a long period of Government experimentation which has clearly demonstrated the failure of this method.

It is of striking significance to students of political philosophy, and of striking encouragement to the American individualism philosophy instead, that Europe, based on actual experience, is developing a general repudiation of the theory of State socialism.

Italy, for many years, has practised Government ownership of telephone and telegraph, and express and railroads. For many years, the most ardent voice in favor of Government ownership and Government operation is the voice, that, today, driven by the very logic of actual demonstration, condemns the inefficiency of State ventures into the domain of industry, and leads the National effort for a return to the advantages of private initiative, in Italian industry.

In March last, opening the session of the International Chamber of Commerce, Premier Mussolini, with all these spectacular backgrounds of former personal socialistic opinions, and the conversion from those theories, used these striking words:

It is my conviction that the State must renounce its economic functions especially those of monopolistic character for which it can not provide. It is my conviction that a Government which wants quickly to uplift its own people from the after war crisis, must give free play to private enterprise and forego any measure of State control or State paternalism, which may perhaps satisfy the demagogy of the Left, but, as shown by experience, will in the long run turn out to be absolutely fatal both to the interests and the economic development of a country.

* * *

I do not believe that that complex of forces which in industry, agriculture, commerce, banking and transport, may be called with the name of capitalism, is about to end, as for a length of time it was thought it would by several thinkers of the social extremism. One of the greatest historical experiences which has unfolded itself under our own eyes has clearly demonstrated that all systems of associated economy which avoid free initiative and individual impulse, fail more or less piteously in a short lapse of time.

These are significant words, indeed, and worthy of sober consideration.

So, elsewhere in Europe, recent years have seen, tried in actual practice, social and political theories that had been preached in the abstract for generations.

In Russia, the actual trial of communism, ignoring the individual impulse, all but destroyed the whole economic structure of a great country, and brought down the living standards of one hundred and fifty millions to the barest margin above utter barbarism. A land of vast stretches of fertile soil, producing in former days the greatest export surplus of grain of any single country in the world saw even its simple agricultural production shrink under the stifling of individual impulse and incentive, until Famine itself was held back only by the aid of individualistic America. A country possessed of forests, and iron and coal, and with idle labor appealing for employment, saw its production of essential implements for its basic industry of Agriculture, shrink to the official admission during the Genoa Conference, that its production of agricultural implements had declined to eleven per cent. of pre-war; its production of plows to six per cent. of pre-war; and the production of iron to two per cent. of pre-war. From this almost utter prostration this country has been quickened into the faint semblance of economic life by the partial restoration of a limited area in which the primal human impulse to produce and to save has been allowed some promise of reward.

Austria has run the gamut of easy social theories.

State services, such as railroads, were overloaded with unnecessary dependents; charges for service bore no relation to the cost of providing that service; deficits thus created were liquidated by issuance of paper promises to pay, which in the process of their depreciation destroyed the savings of the thrifty of former generations. The practical result was, to put a premium on the spend-thrift, and the reckless, and to make Austria, for three years, the great international mendicant.

Some months ago, out of the desperation of utter hopelessness, this socialist republic appealed to be saved against itself. Its Parliament abdicated its right of legislative interference for a definite period of two years. Paper currency emission was discontinued, and the paper tokens, in which are written the evidence of saving and on whose denomination the contracts of industry must be based, stabilized. Immediately there was disclosed a margin of earning and saving power which was, up to that time, unsuspected. Charges for public services are being readjusted to something of the cost of necessary support. The State railways are in process of partial return to private operation, in the hope of enlisting the superior directing ability which can not function under the stifling methods of political control. Industry is reviving, savings are increasing, the confidence of the world is restored, and Austria is becoming a self-respecting and self-supporting entity.

In the Old World, and in America, the frontier of relations between Government and industry will be a shifting one, subject to relocation by the process of trial and error. In the determination of the line of just and wise demarcation these social experiments in Europe have great value, for the guidance of the judgment of the world. So, also, of even greater value, is the demonstration of service and accomplishment in America, which sturdily resisted the influence of Old World experimentation, and never really departed from its traditional adherence to American individualism.

It is plainly apparent that, in political philosophy, and in the relation of Government to Industry, and to its individual citizens, America will have something of great value to contribute, even as it has done in the processes of industry, and in the demonstration of the social and human service of these typically American theories. We do so much need in America students and teachers who can visualize the warm and vital human meaning which runs through the abstract statistics and indexes of industry. We need students and teachers who can translate trade indexes into their full human significance. There is so much to enlist the enthusiasm and the idealism of students and teachers in this American philosophy of fair play! It seems a philosophy of so much sturdier growth, so much more of

common fairness, so much more of inspirational value, than the soft and easy philosophy of the care of the State for the individual! It is in no sense reactionary or conservative, because its very essence is the liberalism which refuses favor, and scorns advantage, asking only the equality of opportunity.

by

HERBERT C. HOOVER



Waste in Industry

 $\mathbf{B}\mathbf{y}$

Herbert C. Hoover

An address given before National Conference of Social Work.

I have been asked to speak upon some of the waste of human effort in industry. The subject in full would require much more exhaustive treatment than this occasion permits. The waste of intermittent employment, of seasonal unemployment, of labor turnover in strikes and lockouts, tides of unemployment due to the business cycle, the wastes due to wrong adjustment of the hours of labor, the wastes from the fulling of the mind due to repetitive work, and above all, the waste due to the wrongs of child labor, each of them would comprise sufficient subject of a dozen addresses.

There are one or two points on which I would like to touch with some emphasis. One of them is this problem of child labor, which now again forces itself into the field of emergent action. Every well-wisher of children must feel deeply the failure of the last effort in national prevention of child labor. A study of the situation as it stands will show that a majority of states have forward-looking and effective laws in child protection; that some others have enacted legislation that at least goes part way. But there is a minority that are still in the Middle Age in their attitude toward childhood.

Child labor in these backward states is competitively unfair to industry in the states that have responded to the moral and social ideals of our people. But far beyond this, the moral and economic results of debilitated, illiterate, and untrained manhood and womanhood that must spring from these cesspools where child labor is encouraged and is legitimate, in fact the entire nation.

All of us would agree in the wish that the sense of local government and local responsibility in our country were such that each and every state would advance itself to the forefront of progress in this so vital a question. It would be far better for the future of the Republic if this were true, for I know of nothing more disheartening than the impulse and justification given to the centralization of government by continuous failure of local

government in matters that affect the nation as a whole. With the growing population and growing complexity of our industrial and social life, the constant resort to federal control for solution of difficulties will yet undermine the very basis of social progress by the destruction of the sense of local responsibility.

However, if it is impossible to secure this necessary safeguard to our people by local government, I am one of those who consider the losses in our sense of local responsibility are less than the losses to the nation as a whole and if all else fails I stand for amendment to the federal Constitution that will give the necessary power and authority to compel action in those states which are negligent of their responsibilities. Let us have our eyes open to the fact, however, that the necessity for so doing is a definite step in undermining the autonomy of local government, and the sacrifice in this autonomy that a few states are imposing on all the whole will only open the gates of encroachment through the Constitution every time some local social cesspool must be drained. It is with this thought in mind that I should like to suggest to you that a final effort be made to bring all states into line to abolish child labor. If that cannot be accomplished quickly, I regretfully join with those in favor of federal action.

Clearly, if economic waste is reprehensible waste of child labor whether viewed economically or in terms of common and universal betterment is a blight that in its measure is more deplorable than war.

I have no need to argue the case and cause of childhood, but it may be worth recounting that our system of individualism can only stand if we can make effective the supreme ideal of America. This ideal is that there shall be an equality of opportunity for every citizen to reach that position in the community to which his intelligence, abilities, character, and ambition entitle him. I am a strong believer in this progressive individualism as the only road to economic, social, and spiritual safety and to human progress. Without this tempering ideal that America has evolved, individualism will not stand. There is no equality of opportunity where children are allowed by law and compelled by parents to labor during the years they should receive instruction; there is no equality of opportunity unless this instruction is made compulsory by the state. There is no equality of opportunity for children whose parents are not restrained by law from exploiting them, and compelled to give them participation in the beneficent privileges that the state provides for them.

Lest some would think because of the deep feeling of many of us upon this subject that these statements can be recited as evidence of the failure of America, let me also add: Out of some

26,000,000 children between five and sixteen years of age in America the use of child labor so far as it retards proper development and education of children, probably affects less than 300,000 children. This number is 300,000 below the ideals of America, but no other nation can show so small a proportion.

Another of the problems in which there is much discussion is that of the hours of labor. In any discussion of this subject, we must embrace three points of view—the engineer's, the economist's, and the social student's. Both the engineer and the economist must insist on the maximum productivity. For the maximum production is the only foundation on which we can obtain more generally high standards of living. The argument is simple enough, for the more cheaply commodities can be produced the larger are the number of people who can participate in them.

The engineer, however, does not advocate unlimited hours: he does not obtain the maximum production when fatigue and deterioration in product begin to supervene. His view of human fatigue and of human deterioration leads directly to the restriction of hours to that number that will permit of best performances and efficiency in the tasks in the long view. The engineer takes more than the immediate view of a day's work, for there are some tasks of repetitive character which tend to intellectual and moral deterioration in the long run. It is one of the first problems in front of the engineer to find such a diversion and stimulation to intellectual interests either directly in the task itself or indirectly in some association with it that will prevent not only fatigue but deterioration itself. While this problem is of high importance, I am not one of those that thinks that the fabric of the nation is about to collapse because we have developed mechanical tools for mass production, for the very minor malign results that have accompanied these inventions can be overcome. The length of hours of labor in the vision of the engineer will vary with every task. There are many tasks in which four hours is too long for continuous action. There are other tasks such as that of the caretaker of an empty house where twenty-four hours, six days in a week, would not be absurd from a physical point of view.

The social student must approach the question from another and equally vital point of view, and that is family life, citizenship, and opportunity for recreation and intellectual improvement. These limitations are mandatory, and whatever the right hours may be as between these vital social limitations and the limitations imposed by the view of productivity, it is a certainty that the twelve-hour day or seven-day week cannot be entertained by any well-thinking social student. We have set up as a matter of public sentiment eight hours as an approximate standard, yet no empirical number can be right. The engineer is the

proponent of scientific study into the hours in which maximum productivity can be obtained and maintained. We need these studies by the engineer and social student in every industry, for hours too short are an injury to the rest of us in that they impose lower standards of living upon us; and hours too long are an injury to the individual and through him to the race.

The President recently called a meeting of the leading steel manufacturers of the country and made an appeal to them in the name of social progress that they should take steps to abolish the twelve-hour day which now remains in respect to about 15 or 20 per cent of the employees in that industry. For competitive reasons this abolishment needs to be brought about coincidently in the whole industry and the President's action gave this opportunity for united action. This request was based solely upon social grounds and indeed the social necessity is sufficient justification for this or any other step. Many employers are in favor of it and I trust that this great step will be quickly brought about. I do not believe it is possible to develop proper citizenship or proper family life, whether men work twelve hours by necessity or by preference. And I think you will agree with me that 90 per cent of the public opinion of the entire country is solidly behind the President in his expression that we have now reached a stage of social conceptions wherein this anachronism should be abandoned.

The industrial losses through unemployment and intermittent employment constitute a problem that is not to be solved by any formula. It must be attacked in detail. There are phases of our seasonal employment that no doubt could be mitigated by more co-operation in industry. There is one feature now being given consideration in many directions that I believe is of interest and promises ultimate results, and that is the accurate study by civic bodies of the character of the particular industries in any particular center in the endeavor to discover opportunity for integrating industries to intermesh with each other in reduction of seasonal idleness. Every city in the United States would be well advised in the interest of its own development to consider its industries with view to a determination of what industries might be introduced that would take up the slack in seasonal employment of their already existing establishments.

One of the tremendous wastes through unemployment is due to the fluctuation of the business cycle. We are constantly reminded by some of the economists and business men that this is inevitable, that there is an ebb and flow in the demand for commodities and services that cannot from the nature of things be regulated. I have great doubts whether there is a real foundation for this view. Thirty years ago our business community considered that a cyclical financial panic was inevitable. We know now that we have cured it through a Federal Re-

serve banking system. We know also that many of our industries are themselves finding methods for insuring more continuous operation of their plants during these ebbs and flows of demand. At the present moment a committee of important business men and economists, with the co-operation of the Department of Commerce, are engaged in a systematic study of this problem. An analysis of the business cycle quickly brings one to the separation of our production of consumable goods from the construction of our plant and equipment, that is, our houses, our public utilities, our public improvements, our public work. The ebb and flow of demand for consumable goods probably in the main may be uncontrollable. There is more hope that we could direct certain branches of our construction and equipment, such as public works, the greater utilities, in such a fashion that we could provide the finances and then delay construction until periods of depression, and thereby shift our labor from consumable goods to plant and equipment in these periods. It would clip the top from booms and the depression from slumps.

It has been calculated that we could secure a delay of such equipment to the amount of one-tenth during the period of normal business in the great utilities and construction works under the control of the government; that it would almost plane out the depression in employment. I am confident that there is a solution somewhere, and its working out will be one of the greatest blessings yet given to our economic system—both to the employer and the employee. And there is nothing that would contribute so much to the contentment and the advancement of our people as greater assurance to the individual of a reasonable economic security to remove the fear of total family disaster through the loss of a job to those who wish to work.



by

PAUL M. WARBURG



Rehabilitation of Europe

By

Paul M. Warburg

Address given before the Institute of Politics, Williams College, by a former member of the Federal Reserve Board, July 31, 1922.

It is a great privilege to be called upon to preside over a round table discussion by these earnest and distinguished experts and students. All honors, however, carry with them a corresponding measure of responsibilities, and, therefore, he who sits in this chair faces a trying task, all the more perplexing because the topic to be considered, "The Rehabilitation of Europe," opens up a field as wide as the African deserts and as full of impasses, thorns, swamps, and snakes as the tropical woods of South America. I am frank to admit that in these circumstances I hesitate a good deal before accepting to act as one of the guides of this expedition, and, indeed, I would not have ventured to serve at all had I not been convinced that most of its members did not really require a leader, and that much rather they might be relied upon to help him to pilot the party on its slippery path. It is the duty of the leaders, however, to fix the compass and chart the map, and this they have tried to accomplish in a preliminary meeting.

In order to clarify the problem, they have first asked themselves the question: What are we to understand by the term, "rehabilitation," and what by the term, "Europe"?

To begin with the second question.

We believe it will be well for the purpose of our discussion to agree upon having the term "Europe" mean: Europe minus Russia. The Russian problem is unfortunately so hopelessly involved that, if we wish to grapple with it at all, we might best attack it as a separate, independent topic at the end of our program, except where indirectly it touches our general topic or particular phases. No matter how deeply we may regret it, we cannot escape the conclusion that steps towards the rehabilitation of the rest of Europe cannot wait for Russia's return to a condition of reasonable normalcy, or anything approaching it.

It is obvious that as long as Russia remains in a state of

prostration the rehabilitation of the rest of Europe, and indeed of the world, will remain incomplete. And that brings us back to the first question, what, for the purpose of our discussion, we should understand by the term, "rehabilitation." It cannot mean Europe's complete return to social, economic or financial conditions such as prevailed before the war. To my mind we must be satisfied with a much more modest interpretation. I think we come nearer to defining our problem if we express it by the question: "How can the further decomposition of Europe be arrested?" In other words, how can Europe secure the first stages of political, social, economic and financial stability?

How far ultimately "rehabilitation" will progress, and how fast it will proceed, is a later consideration. Our immediate concern must be, how can we reach a truly solid foundation and escape the quicksands which threaten to swallow us at present.

The problem of "rehabilitation," as thus defined, must be considered from the two aspects of results to be secured.

First, the measures that in themselves and independently are helpful and constructive, and

Second, by measures constructive only in that they destroy, or counteract, the effects of destructive and harmful actions committed in the past or still at work. Frequently, during the earliest discussions of the problem, it was not recognized clearly enough that the purely constructive work in its most important phases could not be undertaken until some of the most pernicious influences of destructive work had been eliminated. Thus, ever since the conclusion of the Peace of Versailles, the public at large has been led to believe that financial stabilization—so indispensable for the return of sound economic conditions-could and should be brought about by huge international banks regulating exchanges, or by issuing a world currency, or by large international loans, and that the United States, in particular, should play a decisive part in this regard. Ambitious plans towards these ends were launched from time to time by political and financial leaders and stimulated the people's expectations at home and abroad. All the keener was their disappointment and resentment when, one after another, these schemes failed to materialize.

It is better understood today that internal organic troubles must be cured before external remedies can be applied with success, in other words, that loans for purposes of stabilization can neither be placed on a comprehensive scale, nor that they can serve any permanently constructive purpose, unless at the same time the underlying conditions are straightened out. No sane architect would put a new roof upon a building without

first underpinning a thoroughly rotten foundation. He would be all the more reluctant to tackle the job in case where its owners frankly objected to seeing the crumbling houses to realize that they themselves were bound to become submerged in the general wreckage if the adjoining party walls were not prevented from caving in. It is hard to see how even the most unwilling minds can escape the conclusion that economic and social rehabilitation in Europe are predicated upon the re-establishment of orderly and more normal internal and international political relations, and upon the removal of some of the most flagrant artificial impediments that now block the way.

While, with its many ramifications, the questions reserved for our round table discussions thus had the advantage of opening up an almost unlimited range of interesting topics, it presents at the same time the distinct disadvantage of raising a problem so closely interlocked that views, conclusions and suggestions concerning each phase can only be developed upon certain preliminary assumptions. And these assumptions, in many cases, will again be of a character that will relegate us to the modest role of expressing fond hopes and wishes, while the ultimate date would rest helplessly in the hands of all too powerful or all too powerless politicians. But that must not discourage us. Even though we know, that since 1919, conferences of experts of the highest authority have over and again discussed our problem and, with insignificant variations have always reached the same general conclusions without being able to arrest the continuous progress of Europe's decomposition, it is true none the less that under the growing pressure of inevitable economic consequences, the breach is constantly widening through which truth and reason will enter. We must not be reluctant, therefore, in our discussions to restate things already convincingly expressed by others. Reiteration of facts, presented courageously and without bias, is, indeed, a service of the greatest importance at this juncture. Perhaps it may be well for us in this regard to remember a paragraph written by Maynard Keynes in his preface to Section Four of his "Reconstruction in Europe" series, published in the Manchester "Guardian." He says:

"Whilst no individual can much affect events which are the resultant of innumerable particulars, nevertheless the totality of individual wills, if they can be set moving rightly, can repair the injury which another totality of wills, wrongly directed, have done."

There never was a time when the world was faced with graver political, social, economic, financial and moral issues, than at the present. There never was a time when clear and unafraid thinking was more needed than now, when public opinion gov-

erned the fate of peoples more completely than it does today, and when it was more thoroughly misguided and misinformed.

There never was a time when public men were offered a greater opportunity to serve their countries by speaking the truth, or when more brazenly and more cowardly they whispered the truth in private, while from the housetops and soap boxes they told the stories that would get them votes and keep them in their political jobs.

Democracy, for whose victory millions bled and died, is being stabbed in the back by selfish political leaders; it can be saved only by enlightened and courageous public opinion.

I trust I may count on your indulgence for this seeming digression; but to me these thoughts are the very essence of the work of these round-table conferences. What we say in the confines of this room is not meant to serve as headlines for the papers; but by a frank and unbiased discussion we hope to compare, clarify and broaden our views, and then—each in his way—with all the greater strength to carry our conviction into the hearts and minds of others. Our distinguished guest, Mr. Lionel Curtis, upon landing in the United States, said recently: "In the long run the foreign policy of any nation is determined by public opinion. In so far as public opinion is sound, the resulting policy will be right; in so far as public opinion is wrong, the resulting policy will be wrong."

No truer, no timelier words could have been said, not only to the people of Europe, but also to our own.

If the present attitude of the people of United States with regard to Europe should be permitted to become the closing chapter of the great part we played in the World War, it would be a grave injustice to our country.

Every war, that can be won only by the united will and unreserved devotion of a nation must end in defeat unless it arouses the passions and emotions of the people, and at the same time stuns the logic of cool deliberation. America rose to the call with a burst of patriotism and idealism that astonished the world. The war has been over now for almost four years; America's passions and emotions have died down, but, strange to say, she has not yet been able to shake off the condition of intellectual drowsiness into which she had been stunned. From a superlative moral effort we seem to have sunk into a subnormal condition. The Peace of Versailles and the subsequent events were a deep and shocking disappointment to the people of the United States. They appear now to be afraid lest another burst of idealism might lead them once more into new sacrifices and

fresh disillusions. In self-protection we are surrounding ourselves with a wall and moat of cynicism and selfish materialism, which are to guard us against being drawn into the snares of European diplomats, or into the battles of her implacable militarists, with our shield and sword besmirched and deadened by party politics. But plain reasoning would tell us that neither morally nor materially can we hope to find a satisfactory solution in such a state of mind. We must arouse ourselves from our present conditions of intellectual coma if we wish to do justice to our self-respect and self-interest. If plain logic tells us that in order to prosper the United States needs reasonable stability in the rest of the world; if, as every child knows, trade means exchange of goods, how do we expect to see our world commerce restored, even though the ultimate result of such a policy would needs be further to weaken the ability of other nations to settle with us? Can thinking people fool themselves into the belief that billions of dollars of international debts can be paid without inquiring by what means, and with what consequences, these settlements could be effected? Can any sane person believe that the standards of living in Europe can sink to deplorably low levels without affecting our own industries or standards? Or, that in such circumstances, we could build and maintain a Chinese wall that would keep out a tidal wave of European goods or, failing that, ward off the goods that we could no longer export to them.

It is true that we are helpless to help Europe until a modus vivendi has been found between France and Germany; that is, until the indemnity question has been settled on a truly practicable basis. Unless that settlement can be brought about Europe is doomed beyond hope and repair. But I cling to the belief that the day is near when France will recede from her present suicidal attitude of wanting the milk of the cow and her meat at the same time. When that day comes our confidence in the future of Europe will begin to return, and with that our willingness to change our attitude of aloofness into one of sympathetic co-operation. In such circumstances, it would then seem inconceivable that America could continue to insist on claiming payment for war debts from such of our Allies as plainly could not repay us without disastrous consequences to themselves and to other nations, including ourselves, as well. That public opinion in the United States at present is not prepared for so far reaching a concession is no doubt true; but if France showed the proper spirit of enlightened generosity I am profoundly convinced that our country, properly guided, would ultimately respond in the same spirit. I believe, however, that as in the case of naval disarmament, we shall first have to reach an understanding with England about the funding and ultimate payment of her debt to us. As long as we tie the English debt, which our people may hesitate to forego, to those of our other

Allies, whose debts under certain conditions clearly should be forgiven, no headway can be made.

When once the fundamental questions are properly disposed of, the subsequent economic and financial operations, bewildering as they may seem today, will solve themselves one by one in comparatively simple and natural ways, and it will not be difficult to play our part effectively and wholeheartedly in them, provided always that public opinion will demand it, and provided also that relief may not come too late.

There remains not much time to be wasted, indeed, the avalanche is gaining speed at so terrific a rate that it is doubtful today whether it can be arrested in its fateful plunge.

by

JAMES M. BECK



What Is Progress?

By

James M. Beck

An address by the Solicitor-General of the United States given before the Pennsylvania Society of New York, December, 1923.

Let us recall as best we can, the 25th day of April, 1899, when this Society was born. It was a very different world then from that in which we are now living. The space-annihilating telephone was but beginning to extend its vast antennae throughout the land, and the motor car, which has had so fateful effect upon human life and character, was still the plaything of a few. The marvels of the radio were undreamed of possibilities. The possibility of an airplane was regarded as much as myth as the flight of Icarus through the skies. No one then dreamed that we would gather out of the skies a mixed jargon of human song and speech, and no one ever dreamed of the final blasphemy of streaking with dirty smoke the azure of God's heaven in order to advertise a cigarette.

Has man made any true progress in this last quarter of a century? Before the World War he who asked such a question would have raised a doubt as to his sanity, and yet the very word "progress" was almost unknown prior to the 19th century, the word "civilization" is purely its creation, and thoughtful men would differ widely as to its true definition. Prior to the World War, the dominant note of human thought was one of unbounded optimism, but when the whole top of the world blew off in 1914 and man pulled himself out of the most gigantic wreckage in the world's history, thoughtful men of our time first began to wonder whether progress could be measured in terms of thermodynamics.

Nor can the progress of mankind be measured merely by the greater diffusion of human comforts and the accretion of material wealth. Was it not well said by old Dr. Goldsmith:

> "Ill fares the land, to hastening ills a prey, Where wealth accumulates, and men decay."

The only test of progress or retrogression is the growth or decay of the average man. He is no wiser if he can talk by the radio a thousand miles instead of a hundred feet unless he has something to say by the radio or the telephone which is better worth saying. Science has given us sound amplifiers, but unfortunately they cannot amplify thought. Better a Hamlet printed on a hand press than some banalities of today upon a rotary. Nor does man progress when he travels four miles a minute through the skies, and thus outflies the eagle, unless he travels to better purpose than did our forebears, when it required at least two days to journey from New York to Philadelphia.

But how can the growth or deterioration, as the case may be, of the average man be determined? One criterion, it seems to me, is the change for better or worse of the great primitive institutions of man, like the church, the school, the theatre, and, since Gutenberg, the press. Of these, the most significant, possibly, is the press, for it can be truly said of the newspaper, as Shakespeare said of the theatre, the newspaper of his day:

"They are the abstract and brief chroniclers of the time; after your death you were better have a bad epitaph than their ill report while you live."

The press seems to be the mirror in which mankind can view itself in order to determine its own moral growth. Believing this, it occurred to me to compare a newspaper of 25 years ago with the same newspaper of today, and, in order to make the comparison a fair one, I selected that newspaper which, by common consent, is not surpassed, and possibly not equalled, by any other American newspaper. I refer to the New York "Times." I do not affirm that it is the best paper in America, for the fate of Paris warns me not to make the hazardous attempt to award the apple between such capricious and jealous goddesses as are the owners and editors of newspapers. I content myself with saying that there is none better for the purpose of the comparison that I have in mind. Nor does any foreign newspaper surpass it in the enterprise with which it gathers news, although, measured by a true sense of value, a few of the great English dailies and one or more of the Continental dailies might contest for the palm.

I made an examination of the New York "Times" for April 26, 1898, and then compared it with its issue for December 4, 1923, and the comparison was not suggestive to me in indicating the comparative tendencies of the times. The earlier issue was fortunate in dealing with great events. On the day the Society was organized Congress recognized a state of war between Spain and the United States.

Little we then recognized that the swift events of the succeeding three months would mean the last breath of what had once been the greatest colonial world empire and the beginning of a new republican world power, upon whose flag, flying as an emblem of dominion from the coast of Maine to the Philippine Islands, at the very gates of China, the sun never sets. On that day John Sherman resigned as Secretary of State, and it was announced in Washington that a comparatively unknown young man who was then the Assistant Secretary of the Navy would transfer his amazing energies from one arm of the service to the other by enlisting a "cowboy regiment," as it was called, for service in Cuba. How little one then realized the brilliant future of that great and heroic personality! At the theatres Richard Mansfield was playing "The First Violin," Sol Smith Russell was given "A Bachelor's Romance," and "Carmen" was being played at the opera. There were then no vaudeville theatres or moving picture shows. It may interest some of my audience whose habitat is Wall Street to add that all of us with a little capital could have become millionaires for on that day Atchison was selling at \$10 a share, General Electric at \$30, Southern Pacific at \$12, and Union Pacific at \$18 a share.

The earliest issue of the "Times" contained 12 pages and 84 columns; the later issue 40 pages and 320 columns. "Times" has thus quadrupled in size, and if the quantitative ideal which now governs civilization is the true test, the presentday "Times" is a greater newspaper. This possible satisfaction is somewhat lessened when I state that while the earlier issue contained 15 columns of advertisements, or approximately onesixth of the newspaper, the later issue contained 202 columns of advertisements, or two-thirds of the issue. The day of the full-page department store advertising had not begun in 1898, and it may well be questioned whether the immense dominance of full-page advertisements has added anything either to the dignity or independence of journalism.

Of the 84 columns of the earlier issue there were 32 columns, a little less than one-half, which were given to national and international politics. In the later issue these great topics are only given 18 columns, or about one-twentieth of the newspaper. Exclusive of advertisements, the earlier issue gave about 70 columns of reading matter, and the topics selected ran in much narrower channel than the later issue:

- 5 columns of editorials.
- 1 column of shipping news.
- 2 columns of dramatic and musical reviews. 13 columns of financial news.
- 2 columns of real estate news.
- 4 columns of legal news.

These comprised the chief topics. Two subjects were conspicuous by their almost complete absence: the one was humor, the other was sports. One-half column was given to poetry and jokes, and one and one-half columns to sports. This allotment to athletics has grown tenfold to 13 columns in the present-day "Times." Then, as now, the "Times" refused to lower the tone of journalism by a page of so-called "comics." Possibly nothing better illustrates the degeneracy of taste than the fact that a quarter of a century ago men still enjoyed "Sir John Falstaff." Today it is "Andy Gump." The two Dromios of the "Comedy of Errors" are now almost forgotten, but each day we have the monotonous banalities of "Mutt and Jeff."

The increased dominance of athletic sports in our day is a social phenomenon to which too little attention has been paid. It is not without some justification, for as a mechanical civilization has so largely eliminated real physical labor from life there is an instinctive demand of man to prevent physical decay by finding some outlet for his physical powers.

Nevertheless, its dominating interest in our day has become a serious problem, for it indicates that the real change in the average man is in his sense of values. Today, we have lost a true sense of values, and such loss has been in the past the significant sign of the decay of a civilization. If Dempsey and Firpo had fought 25 years ago, the newspapers on the morning after the fight might have given a column to it, but today the modern newspaper will give whole pages to a wholly unimportant and rather brutal contest for weeks and months before the event, and for weeks thereafter. Where a few hundred people would have witnessed the prize fight, for such it was, a quarter of a century ago, a hundred thousand will today journey from the four ends of the earth to see Dempsey and Firpo punch each other for a few fleeting moments. What is more significant, thousands of women are now spectators, even as Roman matrons 2,000 years ago turned down their thumbs upon the gladiators of the Coliseum, who were "butchered to make a Roman holiday." Panem et circenses—bread and the circus—was the prelude to the fall of the Roman Empire.

The value of athletic sports to those who actually participate in them cannot be denied, but those who are merely spectators gain nothing but amusement. In the greatest age of Greece, the Academy, where men communed upon the "true, the beautiful and the good," and the palæstrum, where the youth of Athens wrestled and developed their physical power, were one institution. If the Athenian youth loved to wrestle, he also loved his Homer. The Homer that the youth of today loves best is the kind that "Babe" Ruth contributes to the delight of an hysterical multitude. The chief amusement of today is the

vaudeville show or a moving picture spectacle, the one saves concentrating of thought on any one subject for three hours, the other gives the maximum of emotional impression with the minimum of thought. The Athenian had the true sense of mens sana in corpore sano; but the later degeneracy of Athens and centuries later the decay of Rome was measured by the love of the hippodrome, where only a few contended and tens of thousands merely gratified the primitive lust for brutality as spectators.

The press of today indubitably shows that we are in the age of the hippodrome, that even in our colleges where the well-born youth of our country should be trained to defend in these critical days our institutions the class room has been largely superseded by the stadium.

Doubtless the press would disclaim responsibility for this degeneracy in our sense of values by its familiar claim that it simply gives the people that which interests them, but this is only a half truth; for while the newspaper must be, in the nature of the case, an abstract and brief chronicler of the times and must show to the spirit of the age its form and pressure, yet it is equally true that if the sense of values of the average man has been, as I claim, distorted, the press is largely responsible, for too often it creates the interest which it subsequently gratifies. If, for example, there had never been a reference to the Dempsey-Firpo fight until the day before it took place, and then only in an obscure corner of the paper, few people would have been aware even of the existence of these favorite gladiators; but the interest in them was systematically developed by three months of antecedent publicity until every man, whether he liked a prize fight or not, felt a real curiosity to know who would be the winner. This is excellent for Mr. Rickard, who is reputed to have made \$10,000,000 in staging these spectacles, but those of us who believe that the age is a very critical one and that if the frail bark of our institutions is to keep afloat, all men should give attention to the affairs of government, are not so enthusiastic.

This suggests another thought. Our institutions must depend in the last analysis, upon an intelligent and militant public opinion. The venerable parchment at Washington, upon which the Constitution of the United States was written, has no inherent vigor to perpetuate itself. It was brought into existence by a people who took a most active and intelligent interest in public affairs and who had that genius for self-restraint without which the Constitution could never have been formulated or administered. I said recently in a newspaper article that while it was miraculous that one man could have written the plays of Shakespeare, it was as great a miracle that there had been a

sufficiently receptive public in the "spacious days of Queen Elizabeth" to assimilate them.

A receptive people was quite as necessary to this noble monument to human wisdom as an inspired poet, for the prosperity of truth as well as of a jest lies in the ear of him who hears it. However wise our Constitution may be, our form of government cannot continue unless there is a people sufficiently receptive to make it workable; and if the people have lost interest in public affairs and are only concerned with the hippodrome or the moving picture theatre, then sooner or later our government, like a stricken oak in the forest, will fall—and great would be the fall thereof.

Two years before this earlier issue of the "Times," there was a great electoral contest in this country. It was the McKinley-Bryan campaign. The issue was a simple one: Should the United States repudiate, in part, its own obligations and enable individual debtors, in part, to repudiate theirs by making a 50cent silver dollar the equivalent of a 100-cent gold dollar by legislative fiat? The campaign of 1896 was a simple illustration and vindication of the ability of the American people to govern themselves wisely. They knew little of political economy, but they took a profound and militant interest in the right or wrong of the question. From June, 1896, when the candidates were nominated and the platforms adopted, until the election there was conducted throughout the country an amazing campaign of Millions of dollars were spent and hundreds of thousands of men marched weekly, and in some places nightly, in defense of the party whose principles they accepted.

No such campaign is possible today, for the people are not interested in public affairs as they once were. Where they gladly listened to tens of thousands of speakers in 1896, today there are not ten men in this country who, by the magic of their names, could fill a single hall to discuss public affairs. Where 25 years ago thousands of men would have given their time and energy and money for five months to their party, today comparatively few would lift a finger in any contest. In recent elections, less than one-half of the electorate had enough interest even to vote. In one national contest recently held, only 17 per cent of the registered vote cast their ballots.

The fault does not lie in the absence of interesting issues. No question since the Civil War had such intrinsic interest or lasting importance as the great problems of the League of Nations. Whether we believed in it or not, the underlying question was the attitude of the United States to the rest of the world and its policy with reference thereto. I did not believe in the League and travelled from Bar Harbor to Los Angeles to explain

the grounds of my opposition to it, and the one inescapable impression that this journey made on my mind was that, with the exception of a few classes, the people did not greatly care whether we entered the League or stayed out of it.

To what extent is the modern newspaper contributory to this loss of a true sense of the values of human life? Here, again, the comparison between the two issues of a really great newspaper may be helpful.

The older newspaper restricted its columns to comparatively few topics. It gave the mind of the average man something that he could really assimilate. Moreover, its allotment of space was based on the comparative importance of a few topics which it selected as news.

The later issue of the "Times" runs through the whole gamut of human life. Nothing that is human is foreign to it. I classified the topics in the older issue under 20 heads, and in the later issue under 44 heads.

This suggests the grave question whether the mind of man is not being submerged in an ocean of printer's ink, and whether the capacity for thought and action is not being dulled by the multiplicity of subjects which each day are crowded on his brain.

Let me suggest an analogy. If I were to take a walk of 30 miles outside of this great city, I would see from morning to evening many beautiful sights of ineffaceable memory in the hills and valleys that surround New York. If, however, I took the Twentieth Century Limited and traveled forty times as far in the same time, I would, when I alighted at Chicago, have a very vague impression of crossing a few rivers and tunneling through a few mountains and passing through a few towns and cities. The multiplicity of images which would thus be flashed upon my brain from the window of my express train would prevent any one view from impressing itself either upon my imagination or memory.

Enlarging the metaphor, we are traveling, as the press indicates, by the express train. Images flashed upon our consciousness are too transient for intelligent assimilation. Moreover, the pernicious habit of breaking up newspaper articles in order to have as many leading topics on the first page as possible causes such scattered and unsure observances that it tends to make us an age of scatterbrains. If, after reading in fragments 15 or 20 different and unrelated topics, we reach one clear conclusion or form one useful resolution, then, before we do anything, the evening paper comes out and crowds out of our brains, whose capacity is limited, the useful impressions of the morning.

The founders of this Republic were clear-headed, because the issues of life were extremely simple, and they concentrated their time and energies upon them. Today, the mind of man is little more than a moving picture show, upon whose screen events are momentarily flashed with lightning rapidity. Thus hopelessly confused by the multiplicity of subjects, the average man today cannot concentrate on a great public issue as he did 100 years ago, or even 25 years ago.

You may agree with me in this diagnosis, but you may ask, what is the remedy?

Time would not permit me to discuss it even though I had the ability. One thing is clear—that nothing can stop the influence of a mechanical age in lessening the hours of labor, and if there be any salvation for human society, it must lie in the better utilization by man of his lengthening hours of leisure. That he may wisely use these, it is necessary that he should be given a truer sense of the values of human life, and this should be the mission of the great institutions which mold human thought, like the church, the school, the press, the theatre.

The life and death of a civilization depends upon its sense of values. By common consent, the greatest civilization ever attained by man was in the Periclean age, four centuries before Christ. It was because the little people of Athens had a true sense of values. A century later, the glory of that golden age had passed, and all that interested the men of Athens was the latest triumph of the favorite athlete or the newest confection of the chief pastry cook. A few centuries later, Demosthenes reproached the people of Athens by saying: "Unmindful of your liberties, you are always gadding about after news."

A century later it was recorded in the Acts of the Apostles that the reason why the once most cultured people of antiquity could not listen to a serious talk by Paul was that their sense of values had become so confused that the only thing that interested them was to hear or tell something new. Today the craving for news is such that it must not only be satisfied each day with fresh sensations, but almost each hour of the day, for the straphanger who reads his headlines on the subway going downtown awaits with greater expectancy, a few hours later, the first appearance of the afternoon editions. Nothing makes any lasting impression. He has the "moving picture" brain, and of such stuff a true civilization cannot be made.

MAKERS OF THE FLAG

by

FRANKLIN K. LANE



Makers of the Flag

By

Franklin K. Lane

Address delivered on Flag Day, 1914, before the employees of the Department of the Interior, Washington, D. C.

This morning, as I passed into the Land Office, the Flag dropped me a most cordial salutation, and from its rippling folds I heard it say: "Good Morning, Mr. Flag Maker."

"I beg your pardon, Old Glory," I said, "aren't you mistaken? I am not the President of the United States, nor a member of Congress, nor even a general in the army. I am only a Government Clerk."

"I greet you again, Mr. Flag Maker," replied the gay voice, "I know you well. You are the man who worked in the swelter of yesterday straightening out the tangle of that farmer's homestead in Idaho, or perhaps you found the mistake in that Indian contract in Oklahoma, or helped to clear that patent for the hopeful inventor in New York, or pushed the opening of that new ditch in Colorado, or made that mine in Illinois more safe, or brought relief to the old soldier in Wyoming. No matter; whichever one of these beneficent individuals you may happen to be, I give you greeting, Mr. Flag Maker."

I was about to pass on, when The Flag stopped me with these words:

"Yesterday the President spoke a word that made happier the future of ten million peons in Mexico; but that act looms no larger on the flag than the struggle which the boy in Georgia is making to win the Corn Club prize this summer.

"Yesterday the Congress spoke a word which will open the door of Alaska; but a mother in Michigan worked from sunrise until far into the night, to give her boy an education. She, too, is making the flag.

"Yesterday we made a new law to prevent financial panics, and yesterday, maybe, a school teacher in Ohio taught his first

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letters to a boy who will one day write a song that will give cheer to the millions of our race. We are all making the flag."

"But," I said impatiently, "these people were only working!"

Then came a great shout from The Flag:

"The work that we do is the making of the flag.

"I am not the flag; not at all. I am but its shadow.

"I am whatever you make me, nothing more.

"I am your belief in yourself, your dream of what a People may become.

"I live a changing life, a life of moods and passions, of heart breaks and tired muscles.

"Sometimes I am strong with pride, when men do an honest work, fitting the rails together truly.

"Sometimes I droop, for then purpose has gone from me, and cynically I play the coward.

"Sometimes I am loud, garish, and full of that ego that blasts judgment.

"But always, I am all that you hope to be, and have the courage to try for.

"I am song and fear, struggle and panic, and ennobling hope.

"I am the day's work of the weakest man, and the largest dream of the most daring.

"I am the Constitution and the courts, statutes and the statute makers, soldier and dreadnaughts, drayman and street sweep, cook, counselor and clerk.

"I am the battle of yesterday, and the mistake of tomorrow.

"I am the mystery of the men who do without knowing why.

"I am the clutch of an idea, and the reasoned purpose of resolution.

"I am no more than what you believe me to be and I am all that you believe I can be.

"I am what you make me, nothing more.

MAKERS OF THE FLAG

"I swing before your eyes as a bright gleam of color, a symbol of yourself, the pictured suggestion of that big thing which makes this nation. My stars and my stripes are your dream and your labors. They are bright with cheer, brilliant with courage, firm with faith, because you have them so out of your hearts. For you are the makers of the flag and it is well that you glory in the making."



by

CARRIE CHAPMAN CATT



War Must Go

By

Carrie Chapman Catt

From an address before a County League of Women Voters.

I say this question of war or peace is greater than all others because it includes nearly all the problems which are today engaging our thought and our labors. We are all groaning under the load of taxation. We are all groaning under the high cost of living, and both of them are here as a direct result of the last great war. Most of us are worried and anxious over the unprecedented existence of crime, of unrest, of violation of law of every kind, and all of these, if not caused by the great war, were certainly all greatly aggravated by it. Indeed, I know of no question which has not been changed in its general significance because we had that great war.

Today the world is better prepared for a war than any other time in its entire history. There is only one thing lacking and that is money. Most of the nations have not quite so much at their command as they would like, but they have everything else. Fourteen nations in the world have conscription and at this moment are training all their young men in military science, and it is estimated that the armies now trained or in training in these fourteen nations will number 250 millions, a number as much in excess of the men who were trained and ready for the war of 1914, as those were greater than those that had taken part in the wars that had preceded it.

It is the system of preparedness that is making ready for the next war. There seems to have been a certain type of scientific mind that was challenged by the great number of new ideas that were introduced into the last great war and the war came to an end just in the midst of the inventions of new ideas to offset the old ones. Consequently the inventions of destruction which were introduced as a novelty in the great war have been adopted by all the great countries and many of the small ones in their regular preparations for the next war. We, therefore, in our own country, have the submarines, we have poison gas, we have airplanes. We are ready, so they say, with other surprising inventions for the next war.

Another difficulty that lies before us is simply this: If you will take away from every discussion of the general question of peace all its details, discussion lies around a single point. There are in every country two militaristic groups. One of them is comparatively small. It is a group that wants war, likes war, and profits by war. It is said that after the last war there were 21,000 millionaires created in this country. These figures came from the income tax returns. Now, it would not be strange if some among these would like to have another war and make a few million more. I do not think, however, that this class is a great factor in the general question of peace. To be sure, there is somebody who is even now paying bills for an anti-peace propaganda. I do not know whether it might be some of these people or whether it is some other influence.

The other militaristic factor is a great one. It will include millions of our people. It includes many of you, who are here today. It is a class of honest and sincere people who believe that the only way to maintain peace is to be so thoroughly prepared for war as to frighten away all enemies that may appear. It is as if the people of Spain had prepared the Philippines for defense against any and all enemies. Not a man in Spain had ever dreamed of America as an enemy. They thought of Japan. They thought of China, both of which had attacked their islands in time past. They might have dreamed of the English or the French or the Germans. They never thought of Americans. But after the Philippines had been taken there was a meeting of the Spanish parliament and one of the members asked a question of the government: "How does it happen that the Philippines have been taken by an enemy country? Have we not spent millions and millions to build an impregnable fort and have we not been told that that fort is impregnable? How did it happen, then, that in spite of all the money we have paid, in spite of all the taxes we have raised, that we have lost the Philippines?" The secret was that forts had gone out of fashion and that the Americans won the Philippines in ways that had not been dreamed of when that fort was building. And so today with all the preparations for war we collect and we spend millions and even billions only to find that the method on which we have spent our money soon becomes impossible. Even the Washington conference for the limitation of naval armament which at the moment seemed so bold and wonderful a thing to have done, did not create the impression around the world which in the beginning we had reason to think it would, because the militarists of every nation said, "Oh, naval ships are no longer the means of destruction in war. There never will be another naval battle for other things have come to take their places." And yet the competition goes on and on, and every nation taxes its people and builds whatever happens to be the fashion in military preparedness at that date.

When the Germans overcame France in 1871, the story goes, that the French people were appealed to to give money which Germany demanded as an indemnity, \$5,000,000,000, and that they went down into their stockings and into their sugar bowls to bring out their little savings and to give them to their government in order that they might drive the Germans from their soil, but now we are learning that the truth was not quite that. They did give all their earnings. They did, but it wasn't anything like enough to pay that indemnity and France borrowed the money. She issued bonds, some of which were bought in other lands, but she borrowed the money chiefly with which to pay the Germans. It was paid promptly and the Germans took the money and used it for preparedness at home, but the French have not yet paid that indemnity to Germany because they have not yet paid their bonds and are still paying interest on them, so even that war has not come to an end.

Now is it not an absurd thing in this 20th century that men of intelligence, men of great business sagacity, men who use all the intelligence and acumen they have learned in their lifetime in their own business, in this collective business of a nation, use none at all, but go on drifting in the same old way that the generations have used since the beginning of time? Preparedness for our enemies! Never was there a nation yet that prepared for aggression. Every nation prepares for defense. We are preparing for defense. Whom do we dream of as an enemy? We dreamed of Japan and every time there was a motion pending in our Congress for more appropriations for army or navy or any sort of preparedness, whenever it was pending here, in the newspapers of the country simultaneously, there were always stories which aroused suspicion of the motives of Japan, and in the minds of the average persons there was carefully built up in this country a belief that the Japanese had the intention of doing something to our own country. Did they not tell us that they intended some day to make an attack upon the Philippines and take it away? But while we are so familiar with this kind of publicity in our country that we scarcely realize from what source we have received these ideas, how many of us have known at the very same moment the same thing was going on in Japan, and that Japan was all the time using these things we said in our own country, to show the unfriendly relations of this country to Japan? But now the Washington conference has ironed out that wrinkle in the Pacific and the late tragedy of Japan and the helpfulness of our own country have probably removed that scare for some years to come and something new has to be supplied. At present that something new is the fear of the soviets, and it is said subtly against every peace society in this country -and there are eighty of them-it has been said of each one separately that it is being financed by Moscow, that every prominent peace worker is in league with the Red propaganda, and you who are working for the world court, I give you this advice

now, you will hear before you are through that the world court is probably one of Moscow's propositions. That is the present means to arouse the scare in people, to keep us working on the preparedness program. There is a situation in this country which exists everywhere, but in addition to the general fright which all nations feel of this imaginary enemy which is going to attack them, there is something more. We have been so thoroughly wound around and confused by politics on this question of peace that there is more unclear thinking in America than is wont. The situation reminds me of a speech I once heard in my life, but as that happened many years ago, as the years have followed I have begun to think it was the most wonderful one I ever heard. Said he, "I was born a Quaker. I was brought up to abhor war. I believe sincerely and honestly that war must be abolished, and that I believed in one side of my head. But in the other side of my head I believed that no woman ought to vote because she could not fight. Then," said he, "one day I got the two sides of my head together and we talked it out and I became a woman suffragist." Now I find that in the average American head there is a sincere and honest desire for peace, for perennial peace, faith in it, but on the other side of the head there lingers so much of the spirit of the caveman, with its craftiness, its caution, its jealousy, and especially its fears, that the caveman side of the head never permits the peace man's side of the head to do what it knows it ought to do. And so the nation composed of these bifurcated-headed citizens fights bravely for peace, but prepares for war, and that is the way we are moving on. I am not one of those who believe that all the army and all the armament should be given up and that we should trust that everything will move aright. I only go as far as to believe that in these preparations for war we are deceiving ourselves and deceiving our neighbors, when easily, comparatively easily, we could save the money, save the anxiety, save our self-respect, by establishing world peace.

MORE THAN MERE SUCCESS OF PARTY

by

WOODROW WILSON



More Than Mere Success of Party

By

Woodrow Wilson

Inaugural address delivered at Capital, March 4th, 1913.

There has been a change of government. It began two years ago, when the House of Representatives became Democratic by a decisive majority. It has now been completed. The Senate about to assemble will also be Democratic. The offices of President and Vice-President have been put into the hands of Democrats. What does the change mean? That is the question that is uppermost in our minds today. That is the question I am going to try to answer, in order, if I may, to interpret the occasion.

It means much more than the mere success of a party. The success of a party means little except when the Nation is using that party for a large and definite purpose. No one can mistake the purpose for which the Nation now seeks to use the Democratic Party. It seeks to use it to interpret a change in its own plans and point of view. Some old things with which we had grown familiar, and which had begun to creep into the very habit of our thought and of our lives, have altered their aspect as we have latterly looked critically upon them, with fresh, awakened eyes; have dropped their disguises and shown themselves alien and sinister. Some new things, as we look frankly upon them, willing to comprehend their real character, have come to assume the aspect of things long believed in and familiar, stuff of our own convictions. We have been refreshed by a new insight into our own life.

We see that, in many things, that life is very great. It is incomparably great in its material aspects, in its body of wealth, in the diversity and sweep of its energy, in the industries which have been conceived and built up by the genius of individual men and the limitless enterprise of groups of men. It is great, also, very great, in its moral force. Nowhere else in the world have noble men and women exhibited in more striking forms the beauty and the energy of sympathy and helpfulness and counsel in their efforts to rectify wrong, alleviate suffering, and set the weak in the way of strength and hope. We have built up, moreover, a great system of government, which has stood through a long age as in many respects a model for those who seek to set liberty

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upon foundations that will endure against fortuitous change, against storm and accident. Our life contains every great thing, and contains it in rich abundance.

But the evil has come with the good, and much fine gold has been corroded. With riches has come inexcusable waste. We have squandered a great part of what we might have used, and have not stopped to conserve the exceeding bounty of nature, without which our genius for enterprise would have been worthless and impotent, scorning to be careful, shamefully prodigal as well as admirably efficient. We have been proud of our industrial achievements, but we have not hitherto stopped thoughtfully enough to count the human cost, the cost of lives snuffed out, of energies overtaxed and broken, the fearful physical and spiritual cost of the men and women and children upon whom the dead weight and burden of it all has fallen pitilessly the years through. The groans and agony of it all had not yet reached our ears, the solemn, moving undertone of our life, coming up out of the mines and factories and out of every home where the struggle had its intimate and familiar seat. With the great Government went many deep secret things which we too long delayed to look into and scrutinize with candid, fearless eyes. The great Government we loved has too often been made use of for private and selfish purposes, and those who used it had forgotten the people.

At last a vision has been vouchsafed us of our life as a whole. We see the bad with the good, the debased and decadent with the sound and vital. With this vision we approach new affairs. Our duty is to cleanse, to reconsider, to restore, to correct the evil without impairing the good, to purify and humanize every process of our common life without weakening or sentimentalizing it. There has been something crude and heartless and unfeeling in our haste to succeed and be great. Our thought has been "Let every man look out for himself, let every generation look out for itself," while we reared giant machinery which made it impossible that any but those who stood at the levers of control should have a chance to look out for themselves. We had not forgotten our morals. We remembered well enough that we had set up a policy which was meant to serve the humblest as well as the most powerful, with an eye single to the standards of justice and fair play, and remembered it with pride. But we were very heedless and in a hurry to be great.

We have come now to the sober second-thought. The scales of heedlessness have fallen from our eyes. We have made up our minds to square every process of our national life again with the standards we so proudly set up at the beginning and have always carried at our hearts. Our work is a work of restoration.

We have itemized with some degree of particularity the things that ought to be altered and here are some of the chief items: A tariff which cuts us off from our proper part in the commerce of the world, violates the just principles of taxation, and makes the Government a facile instrument in the hands of private interests; a banking and currency system based upon the necessity of the Government to sell its bonds fifty years ago and perfectly adapted to concentrating cash and restricting credits; an industrial system which, take it on all its sides, financial as well as administrative, holds capital in leading strings, restricts the liberties and limits the opportunities of labor, and exploits, without renewing or conserving, the natural resources of the country; a body of agricultural activities never yet given the efficiency of great business undertakings or served as it should be through the instrumentality of science taken directly to the farm, or afforded the facilities of credit best suited to its practical needs; watercourses developed, waste places unreclaimed, forests untended, fast disappearing without plan or prospect of renewal, unregarded waste heaps at every mine. We have studied, as perhaps no other nation has, the most effective means of production, but we have not studied cost or economy as we should, either as organizers of industry, as statesmen, or as individuals.

Nor have we studied and perfected the means by which government may be put at the service of humanity, in safeguarding the health of the Nation, the health of its men and its women and its children, as well as their rights in the struggle for existence. This is no sentimental duty. The firm basis of government is justice, not pity. These are matters of justice. There can be no equality of opportunity, the first essential of justice in the body politic, if men and women and children be not shielded in their lives, their very vitality, from the consequences of great industrial and social processes which they cannot alter, control, or singly cope with. Society must see to it that it does not itself crush or weaken or damage its own constituent parts. The first duty of law is to keep sound the society it serves. Sanitary laws, pure food laws, and laws determining conditions of labor which individuals are powerless to determine for themselves, are intimate parts of the very business of justice and legal efficiency.

There are some of the things, we ought to do, and not leave the others undone, the old-fashioned, never-to-be-neglected, fundamental safeguarding of property and of individual right. This is the high enterprise of the new day: To lift everything that concerns our life as a Nation to the light that shines from the hearth fire of every man's conscience and vision of the right. It is inconceivable that we should do this as partisans; it is inconceivable we should do it in ignorance of the facts as they are, or in blind haste. We shall restore, not destroy. We shall deal with our economic system as it is and as it may be modified, not

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as it might be if we had a clean sheet of paper to write upon; and step by step we shall make it what it should be, in the spirit of those who question their own wisdom and seek counsel and knowledge, not shallow self-satisfaction or the excitement of excursions whither they cannot tell. Justice, and only justice, shall always be our motto.

And yet it will be no cool process of mere science. The Nation has been deeply stirred, stirred by a solemn passion, stirred by the knowledge of wrong, of ideals lost, of government too often debauched and made an instrument of evil. The feelings with which we face this new age of right and opportunity sweep across our heartstrings like some air out of God's own presence, where justice and mercy are reconciled and the judge and the brother are one. We know our task to be no mere task of politics, but a task which shall search us through and through, whether we be able to understand our time and the need of our people, whether we be indeed their spokesmen and interpreters, whether we have the pure heart to comprehend and the rectified will to choose our high course of action.

This is not a day of triumph; it is a day of dedication. Here muster, not the forces of party, but the forces of humanity. Men's hearts wait upon us; men's lives hang in the balance; men's hopes call upon us to say what we will do. Who shall live up to the great trust? Who dares fail to try? I summon all honest men, all patriotic, all forward-looking men, to my side. God helping me, I will not fail them if they will but counsel and sustain me!

THE SALVAGING OF WESTERN CIVILIZATION

by

GLENN FRANK



The Salvaging of Western Civilization

By

Glenn Frank

Address delivered at annual State Convention Minnesota Education Association, St. Paul, 1923.

I want to discuss with you the idea that today dominates my whole thought about the future of Western civilization, and even thrusts itself persistently into the foreground of every personal plan I try to make for the next twenty-five years of my life—the idea of a vast spiritual renaissance of the Western world, a renaissance the roots of which are even now set deep in contemporary thought and aspiration, a renaissance which may, I believe, by the grace of creative and courageous leadership be brought to fruition within the lifetime of men and women now living.

Let me trace the genealogy of this idea as it has arisen in my own mind. During the last four or five years I had been increasingly impressed by the extent and cock-sureness of the lifetime of despair that was being written. In a casual attempt to clarify my own thinking, I subjected this literature of despair to analysis. I think it is accurate to say that the prophecy of a New Dark Age for Western civilization springs from some one or all of five distinct fears, which we may conveniently call the five fears of Western civilization.

First, the biological fear. This is the fear that the best blood of the world is turning to water, that mankind is biologically plunging downward, that we are breeding from our less and least fit stock. This is the fear that has given instant and wide popularity to such books as Lothrop Stoddard's "The Rising Tide of Color" and his "The Revolt Against Civilization."

Second, the psychological fear. This is the fear that the crowd-man and crowd-processes of thinking will push to the wall that insurgent individual whom we have hitherto regarded as one of the mainstays of progress. This is the fear that has fallen like a shadow across the writings of LeBon, Trotter, and others, and of late inspired Everett Dean Martin to write his "The Behavior of Crowds."

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Third, the economic fear. This is the fear that our industrial civilization has overreached itself and is due for a collapse.

Fourth, the administrative fear. This is the fear, effectively stated by the late Lord Bryce and others, that the bigness and complexity of the modern world have outstripped the administrative capacity of mankind.

Fifth, the moral fear. This is the fear that has given rise to the whole literature about the younger generation. Whether discussing the rolled stockings of the flapper or the heretic theology of rationalist rectors, there is evident throughout this literature, the fear that this "wild generation" has renounced allegiance to all wholesome standards of conduct and is on the loose.

Whether it is Dean Inge, H. G. Wells, Edward Grant Conklin, Lothrop Stoddard, Ralph Adams Cram, Madison Grant, or a still wider list of men more scholarly or more sensational whom we are reading, we find some one or all of these fears leering over the shoulder of the writer, turning him into the prophet of doom that he is.

I do not suggest that we disregard this literature of despair. We must not delude ourselves into thinking that we can shut our eyes to the ugliest facts of our time and stay the processes of political, social, industrial and racial disintegration by blandly chanting "day by day in every way we are getting better and better." These five fears of Western civilization are well grounded. Our duty is not to ignore these fears but to conquer them; and to conquer them not by emotional incantation but by removing their causes. We cannot merely stand still, look up, think beautiful thoughts, and wish ourselves into a renaissance.

I want to say, however, that there also is a literature of hope that is even more significant than this literature of despair. Of course the literature of despair has had all the advertising to date. A prophecy of doom is always more sensational than a prophecy of hope. It matters not how dignified a scholar may be. When he predicts the doom of Western Civilization, he shares audience with the cheapest sensation monger. Pessimism, like politics, makes strange bed fellows.

But the real reason why we hear more about the literature of despair is that it can be found in a series of books devoted entirely to definite pessimistic conclusions, whereas the only real literature of hope that we have is not the smiling and sickly sweet pronouncements of our male "Pollyannas," but is made up of the creative ideas, the new idealisms and the new spiritual values that have been thrown up as unconscious by-products of the thought and investigation of our modern biologists, psychologists, economists, educationalists, statesmen, and industrial leaders.

You can select the books of Dean Inge, H. G. Wells, Lothrop Stoddard, Ralph Adams Cram, the Boston mediaevalist, and others and say "Here is a five foot shelf of the literature of despair." You can't do that with the literature of hope. It is made up of an idea here and an idea there, hopelessly incoordinated and rarely if ever tied up to a definite prophecy of either the rise or fall of our civilization. It is sometimes necessary to read a dozen volumes written by some biologist, some psychologist or some economist in order to find one paragraph that really belongs in our literature of hope, that represents that man's contribution to our literature of hope.

Our literature of hope is a literature of raw materials for a renaissance, not a literature of conclusions about the possibilities of a renaissance. It is the business of the engineers of this coming renaissance to find out what these creative ideas are and translate them into the language of a man of the streets. I do not presume to be able to say what these ideas that will give us a renaissance are, but of one thing we are certain: The ideas that are to inspire a great renewal of Western civilization must be and will be very simple ideas. Involved ideas never move great masses of people.

Every man is entitled to his guess, however, and I venture to suggest, without extensive discussion, eight ideas that seem to me must be rescued from the jargon of technical scholarship, taken out from under the exclusive patronage of cloistered intellectuals and put to honest work in the direction of our public affairs if we are to close the door to a new Dark Age and open the door to a New Renaissance.

First, the idea of a cultural nationalism. I do not see how Western civilization can survive if it persists in its allegiance to political nationalism, which has turned all Europe into a "beargarden" and maintained over the centuries a constant censure of periodic wars. Nationalism as we have known it must go. Patriotism as we have known it must go, or Western civilization will go. And yet there is something about devotion to the fatherland which is rooted deep in human nature. The engineers of the coming renaissance must not fly in the face of human nature. The trouble with Utopians has been that they have set up logically perfect worlds in which no human being could be hired to live. There is something basic in nationalism which must be preserved. We must substitute for political nationalism a cultural nationalism that will convert world politics into a competition in excellence instead of a competition in armies.

Second, the idea of an economic internationalism. I think we have approached internationalism from the wrong angle—the political angle. We began talking about an international

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political machine which gave the gray bearded and gray brained senators a chance to dramatize their own lack of vision and to misinterpret the vision of the fathers. All signs indicate that the world is not ready for an internationalism in the form of a super policeman. I think the world needs a super policeman. I am saying only that there seems to be little chance for installing him now. But the fact remains that the modern world is an economic unit. It cannot be managed except by some sort of common management. Common sense will force us into some sort of international management of the fundamental economic rights of transit, trade, migration, and investment in backward countries. When we have brought enough economic problems under international control, we shall discover that with the slightest co-ordination of the various international boards and committees we shall have a realistic league of nations, as contrasted with the political league of nations, the proposal of which was the signal for American political opinion to disintegrate into a score of warring camps.

Third, the idea of a democratized industry. The future belongs to democracy, but to a redefined democracy, no democracy as we have known it. Certainly in industry we have to realize that democracy is not government by a referendum of blockheads. To date most of our thought about democracy has been emotional. But democracy in industry must be a workable democracy. It must "deliver the goods." Industry cannot take over political democracy as we have known it. I look to industry to lead the way in a reform of democracy from which governments will learn a lesson.

Fourth, the idea of a liberalized business. I do not mean the sentimental liberalism of the business man who wants to "uplift the poor working men," but a scientific liberalism which realizes that the business of the future must be socially sound in order to be commercially sound.

Fifth, the idea of a rationalized politics. I mean by this the placing of politics upon a fact basis. The coming renaissance will marry research to government. The schism between politics and fact has meant a dangerous celibacy from which we suffer daily.

Sixth, the idea of a humanized education. I mean by this the very simple idea, now begun to be widely recognized, that the stimulation of interest is more important than the impression of disbelief, and that the primary business of education is to make the student at home in the modern world, and to enable him to work in harmony with the dominant forces of his time, not at cross purposes with them.

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Seventh, the idea of socialized religion. The religion of the coming renaissance will speak to society as well as to the soul. Its "scheme of redemption" will be concerned with institutions as well as individuals. It will be as much at home in the counting room as in the cathedral.

Eighth, the idea of a well bred race. I do not mean simply a race that knows how to avoid dropping its fork at the dinner table, but a race that has taken to heart the elementary lessons of biology, and realizes its ethical responsibility to the unborn.

These eight ideas are in my judgment among the important raw-materials for any renaissance, reform, renewal, or revolution that is to pull this ramshackle, post-war world of ours together.



COMMUNITY CONSERVATION OF WOMEN'S STRENGTH

by

CHARLOTTE PERKINS GILMAN



Community Conservation of Women's Strength

By

Charlotte Perkins Gilman

An address given before the International Conference of Women Physicians.

They asked us to speak on the community conservation of women's strength. I suppose most of us think of legal benefits, limiting hours and improving conditions for women in industry. That is good, necessary for women and men, and should be promoted, but I wish to treat the subject in a larger way, showing the effect of the community on women's strength, through our social psychology, through the general idea and belief about women, the things that little girls grow up into, because of the belief of the community; and, further, in the effect upon woman's strength of their almost total lack of the social advantages of organization, specialization, exchange of labor.

First, I wish to carry that back into the past, to the cruel and unjust judgment upon women as unclean. That did not come from the woman, but from the man of olden times, was put upon them as an affliction and a disgrace long before they would have thought of such a thing themselves, and has come down to us through the ages—the feeling that we were unclean and that we were the weaker sex. Now, on that side, there is rising today in the biological knowledge of the world the recognition that the female is the race type, that she is not a later accessory and assistant of the male, but that she was the original form of the race; if there is a question of time, of precedence, she comes first; and, further—this is a little idea of my own that I think will please some of you—that in the evolution of the species and the improvement of the processes of life, the greatest steps were those which led to a higher form of birth, to better nourishment for the young. When the power of laying eggs was developed that was a great step; when the young were born alive, that was great and, finally, when proper food came with the young, when the mother was able, not only to carry the child and care for it, but to feed it after it came all the higher species are based on that main feature, all the highest grade of life. Now, that de-

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velopment, which involves the introduction and transmission of new organs and functions, all that development has come through the female alone. We are the "order mammalia."

Yet, so complete has been the social prejudice against women that these superior powers have been discussed as "feminine disabilities." They are not disabilities. They are super-abilities. The female is human plus. She is a human being and also a female, and note there that her being a female is temporary, she outgrows it and then becomes pure human—the only pure human type, as the male does not outgrow the disability of sex until he reaches an advanced age.

Accepting this view that the woman is not weaker, she is not secondary, she is not an assistant, she is a type of the human race fully equal with the male, we have then to face the existing conditions of relative weakness of women! Is it necessary? Do we find it invariably among women? No. Where conditions are equal and the girl and boy have the same training and the same freedom, the girl is the stronger. She is able to perform activities other than those of sex throughout life if she is a normal woman.

When we study the conditions of women in industry, with their effect upon motherhood and the effect upon the child, we are all too likely to forget some of the conditions. We speak of industry as it is, as if that was a law of nature, whereas, the question should be: is a normal woman able to work at any kind of work which she likes, for a reasonable number of hours under good conditions? Does that hurt her as a mother?

Then we make another assumption, which is equally impossible. We speak of the woman at work and the woman at home, as if the woman at home did not work. We are always speaking of the terrible effects of the factory, the mill, upon the woman. We do not speak of the effect of the kitchen upon the woman. The farmers' wife and the workman's wife work longer hours than any woman works in any mill.

Then, again, we speak of the woman going to work and leaving the home, the effect on the children of having the mother gone from the home. We speak as if the home was necessarily left empty and forlorn or full of helpless children. That is not necessary. One of the speakers this morning spoke on the idea of suitable care for children, little children, while the mother is working, and the speaker from China said that in her country they provided the working mother with time to nurse the baby. You would think any one would have sense enough for that. The baby must be nursed, but the mother need not nurse the baby for three or four or five hours. Industry must be made to conform to womanhood.

Quite outside of the existing conditions in industry, I wish to speak most on the effect upon woman, her health, her strength, her happiness and her development, of the uniform requirements of one kind of work—or a half dozen kinds of work at once, housework, which the great majority of women are expected to perform in addition to the work of the mother and teacher of children at home. One of the most injurious factors in human life is having to do work for which you are not fitted. It is injurious to man and woman alike. If all men were required to practice one trade they would be injured by it and they would be inevitably held to the grade of that one trade. The majority of women by trade are still domestic servants. They may not be paid servants, but the service is just the same. The effect on the body, the effect on the mind of the person working is from the work, not from what it is called.

Now, if you will think of the effect on the race—if all men were in the position of butlers and footmen and cooks, all of them, whether they liked it or not, you see something of what I mean of the effect upon woman. It prevents the development of faculties that could be used in higher work; it puts a premium on the low grade woman and a discount on the high grade woman. I do not speak with any prejudice. I have done housework all my life and am doing it yet.

It is not a matter of personal feeling; it is a judgment upon the effect on the human race of keeping one sex as the servant of the other. It is not good for the health or the happiness or the strength of race. What has the community done for the conservation of the strength of man? Why is it that men today are able to dig the Panama Canal, to put up a building like this, to fill the world with all the works that art and science have given to us? How do they do it? Does any one man do it alone with his hands in one room? It is all the result of specialization, organization, interchange of labor. Men have risen and risen in every organized community service and we have not. Women are doing today the same kind of work that they did ten centuries ago, thirty centuries ago, and one hundred thousand years ago, except as benefited by certain inventions which they did not make.

The difference in the strength of men—I put it here arithmetically so that it may make an impression on those who are arithmetically minded—is like this: where one man alone, as a separate animal, could do something equal, say, to five, as a member of society his efficiency is squared by association, twenty-five; cubed by the advantage of labor, 125; raised to the fourth power by the tool, 625; to the fifth power by the machine, 3,125; to the sixth, by the use of natural forces, 15,625. This is just an extreme illustration of what makes one man with the machinery

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able to do the work of a thousand, where one woman, with her own hands and some few improvements is doing just what one woman used to do in the dim past.

What would be the gain to the service and the strength of woman, if this work came under the advantages of social organization? If the work that woman now does alone, as an amateur, every one doing the same, could be done by organized groups of highly specialized, skilled women, with a chance to rise in their profession, to be known in the town and State and country and in the world as leading in that particular line and as properly paid for it, what would be the advantage to the woman and to the children and to the husband? Instead, we live by one of those ancient theories, one of those deep-rooted traditions that has come down to us from the remotest past, that the home, is an institution that cannot be changed.

Monogamous marriage is an institution that cannot be changed without injury to the human race. Our species, like many another animal, is benefited by monogamy. The biological basis for monogamy is this: when it is to the advantage of the young of a species to have the continued care of two parents, then you have monogamy, whether it is birds or animals or people. Civil, social, and religious laws are built on that.

Is there any law of nature that requires a certain kind of industry, to be performed at home? Many say they think there is, but what kind?

In the beginning all industry was done at home and done by women. They were the beginners, the inventors, the originators of our industry. For ages they led the world because they could work while the man could only hunt and fight. But since then man's work has risen and woman's has remained at its primitive stage.

Now, if it were organized, the first gain would be the saving of labor to the woman, and that saving would be from seventy-five to eighty per cent. At present, we have one woman to cook for three or four or five other people. One person can cook for from thirty to fifty, three cooks could easily cook for one hundred, four cooks could easily cook for one hundred and fifty; five for two hundred. With organization, with mechanical appliances, you save labor. We at present waste seventy-five per cent of the labor of women, the strength of women, by having them all do these things alone and separately.

With that saving in the labor would come an equal saving in expenses. We waste ninety per cent, in the plant in our domestic industry, one hundred kitchens for one hundred families, where in one-tenth the space we could do the work of the hundred; and ninety per cent in the fuel, which is a heavy part of household expenses. We may fairly say that between seventy-five and eighty per cent for the labor and up to ninety per cent for the fuel and the plant is wasted in the housework of women.

Besides that waste of labor and that waste of money, another waste appears in the purchasing of all the small supplies for all separate kitchens, when they could be bought in bulk. Against all this waste stands the increase to the family income, if both members of the family are earning; and besides that comes the gain in the health and happiness of women when each of them can do the work she best enjoys and is, therefore, best able to do. And besides that again comes the service to humanity of all the talent, the power that is now buried in the million kitchens where women do their duty as best they can, but are never able to do the work for which they are naturally fitted.

Now, the immediate demand, following any such proceeding as this, is, what are we to do. How can it be done? Can it be worked? Is it possible? It is perfectly possible to prepare hot food in a shop and serve it in the home. This has been done ever since there was any kind of civilization. The cook has been a human functionary just as long as any other. Away back in Pharaoh's time, you remember, the baker was there at his work. To prepare food and send it to the home is just as practicable as to have the cow milked a good many miles away and the milk brought to the home. It is being done in many places. They have just started a new—what they call a community kitchen, in Evanston, Illinois. They have a fine one flourishing now in New York and in different places throughout the country. If you remove the kitchen, you take out all the grease and most of the ashes.

There then remain the children. Our present theory, our absolute belief—heaven knows what we base it on—is that little children are best taken care of by their own individual mothers, whether the mothers know anything or not. The doctor, the nurse and the teacher know better. Motherhood per se—the bearing of a child, the nursing of a child—that belongs to every normal woman. The training of little children, the care which begins at the very cradle, is a social function, and not a sex function. Not every mother is, therefore, a teacher. But the teacher, the high-grade, trained, specialized teacher who loves children, not merely her own, the care of such teachers should be given to every body.

Now, we will say, how is that to be done. How can it be done? We still think of the home, each one separate and apart, with the mother and the children, but the father can go to his work and the mother can go to her work. She can take the baby with her and leave it at the "nursery school," which somebody

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spoke of this morning, while she is at work. I think every woman should be able to take a year off for each baby. Even the working women, when they are organized, can do it and pay for it themselves. The trouble with them is that they are alone; are separate; they do not have one another's help and they never can until they are united as men have united.

Now, those are the main points I wish to give, that the strength of woman should be conserved, by legislation, by improving conditions, by improving wages, by the training of all the girls, training them in hygiene and all the suitable exercises. We all agree to that. But the biggest problem is how to establish a standard of health and happiness for the woman who works at home, who works the twelve, fourteen and sixteen hours a day, who does not sleep well at night, with the care of the babies and children, and who never gets any rest from it unless she breaks down completely and then has to go away from home for a rest.

If we had every one trained to specialize in some preferred branch of the work, every kind would be important. The standard of cooking, the standard of our food service—and the doctors know how low that is at present—would be raised through that specialization.

The standard of child care would be raised and, again the doctors know how low that standard is at home. All the standards of life are lifted when you lift the woman, when her strength is saved and spent in the right channels, in the best service that she herself prefers. Those who prefer to cook, let them cook and be well paid for it, work eight hours a day, stop and go home. Those who prefer to be house-cleaners, let them run cleaning establishments and make a handsome living from it. Those who really like the care of babies enough to give their lives to it should give their lives to it and study and learn for the first time how to take care of little children. At present we say we must teach the mothers, and what are we to teach them and where are we to learn? I think some women care enough for children to devote their whole lives to the care of babies. There should be some method for collecting data from which to establish the science of child culture. We do not know it now.

"GHOSTS WHAT AIN'T"

by

C. A. PROSSER



"Ghosts What Ain't"

By

C. A. Prosser

An address given before Students of Dunwoody Institute, Minneapolis.

In a little book called "Ghosts What Ain't," Ellis Parker Butler tells the story of a little negro boy whose mother sent him after dark to get a pumpkin which she needed for a jack-o-lantern at a party. He was dreadfully frightened as he went down a lonely road past a graveyard to the pumpkin field. A big ghost rising up before him and holding a pumpkin in its hand pointed to it and said to little George, "There's your head." He was so frightened that the ghost took pity on him and said, "Never mind little boy, there ain't no ghosts."

As he went on down the road he picked up a stick but another ghost seized it and said, "I've got hold of your leg." Little George was so scared he began to cry and the ghost taking pity on him said, "Never mind little boy, there ain't no ghosts." Then, many, many fearsome ghosts arose all around him on the way to the pumpkin field and all the way back. They terrified him but every time he started to cry, they said, "Never mind little boy—remember there ain't no such things as ghosts."

Finally he brought the pumpkin home. His mammy made a jack-o-lantern and had the party but little George would not go to bed. She said, "Go to bed, Honey," but he lingered. Finally she laughed and said, for he had told her about the ghosts and what they said, "George, are you afraid there is ghosts?" He said, "No Mammy, I ain't afraid of ghosts what is but I am scared of ghosts what ain't."

Most of us, like George, are afraid in this world not of real ghosts but of "ghosts what ain't." We are not as boys and men afraid of the things that we can see and feel and face and fight if necessary but rather of the things that are imaginary that have no real existence that grow up out of our imagination. Sometimes these imaginary ghosts what ain't become so real as to handicap a fellow in his life.

We accept the risks and difficulties in our sports and our work with courage and as a matter of course—victory, defeat,

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accidents, sickness, death, loss of a job, hard times, financial reverses and all the rest. Anyone worth his salt faces these things as he should with a heart unafraid. These are nevertheless very very real ghosts, or things, and Dunwoody helps its student to meet and conquer them.

The "ghosts what ain't" are the ones that give us real trouble and sometimes make cowards of us because like the little negro boy they are the very unreal ghosts of which we need not be afraid, but of which we are really most afraid. There are so many of these imaginary ghosts that it would be impossible to list all of them, but several at least we know. They are the unreal ghosts of our fears and doubts about life and about ourselves.

One of the ghosts that a fellow needs to drive out of his mind forever is lack of faith in himself. Many men fail because from their boyhood they have gained no confidence in themselves and in what they could do. Sometimes they have met with discouragements; sometimes they have had a hard struggle; sometimes perhaps they are just naturally lazy; too many times they have never had anybody to buck them up by encouraging them and by praising the little things they did and did well.

The truth about the whole matter is that confidence has a lot to do with your success in life. The coward, the discouraged fellow, the man who is too timid, the fellow who does not believe in himself, is likely to give up too easily and settle down to an easy place in life because he fears to venture or because he does not think it worth while to try to make something out of himself. The slogan of such people is usually, "What's the use? I can't do anything and I am no good anyhow."

As a matter of fact there is very little difference in the ability of most people. When you see the great gap between people later in life, it looks as though they must be vastly different in their ability but they are not. The difference in the success with which they have met is more often due to other qualities: Courage, pluck, persistence, determination, application, energy, taking advantage of the main chance when it comes along.

Show me a boy who has ordinary ability, who believes in himself without being cocky, who has a lot of self-confidence without being boastful or unpleasant about it and I will show you a fellow who is going to get ahead in the world. The best ball player, however good he may be in native ability to play the game, who has no confidence in himself in the field or at the bat will never be much of a ball player. This is equally true of life.

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Another ghost what ain't is lack of faith in the world. You hear a great deal of talk which is sheer nonsense that there is no chance in the world for a man. There never were so many chances. Others who have failed to make good have set up as an alibi that there is no chance for a poor boy to get ahead, but most of the conspicuous successes in this democracy in every line have been made by the poor boy who found a way out for himself or who made it by sheer force, plus pluck and persistence.

There never was a time in all the history of this good old world when there were so many chances or when employers were so eager to find and to reward capable, loyal and efficient service. For whatever opportunities there were in America in the days of George Washington and Abraham Lincoln, there are 10,000 opportunities today.

Another ghost that you need to lay forever is the hope, that in some way you can succeed in the world without paying the price. There are perhaps a few fortunate persons who can succeed by mere cunning or good fortune but they are so few that every time you see one of them you wonder how it happened.

The American boy is too likely to be a gambler with chance. The odds are a thousand to one against him when he gambles that he can get ahead in the world without training, without study, without application, without energy, without industry, without the things that everybody else has to be and to do to "make good."

Indeed it is amazing that the same chap who will give hours and hours of work to the practice necessary to gain skill in some sport like skating, tennis, basketball, baseball, football or any other competitive games believe that anything but success, better wages, and promotion will come in the great big competitive game called life without paying the same price.



PROGRESS OF LEGISLATION FOR WOMEN

by

FLORENCE KELLEY



Progress of Legislation for Women

by

Florence Kelley

An address given in 1923 before National Conference of Social Work.

Thirty years ago this month, in Illinois, in 1893, the first eight-hour law for women in this country was adopted by the exertions of the trade unions and settlements, led by Hull House. It was enforced, as thoroughly as a law could be enforced, in the third greatest manufacturing state of this union by twelve inspectors charged with innumerable duties, including the inspection of every tenement house in the state in which, perchance, a garment might be produced for sale. In May, 1895, the Supreme Court of Illinois held that under the Fourteenth Amendment women, being citizens, could not be deprived of the right to work unlimited hours. The court was a rural one. One lonely judge among nine represented the city of Chicago, then, as now, the second great manufacturing city in the Western Hemisphere. The court, I will be briefer than it was, in nine thousand words defined its position, explaining that women were citizens although there were four minor derogations upon their citizenship. It said: "Women cannot be allowed to work in mines underground as men can; they cannot be called to the militia as men can; if they own farms, they cannot work out their taxes upon the roads as men can; and they vote only once in four years for three trustees of the University of Illinois." In spite, however, of these four derogations upon their citizenship, they cannot be deprived of their right to contract to work as they and their employers may agree.

That judicial opinion was the law of Illinois for fifteen years. So paralyzing was its effect that, in the Mississippi Valley and far to the east and west, no state attempted to deal with hours, or wages, until Oregon, in 1907, defying this evil precedent, adopted a ten-hour law for women. According to the decision of the Supreme Court of the United States upholding the Oregon ten-hour law in 1908, the Illinois decision in 1895 had been wrong! The principle at issue in both cases was identical. In his defense of that Oregon law, before the Supreme Court, of the United States, Justice Brandeis, then a practicing lawyer in Boston, created a new hope for wage earning women. He acted upon his belief that ignorance of the social aspects of industry

alone had misled the Supreme Court of Illinois. He was convinced that, if the social facts of industry could be presented to the courts of last resort, it might become possible for the United States to take its place among the civilized nations. (There is nothing to laugh at in that! England had been enforcing such laws since 1844. We should rather hang our heads in shame while the memory remains of that Illinois decision of 1895 and the years that followed.) Mr. Brandeis' hope was justified. From 1907-16 he gave his priceless services in defense of legislation for the welfare of wage-earning women and girls before courts of last resort.

The Consumers' League which, about four years after the appearance of Dr. Ryan's book on "The Living Wage," introduced the legislative movement for minimum wage commissions, furnished comprehensive briefs in support of the legal arguments which followed. Industrial welfare statutes for women were upheld by the courts, even a California eight-hour law applying to those pitiful victims of overwork, pupil nurses in training in hospitals, public and private. There were upheld in nine years the ten-hour law in Oregon, and many other states, the ninehour day, the working week of fifty-four hours, and one day's rest in seven. To assure a period of rest at night for wageearning women, the Court of Appeals of New York reversed in 1914 its adverse decision of 1907. In 1917 the Supreme Court of the United States upheld the Oregon ten-hour law for women, and allowed the decision of the Oregon court to stand in support of a minimum-wage law.

The anti-climax in the District of Columbia minimum-wage case shows conclusively that that interval without progress, that stagnant period from 1895-1908, may now come again unless the voters determine that it shall never be repeated. The decision in itself is progress backward. Its effect was immediate confusion in the state legislatures in session on April 11, and since that date. It obliterated a workable and necessary law for freeing wage-earning women in the district of Columbia from the "lash of starvation." This is the expression used by English economists to describe the position of the English wage earning class before the establishment, in 1910, of trade boards (so minimum wage boards for men and women are called in England,) under which 3,000,000 English wage-earners are, according to Sidney and Beatrice Webb, freed from that lash. I do not attempt to condense or to quote or to summarize that decision. It fills eighteen pages of print. Briefly, trenchantly, Chief Justice Taft and Justice Holmes have stated their dissent. Never in the long history of judicial interpretation of the Constitution was greater need of dissent, nor was ever dissent more brilliant than this recorded by pen in mortal hand. I command it to your careful reading.

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Under the Fifth and Fourteenth Amendments of the Federal Constitution as now interpretated by the court, it is idle to seek to assure by orderly processes of legislation, to wage-earning men, women or children, life, liberty or the pursuit of happiness. This decision fills those words with the bitterest and most cruel mockery. Following it, wages of the most ill-paid women in the District of Columbia have been cut. Under the pressure of competition in American industry at this time, it establishes in the practical experience of the unorganized, the unskilled, the illiterate, the alien, and the industrially sub-normal women wage-earners, the constitutional right to starve. This is a new "Dred Scott" decision.

What is to be done? Are the women of the United States to sit again in the company of the women of Patagonia and the Islands of the Sea as human beings without claim to legal protection of life, and health, and continued capacity for work? Does anyone believe that they will do that? Have we forgotten that the most important labor law ever passed never mentioned labor? That is the constitutional amendment which gives to working women, and to all other women, the right to vote. It is by far the most important labor law concerning women that ever has been or ever can be passed. It is the law which gives to half of the people of this nation the power to register their will and their conscience.

Two things must be done, and conferences about them have already begun. One called by the Consumers' League has been held in New York, to which people came from the Pacific Coast and from states whose minimum-wage laws are, perhaps, endangered, to consider how their laws may be safeguarded, and how the right to legislate may be saved for states which have not yet experimented with the industrial welfare measures. Here in Washington a conference called by the Women's Trade Union League to consider next steps agreed upon effort, greater than has ever been made, to organize wage-earning women in unions, that they may do for themselves all that trade-union organization can to improve wages and hours. But more must be done than that.

This conference is fifty years old. The organization I have the honor to represent entered its twenty-fifth year on the first day of this month. We cannot look forward to fighting over again the battles fought in 1893, getting beneficent state laws only to have them swept away. We new voters must bring a longer view and more hopeful hearts into the voting constituency than have been there in the past. We must bring more imagination, more initiative, and corrective action with less delay than fifteen years. In earlier days we endured outrageous delay because we had not suffrage and in part, also, because of the virtually universal belief that the Constitution of the United States

could be amended only after a war. It had been drafted and had received ten amendments following the Revolution. After the Civil War came two, so perversely interpreted ever since. The Fourteenth Amendment, intended to preserve life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness for colored people, has not been allowed to do that. Since its adoption Negroes have been burned, hanged, robbed, and disfranchised, while the amendment has been used to block industrial legislation for women, girls and children, white and colored alike.

Now, therefore, at the close of this first quarter of the twentieth century, our eighteenth century Constitution, the oldest in force in the world, adopted when we were 3,000,000 rural people, must be expanded to meet the needs of 103,000,000 people struggling with the difficulties of our urban civilization with its new industrial demands upon women and children. We have to modernize the Constitution to meet the needs of our own century, and to modernize the court that interprets the Constitution. Until this is done, discussion of industrial legislation is purely academic.

The lesson of the years from 1895—April 11, 1923, is clear. The progress of labor legislation in the United States depends, not upon public opinion, not upon Congress and the states, not upon the needs of the wage-earners or the development of industry. The progress of labor legislation depends upon the personnel of the Supreme Court of the United States and the social and economic opinion of the judges. The court incarnates a world-old injustice. It has dealt with the whole people, but it has represented only half of the people. We have seen two childlabor laws destroyed. No woman had any share in that destruction, or opportunity to stay it. We have seen the minimum-wage laws of thirteen states endangered by the recent decision. No woman participated in that responsibility. Sooner or later women must be added to the court. The monopoly of the interpretation and administration of the law by men alone can never again be accepted without criticism and protest. It is a survival of the age before women were full citizens. In view of its powers, unique in the world, the personnel of the Supreme Court of the United States is of the uttermost permanent importance to this nation. Yet in the choice of judges, political affiliations, religious associations, and geographical position all have great weight. It is a singular circumstance that judicial experience is not requisite; even presiding justices have been chosen without reference to it. Urgent, therefore, as is the modernizing of the Constitution, the personnel of the court is the first essential.

The justices are too few. They are compelled either to give inadequate study to the new, complex, vital questions constantly referred to them, or to defer their decisions and thereby inflict

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unmeasured hardship. From 1915-1917, inclusive, when the Oregon ten-hour and minimum-wage laws were pending, the court pondered twenty-eight months before, in the end, both were allowed to stand. Nine men cannot deal with the mass of cases that are constantly piled up before it. So we see one hour given to each side for oral argument and when validity of laws of many states is involved, three hours, all-told, perhaps allotted for the oral discussion of a measure of the utmost gravity for the well-being of the mass of wage-earning women in the United States. The court must be enlarged. Henceforth, decisions cannot depend upon the vote of one justice. This nation cannot endure having the life, health, and welfare of millions of workers determined by the odd justice, the fifth justice. The District of Columbia law was constitutional in 1921, when Justice Pitney and Day were on the Bench. It may be constitutional again by 1927. The fate of the workers of this country cannot depend upon such incidents.

If, therefore, we are to make progress forward, not backward, we cannot merely repeat the long experiment which Justice Brandeis successfully led throughout nine years only to have it checked last month. We have a larger task than has ever confronted us. We have to modernize the Constitution and to modernize the Supreme Court, if, as a people, we are to go continuously forward.



FACTORIES AND THE COMMON LIFE

by

ALLAN T. BURNS



Factories and the Common Life

By

Allan T. Burns

An address before the National Conference of Social Work.

Max Weinberg runs a vest shop in a great clothing center. It is not a shop for which he is entirely responsible, for it is a contract shop. He takes goods that have been out at a great factory and is responsible for only their manufacture, not for their sale. And in this contract shop, in the words in Pinafore, he employs his brothers and his sisters and his cousins and his aunts, and a great many others, good friends and neighbors. In that market and in this shop advanced union conditions prevail. But Mr. Weinberg prides himself that he has never had a case brought before the industrial tribunal of that market because of his treatment of any of his employees. Not even the most violent agitation of the most violent agitator has ever persuaded one of these cousins or aunts to bring a case. He would much rather, and feels he has found it much more effective, deal with these good relatives and neighbors on the old basis of a common understanding, under which they brought their grievances and exchanged points of view. But growth and development have come to that industry in that market, and in order to bid successfully and economically, in competition with the so-called inside shops of the greater factories, Mr. Weinberg has had to enlarge his production so that the little shop in which the aunts and uncles work has not room nor the workers necessary to turn out enough of a product to enable him to bid successfully. So some of the work he has begun to send into the homes of his neighbors. At this the union has brought in a complaint, for by the agreement under which he operates all clothing must be made in the home. Mr. Weinberg's plea is that he did not know any other way to get the clothing made than to depend upon his little community of people. There is no place in which to build a larger shop unless he builds in a place so far removed from the neighborhood where his workers live that it would break up this community which has been a community both of social life and industrial operation. And yet nothing is more certain than that Mr. Weinberg's shop and the closely knit community are bound to go.

Everybody realizes in this market that the small contract shop around which center the domestic and industrial interest of its workers is doomed because of the competition of the larger factories, and that sooner or later these brothers and sisters and cousins and aunts will be daily leaving their local community—community in the sense of the district in which they live—seeking employment in the larger factories remote from their homes, and modern industry with that will have completed its work of destroying local community life.

Political reformers and social workers in their efforts to resuscitate and reinvigorate community life are facing some such doom as Mr. Weinberg and his vest factory. For more of our efforts are based on the idea that community of residence is bound to be co-existent with community of interest and of action. We recall our backbreaking and heartbreaking attempts to revive the little red schoolhouse and the old New England town meeting upon this assumption, and to our chagrin again and again we would call this group of people living on the block together only to find that those who were there were so addicted to attending meetings they could not stay awake in our presence and the rest of those who ought to be interested in our public-spirited effort were conspicuous by their absence. When a hundred years ago a great Englishman came over here to study our experiment with democracy, he found all the interests of human life co-existent with the small local community, that a man's work, recreational, religious, and family life fell within a small circle within which he could spend his entire time, and so we have more or less assumed, and the whole machinery of political life has been based upon the assumption that there is bound to be co-existence between our place of residence and our vital interests.

Whether we think of the precinct, or the ward, the assembly district, or the congressional district, from the bottom up or from the top down, we have political machinery based upon geographical divisions. But this assumption that community interest will co-exist with one's residence has brought deep disappointment to us in many of our experiences. In the first place we no longer find single communities far removed from other single communities. There was a time when the farmer, in the spirit of the American pioneer, said "I must move on now for I have a neighbor within ten miles."

The general futility of our efforts at political life rest upon the breakdown brought about by modern industry. I have seen whole wards of our most respectable citizens canvassed, only to find that 50 per cent were not registered and were out of communication with the district in which they were supposed to have their vital interests. Last winter I went to a city club where there were about 200 members present, and I dared to venture the question as to how many there had taken an active part in securing the results of the last election in the precinct. There were five who raised their hands. They were greatly interested

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in the theory, greatly interested in discussing things generally, but somehow grouped for political action in ways in which they could not put their theories into practise, it seemed impossible for them to function effectively. Can it be that the game we continually play with the politician is bound to be a losing one for us because we try to act in groupings that have lost their real meaning except for those who make their living by perpetuating it?

This breaking up of the local community groups, based not primarily on residence but co-existent with residence, accounts for some of the other weaknesses of our present civilization. America is said to be in contrast to almost all other modern countries, the graveyard of repeated co-operative efforts. The attempts to buy the necessities of life upon the basis of profit to none but of service to all have met with repeated failure because there is in the local community no such actual confidence, no such common taste, no such ability to make a common effort, as have made possible those most successful efforts in Europe. So, as Professor Lindeman has already called to your attention, the word "local" in labor organizations has come to have a different meaning, and the weakness of labor organization is due to the fact that they have not adjusted their organization to a recognition that the groups they call "locals" are based upon geographical residence, and that what is needed is a larger and consolidated organization of a city-, state-, or nationwide character.

The I. W. W. is one of the by-products of this situation. The migrant laborer, finding no place for him in the orthodox form of organizations, has been attracted to the I. W. W. because it is founded not upon geographical basis but upon their common interest. But more important to us than these breakdowns in the industrial fields is the breakdown of community morals. You have heard through the reports of the Cleveland Crime Survey that offenses are increasing thirty times more rapidly than the population, and the newspapers are full of the stories of the increase of crimes. We are faced with the daily recounting of the unaccountable flappers and flippers and shifters. Why is it all? Because the fundamental basis of character and behavior, the morale of the local community, is gone, and that support and reinforcement and incentive to good behavior is gone with it. The only inaccuracy about the word "shifter" is that at present it seems to be applied to a group of rather young persons whose more or less loose organization is troubling their elders, while it would be more accurate if we recognized that the word applies to us all. These are some of the effects of modern industry upon community life, thinking of the community as a collective whole, a unit.

We all view things from our personal point of vantage, and that colors my own thinking probably, but between being the son of a minister and myself a social worker, it has been my lot to live in seven of the nine largest cities of the country and in the national capital. I have been a migrant worker. How can such a one belong to a local community? And yet in every community in which such a worker lives there is a group of people of common mind and common interest. It is not because you live in this street or that, but because you are bound to seek out those with whom you will be congenial and with whom you may co-operate to a common end. The little personal experience is borne out by the most conclusive studies.

The last United States census says that of all the nativeborn population in the United States about one-fourth live in states in which they were not born. In other words, they are shifters. Here in Rhode Island your percentage is about the average. The percentage in Wyoming runs up to 70. No one knows whether that is unusual or not compared with other countries, but it reflects a great degree of shifting among our population. It is due primarily to occupation, to our search to find jobs that are more remunerative or more to our taste. There is one indication in the last Massachusetts census of 1915. Here the native-born are usually shifty, for that census showed that twice as many of the native-born were disqualified for voting as the foreign-born because they were not long enough in residence in a given district. We Americans are primarily shifters. If we think of our greatest industry, the largest employer of labor in the country, the United States Steel Corporation, with its over 500,000 employees, we will realize how true it is that industry is no respecter of communities. Do you realize that during the last few years we have had more immigrants return to the old countries than we have had come into ours, a situation never known before in the world's history? This was due largely to fluctuations in the demand for employment in the United States Steel Corporation and other such great places of employment. It is the coming and going, the ebb and flow of the tide, that make it almost impossible that people shall take root in local communities and the fact that the breaking up of the community has been recognized by such employers as did not wish to have too much of that sort of thing, and they have cultivated such a mixture of people, bringing them from here and there, from across the water, from the rural districts of the United States, that there may not have been long enough continuity of common residence for them to make common cause.

The labor organizations of the country are recognizing this in their insistence that their organizations, while including all local workers, shall be based upon a country-wide consolidation. When the labor leaders that called the late steel strike did so they called not only steel workers, but men organized in the packing industry of Chicago, and the maintenance of way workers

on our railroads, who realized that the wages of the steel workers had a bearing on the wages of those in the packing and other great industries and that there was a community of interest here, whether or not there were community of residence or of occupation, that required they make common cause. And when Mr. Gary said that it was utterly against the principles of America for those not engaged in an industry and living in a distant locality to do anything about conditions in the steel industry he was like old King Canute trying to set the bounds of the incoming tide. Just at the time when he said that, I took pains to analyze the membership of the directorate of the United States Steel Corporation and found it composed as follows: a representative of the International Harvester Company, a representative of a coal mining corporation in Pennsylvania, a representative of a great coal and steel carrying railroad from Philadelphia, an eminent jurist from the city of Pittsburgh, the president of a great national bank in New York, and so down the line. There was no appeal of community interest by common residence, but there was a group who had gained a community of interest because of interlocking relations in a great variety of fields of life. And that is the climax of the development of industry in this country. There is apparently utter disregard for the local community in the organization of industry itself. That is the future of Max Weinberg's vest shop. They are all going the same way, if industry works its will with them as it has with the steel workers.

So has industry, by making nomads of us all, destroyed our local community life. And then along comes the great by-product and handmaiden of industry, the press, and facilitates that movement, for with the scattering of the population over the face of the land has gone all of that interest in the news of the locality which first established our great journals. It is no longer the near, but the novel that makes the news.

No such dark and dismal picture concludes all that is to be said on the subject. If we are hopeless under such circumstance, it is because we do not realize the original foundations of our community life. It was accidental although inevitable that that strong community spirit by which our early life in this country was characterized coincided with communities. We had no transportation, practically no communication, and for that reason vital fundamental interests coincided with geographical lines. It is that internal vital interest that will give us through community life again, or a substitute in its place, for all over our country today we see new groupings based upon intercommunication and co-operation for common ends whether in labor organizations, in social workers' associations, banking clubs, bar associations, medical societies. People are regrouping themselves according to the lines of their vital interests.

All these groups, to be sure, will come to have their local foci and nuclei, but we need to realize as social workers that the underlying forces of the grouping bring us opportunities, for upon them we may base our relations to them. It is absolutely necessary that there be revived these small groupings in order to have a revival in democracy for meeting modern industrial and other problems. If we are impatient with the slowness with which these new groups learn to function democratically we Teed to remember that it took a hundred and fifty years to learn io operate those of local communities that finally made up these United States. The state of Rhode Island was founded by a revolt from town meeting. Shay's rebellion, the tariff wars, were all instances of how long and how slow and how gradual a growth it was before these groupings along geographical lines, but founded upon community of interest, learned to function effectively enough to make these United States. De Tocqueville describes how the old town meeting was primarily the school of American self-government. We need to ask ourselves what is to be the substitute for it.

We never learned self-government out of books. That would be like trying to learn to sail a boat out of a book, as I once tried to do. It was not till I felt the tug of the sheet and the pull of the tiller that I learned how to sail a boat. So it is with new groupings, the most precious development of our modern life. In every one of them people are attempting to do some selfgoverning. The lessons our forefathers learned in town meetings we are learning over again in the groups which represent a common interest, a common aim. We need to learn the lessons of patience and of co-operation. You will remember that at the Milwaukee Conference a year ago there was a young labor leader who has helped to devise what is perhaps the most interesting attempt toward industrial peace, and that he outlined that plan to us. It has been my privilege during the past year to work with him in the operation of the great school of democracy, and tonight in the minds of some I stand as a victim, decapitated by that machinery, because we are only in the learning stage. That plan was developed in times of prosperity, and the methods of operating in times of adversity have not yet been worked out. It is only history repeating itself. We learn very slowly this lesson of self-government, but it must be learned in no other way than through these natural groupings of those whose common interests lead them to common action. The most successful efforts we have to report have recognized this principle. The National Child Labor Committee has been as successful as it has because it has affiliated with natural groups, those of labor organizations as well as those of public spirited employers and citizens who see that child labor must be abolished, but not primarily along geographical lines. In the same way the American Association for Labor Legislation is winning success today because it affili-

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ates and co-operates, not by trying to hold meetings in a given ward or other local community, but by seeking groups that have their own aims, and interesting them in its purposes.

And so, fellow social workers, there is no ground for discouragement. Democracy will be revived. It is for us to be wise enough and far-sighted enough to realize that it needs transformation, that it needs a new development. If we can see that the old geographical lines coincided with the interests of men, and that the new groupings will be along lines of intercommunications and co-operation for a common end we may perhaps have found the clue to the new democracy of the twentieth century.



by

HENRY GRADY



The New South

by

Henry Grady

On the 21st of December, 1886, Mr. Grady, in response to an urgent invitation, delivered the following address at the Banquet of the New England Club, New York.

"There was a South of slavery and secession—that South is dead. There is a South of union and freedom—that South, thank God, is living, breathing, growing every hour." These words, delivered from the immortal lips of Benjamin H. Hill, at Tammany Hall, in 1866, true then and truer now, I shall make my text tonight.

Mr. President and Gentlemen: Let me express to you my appreciation of the kindness by which I am permitted to address you. I make this abrupt acknowledgment advisedly, for I feel that if, when I raise my provincial voice in this ancient and august presence, I could find courage for no more than the opening sentence, it would be well if in that sentence I had met in a rough sense my obligation as a guest, and had perished, so to speak, with courtesy on my lips and grace in my heart. Permitted, through your kindness, to catch my second wind, let me say that I appreciate the significance of being the first Southerner to speak at this board, which bears the substance, if it surpasses the semblance, of original New England hospitality—and honors the sentiment that in turn honors you, but in which my personality is lost, and the compliment to my people made plain.

I bespeak the utmost stretch of your courtesy tonight. I am not troubled about those from whom I come. You remember the man whose wife sent him to a neighbor with a pitcher of milk, and whom tripping on the top step, fell with such casual interruptions as the landings afforded into the basement, and, while picking himself up, had the pleasure of hearing his wife call out: "John, did you break the pitcher?"

"No, I didn't," said John, "but I'll be dinged if I don't."

So, while those who call me from behind may inspire me with energy, if not with courage, I ask an indulgent hearing from you. I beg that you will bring your full faith in American

fairness and frankness to judgment upon what I shall say. There was an old preacher once who told some boys of the Bible lesson he was going to read in the morning. The boys, finding the place, glued together the connecting pages. The next morning he read on the bottom of one page, "When Noah was one hundred and twenty years old he took unto himself a wife, who was"—then turning the page—"140 cubits long—40 cubits wide, built of gopher wood—and covered with pitch inside and out." He was naturally puzzled at this. He read it again, verified it, and then said: "My friends, this is the first time I ever met this in the Bible, but I accept this as an evidence of the assertion that we are fearfully and wonderfully made." If I could get you to hold such faith tonight I could proceed cheerfully to the task I otherwise approach with a sense of consecration.

Pardon me one word, Mr. President, spoken for the sole purpose of getting into the volumes that go out annually freighted with the rich eloquence of your speakers—the fact that the Cavalier as well as the Puritan was on the continent in its early days, and that he was "up and able to be about." I have read your books carefully and I find no mention of that fact, which seems to me an important one for preserving a sort of historical equilibrium if for nothing else.

Let me remind you that the Virginia Cavalier first challenged France on the continent—that Cavalier, John Smith, gave New England its very name, and was so pleased with the job that he has been handing his own name around ever since—and that while Miles Standish was cutting off men's ears for courting a girl without her parents' consent, and forbade men to kiss their wives on Sunday, the Cavalier was courting everything in sight, and that the Almighty had vouchsafed great increase to the Cavalier colonies, the huts in the wilderness being as full as the nests in the woods.

But having incorporated the Cavalier as a fact in your charming little books, I shall let him work out his own salvation, as he has always done, with engaging gallantry, and we will hold no controversy as to his merits. Why should we? Neither Puritan nor Cavalier long survived as such. The virtues and good traditions of both happily still live for the inspiration of their sons and the saving of the old fashion. But both Puritan and Cavalier were lost in the storm of the first Revolution, and the American citizen, supplanting both and stronger than either, took possession of the republic bought by their common blood and fashioned to wisdom, and charged himself with teaching men government and establishing the voice of the people as the voice of God.

My friends, Dr. Talmage has told you that the typical American has yet to come. Let me tell you that he has already come. Great types, like valuable plants, are slow to flower and fruit. But from the union of these colonists, Puritans and Cavaliers, from the straightening of their purposes and the crossing of their blood, slow perfecting through a century, came he who stands as the first typical American, the first who comprehended within himself all the strength and gentleness, all the majesty and grace of this republic—Abraham Lincoln. He was the sum of Puritan and Cavalier, for in his ardent nature were fused the virtues of both, and in the depths of his great soul the faults of both were lost. He was greater than Puritan, greater than Cavalier, in that he was American, and that in his honest form were first gathered the vast and thrilling forces of his ideal government—charging it with such tremendous meaning and elevating it above human suffering that martyrdom, though infamously aimed, came as a fitting crown to a life, consecrated from the cradle to human liberty. Let us, each cherishing the traditions and honoring his fathers, build with reverent hands the type of this simple but sublime life, in which all types are honored, and in our common glory as Americans there will be plenty and to spare for your forefathers and for mine.

Dr. Talmage has drawn for you, with a master's hand, the picture of your returning armies. He has told you how, in the pomp and circumstance of war, they came back to you, marching with proud and victorious tread, reading their glory in a nation's eyes! Will you bear with me while I tell you of another army that sought its home at the close of the late war—an army that marched home in defeat and not in victory—in pathos and not in splendor, but in glory that equalled yours, and to hearts as loving as ever welcomed heroes home! Let me picture to you the footsore Confederate soldier, as buttoning up in his faded gray jacket the parole which was to bear testimony to his children of his fidelity and faith, he turned his face southwards from Appomatox in April, 1865. Think of him as ragged, half-starved, heavy-hearted, enfeebled by want and wounds, having fought to exhaustion, he surrenders his gun, wrings the hands of his comrades in silence, and lifting his tear-stained and pallid face for the last time to the graves that dot old Virginia hills, pulls his gray cap over his brow and begins the slow and painful journey. What does he find—let me ask you who went to your homes eager to find, in the welcome you had justly earned, full payment for four years' sacrifice—what does he find when, having followed the battle-stained cross against overwhelming odds, dreading death not half so much as surrender, he reaches the home he left so prosperous and beautiful? He finds his house in ruins, his farm devastated, his slaves free, his stock killed, his barns empty, his trade destroyed, his money worthless, his sytem, feudal in its magnificence, swept away; his people without law or legal status;

his comrades slain, and the burdens of others heavy on his shoulders. Crushed by defeat, his very traditions are gone. Without money, credit, employment, material, or training; and beside all this confronted with the gravest problem that ever met human intelligence—the establishing of a status for the vast body of his liberated slaves.

What does he do—this hero in gray with a heart of gold? Does he sit down in sullenness and despair? Not for a day. Surely God, who had stripped him of his prosperity, inspired him in his adversity. As ruin was never before so overwhelming, never was restoration swifter. The soldier stepped from the trenches into the furrow; horses that had charged Federal guns marched before the plow, and fields that ran red with human blood in April were green with the harvest in June; women reared in luxury cut up their dresses and made breeches for their husbands, and, with a patience and heroism that fit women always as a garment, gave their hands to work. There was little bitterness in all this. Cheerfulness and frankness prevailed. "Bill Arp," struck the key-note when he said: "Well, I killed as many of them as they did of me, and now I'm going to work." Of the soldier returning home after defeat and roasting some corn on the roadside, who made the remark to his comrades: "You may leave the South if you want to, but I am going to Sandersville, kiss my wife and raise a crop, and if the Yankees fool with me any more, I'll whip them again." I want to say to General Sherman, who is considered an able man in our parts, though some people think he is a kind of careless man about fire, that from the ashes he left us in 1864 we have raised a brave and beautiful city; that somehow or other we have caught the sunshine in the bricks and mortar of our homes, and have builded therein not one ignoble prejudice or memory.

But what is the sum of our work? We have found out that in the summing up the free negro counts more than he did as a slave. We have planted the schoolhouse on the hilltop and made it free to white and black. We have sowed towns and cities in the place of theories, and put business above politics. We have challenged your spinners in Massachusetts and your iron-makers in Pennsylvania. We have learned that the \$4,000,000,000 annually received from our cottom crops will make us rich when the supplies that make it are home raised. We have reduced the commercial rate of interest from 24 to 6 per cent, and are floating 4 per cent bonds. We have learned that one northern immigrant is worth fifty foreigners; and have smoothed the path to southward, wiped out the place where Mason and Dixon's line used to be, and hung out latchstring to you and yours. We have reached the point that marks perfect harmony in every household, when the husband confesses that the pies which his wife cooks are as good as those his mother used to bake; and we admit that the sun shines as brightly and the moon as softly as it

did before the war. We have established thrift in city and country. We have fallen in love with work. We have restored comfort to homes from which culture and elegance never departed. We have let economy take root and spread among us as rank as the crabgrass which sprang from Sherman's cavalry camps, until we are ready to lay odds on the Georgia Yankee as he manufactures relics of the battlefield in a one-story shanty, and squeezes pure olive oil out of his cotton seed, against any down-easter that ever swapped wooden nutmegs for flannel sausage in the valleys of Vermont. Above all, we know that we have achieved in these "piping times of peace" a fuller independence for the South than that which our fathers sought to win in the forum by their eloquence or compel in the field by their swords.

It is a rare privilege, sir, to have had part, however humble, in this work. Never was nobler duty confided to human hands than the uplifting and upbuilding of the prostrate and bleeding South—misguided, perhaps, but beautiful in her suffering, and honest, brave and generous always. In the record of her social, industrial and political emancipation we await with confidence the verdict of the world.

But what of the negro? Have we solved the problem he presents or progressed in honor and equity toward solution? Let the records speak to the point. No section shows a more prosperous laboring population than the negroes of the South, none in fuller sympathy with the employing and land-owning class. He shares our school fund, has the fullest protection of our laws and the friendship of our people. Self-interest, as well as honor, demand that he should have this. Our future, our very existence, depend upon our working out this problem in full and exact justice. We understand that when Lincoln signed the emancipation proclamation, your victory was assured, for he then committed you to the cause of human liberty, against which the arms of man cannot prevail—while those of our statesmen who trusted to make slavery the corner-stone of the Confederacy doomed us to defeat as far as they could, committing us to a cause that reason could not defend or the sword maintain in sight of advancing civilization.

Had Toombs said, which he did not say, "that he would call the roll of his slaves at the foot of Bunker Hill," he would have been foolish, for he might have known that whenever slavery became entangled in war it must perish, and that the chattel in human flesh ended forever in New England when your fathers—not to be blamed for parting with what didn't pay—sold their slaves to our fathers—not to be praised for knowing a paying thing when they saw it. The relations of the southern people with the negro are close and cordial. We remember with what fidelity for four years he guarded our defenseless women and children, whose husbands and fathers were fighting against his freedom. To his eternal credit be it said that whenever he struck

a blow for his own liberty he fought in open battle, and when at last he raised his black and humble hands that the shackles might be struck off, those hands were innocent of wrong against his helpless charges, and worthy to be taken in loving grasp by every man who honors loyalty and devotion. Ruffians have maltreated him, rascals have misled him, philanthropists established a bank for him, but the South, with the North, protests against injustice to this simple and sincere people. To liberty and enfranchisement is as far as law can carry the negro. The rest must be left to conscience and common sense. It must be left to those among whom his lot is cast, with whom he is indissolubly connected, and whose prosperity depends upon their possessing his intelligent sympathy and confidence. Faith has been kept with him, in spite of calumnious assertions to the contrary by those who assume to speak for us or by frank opponents. Faith will be kept with him in the future, if the South holds her reason and integrity.

But have we kept faith with you? In the fullest sense, yes. When Lee surrendered—I don't say when Johnson surrendered, because I understand he still alludes to the time when he met General Sherman last as the time when he determined to abandon any further prosecution of the struggle-when Lee surrendered, I say, and Johnson quit, the South became, and has since been, loyal to this Union. We fought hard enough to know that we were whipped, and in perfect frankness accept as final the arbitrament of the sword to which we had appealed. The South found her jewel in the toad's head of defeat. The shackles that had held her in narrow limitations fell forever when the shackles of the negro slave were broken. Under the old regime the negroes were slaves to the South; the South was a slave to the system. The old plantation, with its simple police regulations and feudal habit, was the only type possible under slavery. Thus was gathered in the hands of a splendid and chivalric oligarchy the substance that should have been diffused among the people, as the rich blood, under certain artificial conditions, is gathered at the heart, filling that with affluent rapture but leaving the body chill and colorless.

The old South rested everything on slavery and agriculture, unconscious that these could neither give nor maintain healthy growth. The New South presents a perfect democracy, the oligarchs leading in the popular movement—a social system compact and closely knitted, less splendid on the surface, but stronger at the core—a hundred farms for every plantation, fifty homes for every palace and a diversified industry that meets the complex need of this complex age.

The new South is enamored of her new work. Her soul is stirred with the breath of a new life. The light of a grander day is falling fair on her face. She is thrilling with the conscious-

ness of growing power and prosperity. As she stands upright, full-statured and equal among the people of the earth, breathing the keen air and looking out upon the expanded horizon, she understands that her emancipation came because through the inscrutable wisdom of God her honest purpose was crossed, and her brave armies were beaten.

This is said in no spirit of time-serving or apology. The South has nothing for which to apologize. She believes that the late struggle between the States was war and not rebellion; revolution and not conspiracy, and that her convictions were as honest as yours. I should be unjust to the dauntless spirit of the South and to my own convictions if I did not make this plain in this presence. The South has nothing to take back. In my native town of Athens is a monument that crowns its central hill—a plain, white shaft. Deep cut into its shining side is a name dear to me above the names of men—that of a brave and simple man who died in brave and simple faith. Not for all the glories of New England from Plymouth Rock all the way, would I exchange the heritage he left me in his soldier's death. To the foot of that I shall send my children's children to reverence him who ennobled their name with his heroic blood. But sir, speaking from the shadow of that memory which I honor as I do nothing else on earth, I say that the cause in which he suffered and for which he gave his life was adjudged by higher and fuller wisdom than his or mine, and I am glad that the omniscient God held the balance of battle in His Almighty hand and that human slavery was swept forever from American soil, and the American Union was saved from the wreck of war.

This message, Mr. President, comes to you from consecrated ground. Every foot of soil about the city in which I live is as sacred as a battle-ground of the republic. Every hill that invests it is hallowed to you by the blood of your brothers who died for your victory, and doubly hallowed to us by the blow of those who died hopeless, but undaunted, in defeat—sacred soil to all of us—rich with memories that make us purer and stronger and better—silent but staunch witnesses in its red desolation of the matchless valor of American hearts and the deathless glory of American arms—speaking an eloquent witness in its white peace and prosperity to the indissoluble union of American States and the imperishable brotherhood of the American people.

Now, what answer has New England to this message? Will she permit the prejudice of war to remain in the hearts of the conquerors, when it has died in the hearts of the conquered? Will she transmit this prejudice to the next generation, that in their hearts which never felt the generous ardor of conflict it may perpetuate itself? Will she withhold, save in strained courtesy, the hand which straight from his soldier's heart Grant offered to Lee at Appomatox? Will she make the vision of a

restored and happy people, which gathered above the couch of your dying captain, filling his heart with grace; touching his lips with praise, and glorifying his path to the grave—will she make this vision on which the last sigh of his expiring soul breathed a benediction, a cheat and delusion? If she does, the South, never abject in asking for comradeship, must accept with dignity its refusal; but if she does not refuse to accept in frankness and sincerity this message of good will and friendship, then will the prophecy of Webster, delivered in this very society forty years ago amid tremendous applause, become true, be verified in its fullest sense, when he said: "Standing hand to hand and clasping hands, we should remain united as we have been for sixty years, citizens of the same country, members of the same government, united, all united now and united forever." There have been difficulties, contentions, and controversies, but I tell you that in my judgment,

"Those opened eyes,
Which like the meteors of a troubled heaven,
All of one nature, of one substance bred,
Did lately meet in th' intestine shock,
Shall now in mutual well beseeming ranks,
March all one way."

by

ROBERT G. INGERSOLL



Farming

by

Robert G. Ingersoll

An address given to an audience of farmers in Illinois more than a generation ago.

Ladies and Gentlemen: I am not an old and experienced farmer, nor a tiller of the soil, nor one of the hard-handed sons of labor. I imagine, however, that I know something about cultivating the soil, and getting happiness out of the ground.

I know enough to know that agriculture is the basis of all wealth, prosperity and luxury. I know that in a country where the tillers of the fields are free, everybody is free and ought to be prosperous.

The old way of farming was a great mistake. Everything was done the wrong way. It was all work and waste, weariness and want. They used to fence a hundred and sixty acres of land with a couple of dogs. Everything was left to the protection of the blessed trinity of chance, accident and mistake.

When I was a farmer they used to haul wheat two hundred miles in wagons and sell it for thirty-five cents a bushel. They would bring home about three hundred feet of lumber, two bunches of shingles, a barrel of salt, and a cook-stove that would never draw and never did bake.

In those blessed days the people lived on corn and bacon. Cooking was an unknown art. Eating was a necessity, not a pleasure. It was hard work for the cook to keep on good terms even with hunger.

We had poor houses. The rain held the roofs in perfect contempt, and the snow drifted joyfully on the floors and beds. They had no barns. The horses were kept in rail pens surrounded with straw. Long before spring the sides would be eaten away and nothing but roofs would be left. Food is fuel. When the cattle were exposed to all the blasts of winter, it took all the corn and oats that could be stuffed into them to prevent actual starvation.

In those times most farmers thought the best place for the pig-pen was immediately in front of the house. There is nothing like sociability.

Women were supposed to know the art of making fires without fuel. The woodpile consisted, as a general thing of one log, upon which an axe or two had been worn out in vain. There was nothing to kindle a fire with. Pickets were pulled from the garden fence, clap-boards taken from the house, and every stray plank was seized upon for kindling. Everything about the farm was disagreeable. Nothing was kept in order. Nothing was preserved. The wagons stood in the sun and rain, and the plows rusted in the fields. There was no leisure, no feeling that the work was done. It was all labor and weariness and vexation of spirit. The crops were destroyed by wandering herds, or they were put in too late, or too early, or they were blown down, or caught by the frost, or devoured by bugs, or stung by flies, or eaten by worms, or carried away by birds, or dug up by gophers, or washed away by floods, or dried up by the sun, or rotted in the stack, or heated in the crib, or they all ran to vines, or tops, or stray, or smut, or cobs. And when in spite of all these accidents that lie in wait between the plow and the reaper, they did succeed in raising a good crop and a high price was offered, then the roads would be impassable. And when the roads got good, then the prices went down.

Everything worked together for evil.

Nearly every farmer's boy took an oath that he would never cultivate the soil. The moment they arrived at the age of twenty-one they left the desolate and dreary farms and rushed to the towns and cities. They wanted to be bookkeepers, doctors, merchants, railroad men, insurance agents, lawyers, even preachers—anything to avoid the drudgery of the farm. Nearly every boy acquainted with the three R's—reading, writing and arithmetic—imagined that he had altogether more education than ought to be wasted in raising potatoes and corn. They made haste to get into some other business. Those who stayed upon the farm envied those who went away.

A few years ago the times were prosperous and the young men went to the cities to enjoy the fortunes that were waiting for them. They wanted to engage in something that promised quick returns. They built railways, established banks and insurance companies. They speculated in stocks in Wall street, and gambled in grain at Chicago. They became rich. They lived in palaces. They rode in carriages. They pitied their poor brothers on the farms, and the poor brothers envied them.

But time has brought its revenge. The farmers have seen the railroad president a bankrupt, and the road in the hands of a receiver. They have seen the bank president abscond, and the insurance company a wrecked and ruined fraud. The only solvent people, as a class, the only independent people, are the tillers of the soil. (Applause.)

Farming must be made more attractive. The comforts of the town must be added to the beauty of the fields. The sociability of the city must be rendered possible in the country.

Farming has been made repulsive. The farmers have been unsociable and their homes have been lonely. They have been wasteful and careless. They have not been proud of their business.

No farmer can afford to raise corn and oats and hay to sell. He should sell horses, not oats; sheep, cattle and pork, not corn. He should make every profit possible out of what he produces. So long as the farmers of the Middle States ship their corn and oats, so long they will be poor,—just so long will their farms be mortgaged to the insurance companies and banks of the east,—just so long will they do the work and others reap the benefit,—just so long will they be poor, and the money lenders grow rich,—just so long will cunning avarice grasp and hold the net profits of honest toil. When the farmers of the west ship beef and pork instead of grain,—when we manufacture here,—when we cease paying tribute to others, ours will be the most prosperous country in the world.

Another thing—it is just as cheap to raise a good as a poor breed of cattle. Scrubs will eat just as much as thoroughbreds. If you are not able to buy Durhams and Alderneys, you can raise the cornbreed. By "corn-breed" I mean the cattle that have, for several generations had enough to eat, and have been treated with kindness. Every farmer who will treat his cattle kindly, and feed them all they want, will, in a few years, have blooded stock on his farm. All blooded stock has been produced in this way. You can raise good cattle just as you can raise good people. If you wish to raise a good boy you must give him plenty to eat, and treat him with kindness. In this way, and in this way only, can good cattle or good people be produced.

Another thing—you must beautify your homes.

When I was a farmer it was not fashionable to set out trees, nor to plant vines.

When you visited the farm you were not welcomed by flowers, and greeted by trees loaded with fruit. Yellow dogs came bounding over the tumbled fence like wild beasts. There is no sense—there is no profit in such a life. It is not living. The farmers ought to beautify their homes. There should be trees and grass and flowers and running vines. Everything should be kept in order—gates should be on their hinges, and all about there should be the pleasant air of thrift. In every house there should be a bathroom. The bath is a civilizer, a refiner, a beautifier. When you come from the fields tired, covered with dust,

nothing is so refreshing. Above all things, keep clean. It is not necessary to be a pig in order to raise one. In the cool of the evening, after a day in the field, put on clean clothes, take a seat under the trees, 'mid the perfume of flowers, surrounded by your family, and you will know what it is to enjoy life like a gentleman. (Loud applause.)

In no part of the globe will farming pay better than in the Western states. You are in the best portion of the earth. From the Atlantic to the Pacific, there is no such country as yours. The east is hard and stony; the soil is stingy. The far west is a desert parched and barren, dreary and desolate as perdition would be with the fires out. It is better to dig wheat and corn from the soil than gold. Only a few days ago I was where they wrench the precious metals from the miserly clutch of the rocks. When I saw the mountains, treeless, shrubless, flowerless, without even a spire of grass, it seemed to me that gold holds it, as upon the man who lives and labors only for that. It affects the land as it does the man. It leaves the heart barren without a flower of kindness—without a blossom of pity.

The farmer of the Middle States has the best soil—the greatest return for the least labor—more leisure—more time for enjoyment than any other farmer in the world. His hard work ceases with autumn. He has the long winters in which to become acquainted with his family—with his neighbors—in which to read and keep abreast with the advanced thought of his day. He has the time and means of self-culture. He has more time than the mechanic, the merchant or the professional man. If the farmer is not well informed it is his own fault. Books are cheap, and every farmer can have enough to give him the outline of every science, and an idea of all that has been accomplished by man.

In many respects the farmer has the advantage of the mechanic. In our time we have plenty of mechanics but no tradesmen. In the sub-division of labor we have a thousand men working upon different parts of the same thing, each taught in one particular branch, and in only one. We have, say, in a shoe factory, hundreds of men, but only one shoemaker. It takes them all, assisted by a great number of machines, to make a shoe. Each does a particular part, and not one of them knows the entire trade. The result is that the moment the factory shuts down these men are out of employment. Out of employment means out of bread—out of bread means famine and horror. The mechanic of today has but little independence. His prosperity often depends upon the good will of one man. He is liable to be discharged for a look, for a word. He lays by but little for his declining years. He is, at the best, the slave of capital.

It is a thousand times better to be a whole farmer than part of a mechanic. It is better to till the ground and work for yourself than to be hired by corporations. Every man should endeavor to belong to himself. (Applause.)

About seven hundred years ago, Khayam, a Persian, said: "Why should a man who possesses a piece of bread securing life for two days, and who has a cup of water—why should such a man serve another?"

Young men should not be satisfied with a salary. Do not mortgage the possibilities of your future. Have the courage to take life as it comes, feast or famine. Think of hunting a gold mine for a dollar a day and think of finding one for another man. How would you feel then?

We are lacking in true courage, when, for fear of the future, we take the crusts and scraps and niggardly salaries of the present. I had a thousand times rather have a farm and be independent, than to be President of the United States without independence, filled with doubt and trembling, feeling of the popular pulse, resorting to art and artifice, inquiring about the wind of opinion, and succeeding at last in losing my self-respect without gaining respect of others.

Man needs more manliness, more real independence. We must take care of ourselves. This we can do by labor, and in this way we can preserve our independence. We should try and choose that business or profession the pursuit of which give us the most happiness. Happiness is wealth. We can be happy without being rich—without holding office—without being famous. I am not sure that we can be happy with wealth, with office, or with fame.

There is a quiet about the life of a farmer, and the hope of a serene old age, that no other business or profession can promise. A professional man is doomed some time to feel that his powers are waning. He is doomed to see younger and stronger men pass him in the race of life. He looks forward to an old age of intellectual mediocrity. He will be last where once he was the first. But the farmer goes, as it were, into partnership with nature—he lives with trees and flowers—he breathes the sweet air of the fields. There is no constant and frightful strain upon his mind. His nights are filled with sleep and rest. He watches his flocks and herds as they feed upon the green and sunny slopes. He hears the pleasant rain falling upon the waving corn, and the trees he planted in youth rustle above him as he plants others for the children yet to be.

Our country is filled with the idle and unemployed, and the great question asking for an answer is: What shall be done with these men? What shall these men do? To this there is but one

answer. They must cultivate the soil. Farming must be rendered more attractive. Those who work the land must have an honest pride in their business. They must educate their children to cultivate the soil. They must make farming easier, so that their children will not hate it, so that they will not hate it themselves. The boys must not be taught that tilling the soil is a curse and almost a disgrace. They must not suppose that education is thrown away upon them unless they become ministers, lawyers, doctors or statesmen. It must be understood that education can be used to advantage on a farm. We must get rid of the idea that a little learning unfits one for work. There are hundreds of graduates of Yale and Harvard and other colleges, who are agents of sewing machines, solicitors for insurance, clerks, copyists, in short, performing a hundred varieties of menial service. They seem willing to do anything that is not regarded as work—anything that can be done in a town, in the house, in an office, but they avoid farming as they would leprosy. Nearly every young man educated in this way is simply ruined. Such an education ought to be called ignorance. It is a thousand times better to have common sense without education than education without the sense. Boys and girls should be educated to help themselves. They should be taught that it is disgraceful to be idle, and dishonest to be useless.

I say again, if you want more men and women on the farms, something must be done to make farm life pleasant. One great difficulty is that the farm is lonely. People write about the pleasures of solitude, but they are found only in books. He who lives long alone becomes insane. A hermit is a madman. Without friends and wife and child, there is nothing left worth living for. The unsocial are the enemies of joy. They are filled with egotism and envy, with vanity and hatred. People who live much alone become narrow and suspicious. They are apt to be the property of one idea. They begin to think there is no use in anything. They look upon the happiness of others as a kind of folly. They hate joyous folks, because, way down in their hearts, they envy them. (Applause.)

In our country, farm life is too lonely. The farms are large, and neighbors are too far part. In these days, when the roads are filled with "tramps" the wives and children need protection. When the farmer leaves home and goes to some distant field to work, a shadow of fear is upon his heart all day, and a like shadow rests upon all at home.

In the early settlement of our country the pioneer was forced to take his family, his axe, his dog and his gun, and go into the far wild forest, and build his cabin miles and miles from any neighbor. He saw the smoke from his hearth go up alone in all the wide and lonely sky.

But this necessity has passed away, and now, instead of living so far apart upon the lonely farms, you should live in villages. With the improved machinery which you have—with your generous soil—with your markets and means of transportation, you can now afford to live together.

It is not necessary in this age of the world for the farmer to rise in the middle of the night and begin his work. This getting up so early in the morning is a relic of barbarism. It has made hundreds and thousands of young men curse the business. There is no need of getting up at three or four o'clock in the winter morning. The farmer who persists in doing it and persists in dragging his wife and children from their beds ought to be visited by a missionary. It is time enough to rise after the sun has set the example. For what purpose do you get up? To feed the cattle? Why not feed them more the night before? It is a waste of life. In the old times they used to get up about three o'clock in the morning and go to work long before the sun had risen with "healing upon his wings," and as a just punishment they all had the ague; and they ought to have it now. The man who cannot get a living upon Illinois soil without rising before daylight ought to starve. Eight hours a day is enough for any farmer to work except in harvest time. When you arise at four and work till dark what is life worth? Of what use are all the improvements in farming? Of what use is all the improved machinery unless it tends to give the farmer a little more leisure? What is harvesting now compared with what it was in the old time? Think of the days of reaping, of cradling, of raking and binding and mowing. Think of threshing with the flail and winnowing with the wind. And now think of the reapers and mowers, the binders and threshing machines, the plows and cultivators, upon which the farmer rides protected from the sun. If, with all the advantages, you cannot get a living without rising in the middle of the night, go into some other business. You should not rob your families of sleep. Sleep is the best medicine in the world. There is no such thing as health without plenty of sleep. Sleep until you are thoroughly rested and restored. When you work, work, and when you get through take a good, long and refreshing sleep.

You should live in villages, so that you can have the benefits of social life. You can have a reading room—you can take the best papers and magazines—you can have plenty of books, and each one can have the benefit of them all. Some of the young men and women can cultivate music. You can have social gatherings—you can learn from each other—you can discuss all topics of interest, and in this way you can make farming a delightful business. You must keep up with the age. The way to make farming respectable is for farmers to become really intelligent. They must live intelligent and happy lives. They must know

something of books and something of what is going on in the world. They must not be satisfied with knowing something of the affairs of a neighborhood and nothing about the rest of the earth. The business must be made attractive, and it never can be until the farmer has prosperity, intelligence and leisure.

A great many farmers seem to think that they are the only laborers in the world. This is a very foolish thing. Farmers cannot get along without the mechanic. You are not independent of the man of genius. Your prosperity depends upon the inventor. The world advances by the assistance of all laborers; and all labor is under obligations to the inventions of genius. The inventor does as much for agriculture as he who tills the soil. All laboring men should be brothers. You are in partnership with the mechanics who make your reapers, your mowers and your plows; and you should take into your granges all the men who make their living by honest labor. The laboring people should unite and should protect themselves against all idlers. You can divide mankind into two classes; the laborers and the idlers, the supporters and the supported, the honest and the dishonest. Every man is dishonest who lives upon the unpaid labor of others, no matter if he occupies a throne. All laborers should be brothers. The laborers should have equal rights before the world and before the law. And I want every farmer to consider every man who labors either with hand or brain as his brother. Until genius and labor formed a partnership there was no such thing as prosperity among men. Every reaper and mower, every agricultural implement, has elevated the work of the farmer, and his vocation grows grander with every invention. In the olden time the agriculturalist was ignorant; he knew nothing of machinery, he was the slave of superstition. He was always trying to appease some imaginary power by fasting and prayer. He supposed that some being, actuated by malice, sent the untimely frost, or swept away with the wild wind his rude abode. To him the seasons were mysteries. The thunder told him of an enraged god—the barren fields of the vengeance of heaven. The tiller of the soil lived in perpetual and abject fear. He knew nothing of mechanics, nothing of order, nothing of law, nothing of cause and effect. He was a superstitious savage. He invented prayers instead of plows, creeds instead of reapers and mowers. He was unable to devote all his time to the gods, and so he hired others to assist him, and for their influence with the gentlemen supposed to control the weather, he gave one-tenth of all he could produce.

The farmer has been elevated through science and he should not forget the debt he owes to the mechanic, to the inventor, to the thinker. He should remember that all laborers belong to the same grand family—that they are the real kings and queens, the only true nobility. . .

Above all, let every farmer treat his wife and children with infinite kindness. Give your sons and daughters every advantage within your power. In the air of kindness they will grow around you like flowers. They will fill your homes with sunshine and all your years with joy. Do not try to rule by force. A blow from a parent leaves a scar on the soul. I should feel ashamed to die surrounded by children I had whipped. Think of feeling upon your dying lips the kiss of a child you had struck. (Applause.)

See to it that your wife has every convenience. Make her life worth living. Never allow her to become a servant. Wives, weary, and worn; mothers, wrinkled and bent before their time, fill homes with grief and shame. If you are not able to hire help for your wives, help them yourself. See that they have the best utensils to work with. Women cannot create things by magic. Have plenty of wood and coal—good cellars and plenty in them. Have cisterns, so that you can have plenty of rain water for washing. Do not rely on a barrel and a board. When the rain comes the board will be lost or the hoops will be off the barrel. . .

Make your homes pleasant. Have your houses warm and comfortable for the winter. Do not build a story-and-a-half house. The half story is simply an oven in which, during the summer, you will bake every night, and feel in the morning as though only the rind of yourself was left.

Decorate your rooms, even if you do so with cheap engravings. The cheapest are far better than none. Have books—have papers, and read them. You have more leisure than the dwellers in cities. Beautify your grounds with plants and flowers and vines. Have good gardens. Remember that everything of beauty tends to the elevation of man. Every little morning-glory whose purple bosom is thrilled with the amorous kisses of the sun, tends to put a blossom in your heart. Do not judge of the value of everything by the market reports. Every flower about a house certifies to the refinement of somebody. Every vine climbing and blossoming, tells of love and joy.

Make your houses comfortable. Do not huddle together in a little room around a red-hot stove, with every window fastened down. Do not live in this poisoned atmosphere, and then, when one of your children dies, put a piece in the papers commencing with "Whereas, it has pleased divine Providence to remove from our midst." Have plenty of air, and plenty of warmth. Comfort is health. Do not imagine anything is unhealthy simply because it is pleasant. That is an old and foolish idea.

Let your children sleep. Do not drag them from their beds in the darkness of night. Do not compel them to associate all that is tiresome, irksome and dreadful with cultivating the soil. In this way you bring farming into hatred and disrepute. Treat your children with infinite kindness—treat them as equals. There is no happiness in a home not filled with love. Where the husband hates his wife—where the wife hates the husband; where children hate their parents and each other—there is a hell upon earth.

There is no reason why farmers should not be the kindest and most cultivated of men. There is nothing in plowing the fields to make men cross, cruel and crabbed. To look upon the sunny slopes covered with daisies does not tend to make men unjust. Whoever labors for the happiness of those he loves, elevates himself, no matter whether he works in the dark and dreary shops, or in the perfumed fields. To work for others is, in reality, the only way in which a man can work for himself. Selfishness is ignorance. Speculators cannot make unless somebody loses. In the realm of speculation every success has at least one victim. The harvest reaped by the farmer benefits all and injures none. For him to succeed, it is not necessary that some one should fail. The same is true of all producers—of all laborers.

I can imagine no condition that carries with it such a promise of joy as that of the farmer in the early winter. He has his cellar filled—he has made every preparation for the days of snow and storm—he looks forward to three months of ease and rest; to three months of fireside content; three months with wife and children; three months of long, delightful evenings; three months of home; three months of solid comfort.

When the life of the farmer is such as I have described, the cities and towns will not be filled with want—the streets will not be crowded with wrecked rogues, broken bankers and bankrupt speculators. The fields will be tilled, and the country villages, almost hidden by trees and vines and flowers, filled with industrious and happy people, will nestle in every vale and gleam like gems on every plain.

The idea must be done away with that there is something intellectually degrading in cultivating the soil. Nothing can be nobler than to be useful. Idleness should not be respectable.

If farmers will cultivate well, and without waste; if they will so build that their houses will be warm in winter and cool in summer; if they will plant trees and beautify their homes; if they will occupy their leisure in reading, in thinking, in improving their minds and in devising ways and means to make their business profitable and pleasant; if they will live nearer together and cultivate sociability; if they will come together often; if they will have reading rooms and cultivate music; if they will



have bath-rooms, ice-houses and good gardens; if their wives can have an easy time; if their sons and daughters can have an opportunity to keep in line with the thoughts and discoveries of the world; if the night can be taken for sleep and the evenings for enjoyment, everybody will be in love with the fields. Happiness should be the object of life, and if life on the farm can be made really happy, the children will grow up in love with the meadows, the streams, the woods and the old home. Around the farm will cling and cluster the happy memories of the delightful years.

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Remember, I pray you, that you are in partnership with all labor—that you should join hands with all the sons and daughters of toil, and that all who work belong to the same noble family.

For my part, I envy the man who has lived on the same broad acres from his boyhood, who cultivates the fields where in youth he played, and lives where his father lived and died.

I can imagine no sweeter way to end one's life than in the quiet of the country out of the mad race for money, place and power—far from the demands of business—out of the dusty highways where fools struggle and strive for the hollow praise of other fools.

Surrounded by pleasant fields and faithful friends, by those I have loved, I hope to end my days. And this I hope may be the lot of all who hear my voice. I hope that you, in the country, in houses covered with vines and clothed with flowers, looking from the open window upon rustling fields of corn and wheat, over which will run the sunshine and the shadows, surrounded by those whose lives you have filled with joy, will pass away serenely as the Autumn dies.



THREE SHORT ADDRESSES ON DEATH

by

ROBERT G. INGERSOLL



In the Night of Death

By

Robert G. Ingersoll

An address on the occasion of his brother's death.

My Friends: I am going to do that which the dead often promised he would do for me. The loved and loving brother, husband, father, friend died where manhood's morning almost touches noon, and while the shadows still were falling toward the West. He had not passed on life's highway the stone that marks the highest point, but being weary for the moment he laid down by the wayside, and, using, a burden for a pillow, fell into that dreamless sleep that kisses down his eyelids still. While yet in love with life and raptured with the world, he passed to silence and pathetic dust. Yet, after all, it may be best, just in the happiest, sunniest hour of all the voyage, while eager winds are kissing every sail, to dash against the unseen rock, and in an instant hear the billows roar, a sunken ship. For whether in midsea or among the breakers of the farther shore, a wreck must mark at last the end of each and all. And every life, no matter if its every hour is rich with love and every moment jeweled with a joy, will, to its close, become a tragedy, as sad, and deep, and dark as can be woven of the warp and woof of mystery and death. This brave and tender man in every storm of life was oak and rock, but in the sunshine he was love and flower. He was the friend of all heroic souls that climb the heights and left all superstitions here below, while on his forehead fell the golden dawning of a grander day. He loved the beautiful, and was with color, form and music touched to tears. He sided with the weak, and with a willing hand gave alms; with loyal hearts and with purest hand he faithfully discharged all public trusts. He was a worshipper of liberty and a friend of the oppressed. A thousand times I have heard him quote the words: "For Justice, all place a temple and all season, summer." He believed that happiness was the only good, reason the only torch, justice the only worshipper, humanity the only religion and love the priest. He added to the sum of human joy, and were every one for whom he did some loving service to bring a blossom to his grave he would sleep tonight beneath a wilderness of flowers. Life is a narrow vale between the cold and barren peaks of two eternities. We strive in vain to look beyond the heights. We cry aloud, and the only answer is the echo of a wailing cry. From the voice-

IN THE NIGHT OF DEATH

less lips of the unreplying dead there comes no word; but in the night of death hope sees a star and listening love can hear the rustle of a wing. He who sleeps here, when dying, mistaking the approach of death for the return of health, whispered with his latest breath, "I am better now." Let us believe, in spite of doubts and dogmas and tears and fears, that these dear words are true of all the countless dead. And now, to you who have been chosen from among the many men he loved to do the last sad office for the dead, we give his sacred trust. Speech cannot contain our love. There was—there is—no gentler, stronger, manlier man.

To Those Who Died

By

Robert G. Ingersoll

On occasion of Re-union of the Army of Tennessee, November 13, 1879.

When the savagery of the lash, the barbarism of the chain, and the insanity of secession confronted the civilization of our country, the question, "Will the great republic defend herself?" trembled on the lips of every lover of mankind. The North, filled with intelligence and wealth, products of liberty, marshalled her hosts and asked only for a leader.

From civil life a man, silent, thoughtful, poised, and calm, stepped forth, and with the lips of victory voiced the nation's first and last demand: "Unconditional and immediate surrender." That utterance was the real declaration of real war, and in accordance with the dramatic unities of mighty events the great soldier who made it received the final sword of the rebellion. The soldiers of the republic were not seekers after vulgar glory; they were not animated by the hope of plunder or the love of conquest. They fought to preserve the homestead of liberty, that their children might have peace. They were the defenders of humanity, the destroyers of prejudice, the breakers of chains, and in the name of the future they saluted the monsters of their time. They finished what the soldiers of the revolution commenced. They relighted the torch that fell from those august hands and filled the world again with light. They blotted from the statute books the laws that had been passed by hypocrites at the instigation of robbers, and tore with indignant hands from the Constitution that infamous clause that made men the catchers of their fellow man. They made it possible for judges to be just and statesmen to be human. They broke the shackles from the limbs of slaves, from the souls of masters, and from the Northern brain. They kept our country on the map of the world and our flag in heaven. They rolled the stone from the sepulcher of progress, and found therein two angels clad in shining garments—nationality and liberty.

The soldiers were the saviors of the nation. They were the liberators of man. In writing the proclamation of emancipation, Lincoln, greatest of our mighty dead, whose memory is as gentle as the summer air when reapers sing 'mid gathered sheaves, copied with the pen what Grant and his brave comrades wrote with swords.

TO THOSE WHO DIED

Grander than the Greek, nobler than the Roman, the soldiers of the republic, with patriotism as shoreless as the air, battled for the rights of others, for the nobility of labor; fought that mothers might own their babes, that arrogant idleness should not scar the back of patient toil, that our country should not be a manheaded monster made of warring states but a nation-sovereign, great and free.

Blood was water, money was leaves, and life was only common air until one flag floated over the republic without a master and without a slave. Then was asked the question, "Will a free people tax themselves to pay the nation's debt?" The soldiers went home to their waiting wives, to their glad children and to the girls they loved. They went back to the fields, the shops and mines. They had not been demoralized. They had been ennobled. They were as honest in peace as they were brave in war. Mocking at poverty, laughing at reverses, they made a friend of toil. They said: "We saved the nation's life, and what is life without honor?" They worked and wrought with all of labor's royal sons that every pledge the nation gave might be redeemed. And their great leader, having put a shining band of friendship, a girdle of clasped and happy hands, around the globe, comes home and finds that every promise made in war has now the ring and gleam of gold.

Then there is another question still. Will all the wounds of war be healed? I answer yes. The Southern people must submit, not to the dictation of the North but to the nation's will and to the verdict of mankind. They were wrong, and the time will come when they will say that they are victors who have been vanquished by the right. Freedom conquered them, and freedom will cultivate their feelings, educate their children, weave for them the robes of wealth, execute their laws, and fill their land with happy homes.

The soldiers of the Union saved the South as well as the North. They made us a nation. Their victories made us free and rendered tyranny in every other land as insecure as snow upon volcanoes' lips.

And now let us drink to the volunteers. To those who sleep in unknown, sunken graves, whose names are only in the hearts of those they loved and left, of those who often hear in happy dreams the footsteps of return. Let us drink to those who died while lipless famine mocked; to all the maimed whose scars give modesty a tongue; to all who dared and gave to chance the care, the keeping of their lives; to all the dead; to Sherman, to Sheridan, and to Grant, the foremost soldier of the world; and, last, to Lincoln, whose loving life, like a bow of peace, spans and arches all the clouds of war.

The Death of a Child

by

Robert G. Ingersoll

An address which perfectly meets a moving occasion.

The following news dispatch dramatically states the occasion for this address:

In a remote corner of the Congressional Cemetery yesterday afternoon, a small group of people with uncovered heads were ranged around a newlyopened grave. They included Mr. and Mrs. George O. Miller and family and friends, who had gathered to witness the burial of the former's bright little son Harry, a recent victim of diphtheria. As the casket rested upon the trestles there was a painful pause, broken only by the mother's sobs, until the undertaker advanced toward a stout, florid-complexioned gentleman in the party and whispered to him, the words being inaudible to the looker-on. This gentleman was Col. Robert G. Ingersoll, a friend of the Millers, who had attended the funeral at their request. He shook his head when the undertaker first addressed him, and then suddenly said, "Does Mrs. Miller desire it?" The undertaker gave an affirmative nod. Mr. Miller looked appealingly toward the distinguished orator, and then Col. Ingersoll advanced to the side of the grave, made a motion denoting a desire for silence, and, in a voice of exquisite cadence, delivered one of his characteristic eulogies for the dead. scene was intensely dramatic. A fine drizzling rain was falling, and every head was bent, and every ear turned to catch the impassioned words of eloquence and hope that fell from the lips of the famed orator. Col. Ingersoll was unprotected by either hat or umbrella, and his invocation thrilled his hearers with awe, each eye that had previously been bedimmed with tears brightening and sobs becoming hushed.

My Friends: I know how vain it is to gild a grief with words, and yet I wish to take from every grave its fear. Here in this world, where life and death are equal kings, all should be brave enough to meet what all have met. The future has been filled with fear, stained and polluted by the heartless past. From the wondrous tree of life the buds and blossoms fall with ripened fruit, and in the common bed of earth patriarchs and babes sleep side by side.

THE DEATH OF A CHILD

Why should we fear that which will come to all that is? We cannot tell. We do not know which is the greatest blessing, life or death. We cannot say that death is not good. We do not know whether the grave is the end of this life or the door of another, or whether the night here is not somewhere else a dawn.

Neither can we tell which is the more fortunate, the child dying in its mother's arms before its lips have learned to form a word, or he who journeys all the length of life's uneven road, painfully taking the last slow steps with staff and crutch. Every cradle asks us "Whence?" and every coffin "Whither"?

No man standing where the horizon of a life has touched a grave has any right to prophesy a future filled with pain and tears. It may be that death gives all there is of worth to life. If those who press and strain against our hearts could never die, perhaps that love would wither from the earth. Maybe a common faith treads from out the paths between our hearts the weeds of selfishness, and I should rather live and love where death is king than have eternal life where love is not.

Another life is naught, unless we know and love again the ones who love us here. They who stand with breaking hearts around this little grave need have no fear. The largest and the noblest faith in all that is, and is to be, tells us that death, even at its worst, is only perfect rest. We know that through the common wants of life, the needs and duties of each hour, their grief will lessen day by day until at last these graves will be to them a place of rest and peace, almost of joy.

There is for them this consolation: The dead do not suffer. If they live again their lives will surely be as good as ours. We have no fear; we are all children of the same mother and the same fate awaits us all.

TO LIBERTY

by

HENRY GEORGE



To Liberty

by

Henry George

Close of Mr. George's famous speech, "The American Republic," delivered at San Francisco, July 4, 1877.

They who look upon Liberty as having accomplished her mission, when she has abolished hereditary privileges and given men the ballot, who think of her as having no further relations to the every day affairs of life, have not seen her real grandeur—to them the poets who have sung of her must seem rhapsodists, and her martyrs fools! As the sun is lord of life, as well as of light; as his beams not merely pierce the clouds, but support all growth, supply all motion, and call forth from what would otherwise be a cold and inert mass, all the infinite diversities of being and beauty, so is Liberty to mankind. It is not for an abstraction that men have toiled and died; that in every age the witnesses of Liberty have stood forth, and the martyrs of Liberty have suffered. It was for more than this that matrons handed the Queen Anne musket from its rest, and that maids bid their lovers go to death!

We speak of Liberty as one thing, and of virtue, wealth, knowledge, invention, national strength and national independence as other things. But, of all these, Liberty is the source, the mother, the necessary condition. She is to virtue what light is to color, to wealth what sunshine is to grain; to knowledge what eyes are to the sight. She is the genius of invention, the brawn of national strength, the spirit of national independence! Where Liberty rises, there virtue grows, wealth increases, knowledge expands, invention multiplies human powers, and in strength and spirit the freer nation rises among her neighbors as Saul amid his brethren—taller and fairer. Where Liberty sinks, there virtue fades, wealth diminishes, knowledge is forgotten, invention ceases, and empires once mighty in arms and arts become a helpless prey to freer barbarians!

Only in broken gleams and partial light has the sun of Liberty yet beamed among men, yet all progress hath she called forth.

Liberty came to a race of slaves crouching under Egyptian whips, and led them forth from the House of Bondage. She hardened them in the desert and made of them a race of con-

TO LIBERTY

querors. The free spirit of the Mosaic law took their thinkers up to heights where they beheld the unity of God, and inspired their poets with strains that yet phrase the highest exaltations of thought. Liberty dawned on the Phoenician Coast, and ships passed the Pillars of Hercules to plough the unknown sea. She broke in partial light on Greece, and marble grew to shapes of ideal beauty, words became the instruments of subtlest thought, and against the scanty militia of free cities the countless hosts of the Great King broke like surges against a rock. She cast her beams on the four-acre farms of Italian Husbandmen, and born of her strength a power came forth that conquered the world! She glinted from shields of German warriors, and Augustus wept his legions. Out of the night that followed her eclipse, her slanting rays fell again on free cities, and a lost learning revived, modern civilization began, a new world was unveiled; and as Liberty grew so grew art, wealth, power, knowledge, and refinement. In the history of every nation we may read the same truth. It was the strength born of Magna Charta that won Crecy and Agincourt. It was the revival of Liberty from the despotism of the Tudors that glorified the Elizabethan age. It was the spirit that brought a crowned tyrant to the block that planted here the seed of a mighty tree. It was the energy of ancient freedom that, the moment it had gained unity, made Spain the mightiest power of the world, only to fall to the lowest depth of weakness when tyranny succeeded Liberty. See, in France, all intellectual vigour dying under tyranny of the seventeenth century to revive in splendor as Liberty awoke in the eighteenth, and on the enfranchisement of the French peasant in the Great Revolution, basing the wonderful strength that has in our time laughed at disaster.

Who is Liberty that we should doubt her; that we should set bounds to her, and say, "Thus far shall thou come and no further!" Is she not peace? Is she not prosperity? Is she not progress? Nay, is she not the goal towards which all progress strives?

Not here; but yet she cometh! Saints have seen her in their visions; seers have seen her in their trance. To heroes has she spoken, and their hearts were strong; to martyrs, and the flames were cool!

She is not here, but yet she cometh. Lo! her feet are on the mountains—the call of her clarion rings on every breeze; the banners of her dawning fret the sky! Who will hear her as she calleth; who will bid her come and welcome? Who will turn to her? Who will speak for her? Who will stand for her while she yet hath need?

WOMAN

by

HORACE PORTER



Woman

by

Horace Porter

Speech of Horace Porter at the seventy-eighth annual dinner of the New England Society in the City of New York, December 22, 1883. The President, Marvelle W. Cooper, in introducing the speaker, arose, mentioned the single word "Woman"—and said: "This toast will be responded to by one whom you know well, General Horace Porter."

Mr. President and Gentlemen: When this toast was proposed to me, I insisted that it ought to be responded to by a bachelor, by some one who is known as a ladies' man; but in these days of female proprietorship it is supposed that a married person is more essentially a ladies' man than anybody else, and it was thought that only one who had had the courage to address a lady could have the courage, under these circumstances, to address the New England Society.

The toast, I see, is not in its usual order tonight. At public dinners this toast is habitually placed last on the list. It seems to be a benevolent provision of the Committee on Toasts in order to give man in replying to Woman one chance at least in life of having the last word. At the New England dinners, unfortunately the most fruitful subject of remark regarding woman is not so much her appearance as her disappearance. I know that this was remedied a few years ago, when this grand annual gastronomic high carnival was held in the Metropolitan Concert Hall. There ladies were introduced into the galleries to grace the scene by their presence; and I am sure the experiment was sufficiently encouraging to warrant repetition, for it was beautiful to see the descendants of the Pilgrims sitting with eyes upturned in true puritanic sanctity; it was encouraging to see the sons of those pious sires devoting themselves, at least for one night, to setting their affections upon "things above."

Woman's first home was in the Garden of Eden. There man first married woman. Strange that the incident should have suggested to Milton the "Paradise Lost." Man was placed in a profound sleep, a rib was taken from his side, a woman was created from it, and she became his wife. Evil-minded persons

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constantly tell us that thus man's first sleep became his last repose. But if woman be given at times to that contrariety of thought and perversity of mind which sometimes passeth our understanding, it must be recollected in her favor that she was created out of the crookedest part of man.

The Rabbins have a different theory regarding creation. They go back to the time when we were all monkeys. They insist that man was originally created with a kind of Darwinian tail, and that in the process of evolution this caudel appendage was removed and created into woman. This might better account for those Caudle lectures which woman is in the habit of delivering, and some color is given to this theory, from the fact that husbands even down to the present day seem to inherit a general disposition to leave their wives behind.

The first woman, finding no other man in that garden except her own husband, took to flirting even with the Devil. The race might have been saved much tribulation if Eden had been located in some calm and tranquil land—like Ireland. There would at least have been no snakes there to get into the garden. No woman in her thirst after knowledge, showed her true female inquisitiveness in her cross-examination of the serpent, and, in commemoration of that circumstance, the serpent seems to have been curled up and used in nearly all languages as a sign of interrogation. Soon the domestic troubles of our first parent began. The first woman's favorite son was filled with a club, and married women even to this day seem to have an instinctive horror of clubs. The first woman learned that it was Cain that raised a club. Yet, I think, I recognize faces here tonight that I see behind the windows of Fifth Avenue clubs of an afternoon, with their noses pressed flat against the broad plate glass, and as woman trips along the sidewalk, I have observed that these gentlemen appear to be more assiduously engaged than ever was a government scientific commission in taking observations upon the transit of Venus.

Before those windows passes many a face fairer than that of the Ludovician Juno or the Venus of Medici. There is the Saxon blonde with the deep blue eye, whose glances return love for love, whose silken tresses rest upon her shoulders like a wealth of golden fleece, each thread of which looks like a ray of the morning sunbeam. There is the Latin brunette with the deep, black, piercing eye, whose jetty lashes rest like silken fringe upon the pearly texture of her dainty cheek, looking like raven's wings spread out upon new-fallen snow.

And yet the club man is not happy. As the ages roll on woman has materially elevated herself in the scale of being. Now she stops at nothing. She soars. She demands the coeducation of the sexes. She thinks nothing of delving into the most

obstruse problems of the higher branches of analytical science. She can cipher out the exact hour of the night when her husband ought to be home, either according to the old or the recently adopted method of calculating time. I never knew of but one married man who gained any decided domestic advantage by this change in our time. He was an habitue of a club situated next door to his house. His wife was always upbraiding him for coming home too late at night. Fortunately, when they made this change of time, they placed one of those meridians from which our time, is calculated right between the club and his house. Every time he stepped across that imaginary line it set him back a whole hour in time. He found that he could then leave his club at 1 o'clock and get home to his wife at 12; and for the first time in twenty years peace reigned around that hearth-stone.

Woman now revels even in the more complicated problems of mathematical astronomy. Give a woman ten minutes and she will describe a heliocentric parallax of the heavens. Give her twenty minutes and she will find astronomically the longitude of a place by means of lunar calculations. Give that same woman an hour and a half, with the present fashions, and she cannot find the pocket in her dress.

And yet man's admiration for woman never flags. He will give her half his fortune; he will give her his whole heart; he seems always willing to give her everything that he possesses, except his seat in a horse-car.

Every nation has had its heroines as well as its heroes. England, in her wars, had a Florence Nightingale; and the soldiers in the expression of their adoration, used to stoop and kiss the hem of her garment as she passed. America, in her war, had a Dr. Mary Walker. Nobody ever stooped to kiss the hem of her garment—because that was not exactly the kind of garment she wore. But why should man stand here and attempt to speak of woman, when she is so abundantly equipped to speak for herself. I know that is the case in New England; and I am reminded, by seeing General Grant here tonight, of an incident in proof of it which occurred when he was making the marvellous tour through New England, just after the war. The train stopped at a station in the State of Maine. The General was standing on the rear platform of the last car. At that time, as you know, he had a great reputation for silence-for it was before he had made his series of brilliant speeches before the New England Society. They spoke of his reticence—a quality which New Englanders admire so much—in others. Suddenly there was a commotion in the crowd, and as it opened a large, tall, gaunt-looking woman came rushing toward the car, out of breath. Taking her spectacles off from the top of her head and putting them on her nose, she put her arms akimbo, and looking up,

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said: "Well I've just come down here a runnin' nigh onto two mile, right on the clean jump, just to get a look at the man that lets the women do all the talkin'."

The first regular speaker of the evening touched upon woman, but only incidentally, only in reference to Mormonism and that sad land of Utah, where a single death may make a dozen widows.

A speaker at the New England dinner in Brooklyn last night tried to prove that the Mormons came originally from New Hampshire and Vermont. I know that a New Englander sometimes in the course of his life marries several times; but he takes the precaution to take his wives in their proper order of legal succession. The difference is that he drives his team of wives tandem, while the Mormon insists upon driving his abreast.

But even the least serious of us, Mr. President, have some serious moments in which to contemplate the true nobility of woman's character. If she were created from a rib, she was made from that part which lies nearest a man's heart.

It has been beautifully said that man was fashioned out of the dust of the earth while woman was created from God's own image. It is our pride in this land that woman's honor is her own best defence; that here female virtue is not measured by the vigilance of detective nurses; that here woman may walk throughout the length and the breadth of this land, through its highways and its byways, uninsulted, unmolested, clothed in the invulnerable panoply of her own woman's virtue; that even in places where crime lurks and vice prevails in the haunts of our great cities, and in the rude mining gulches of the West, owing to the noble efforts of our women, and the influence of their example, there are raised up, even there, girls who are good daughters, loyal wives, and faithful mothers. They seem to rise in those rude surroundings as grows the pond lily, which is entangled by every species of rank growth, environed by poison, miasma and corruption, and yet which rises in the beauty of its purity and lifts its fair face unblushing to the sun.

No one who has witnessed the heroism of America's daughters in the field should fail to pay a passing tribute to their worth. I do not speak alone of those trained Sisters of Charity, who in scenes of misery and woe seem Heaven's chosen messengers on earth; but I would speak also of those fair daughters who came forth from the comfortable firesides of New England and other States, little trained to scenes of suffering, little used to the rudeness of a life in camp, who gave their all, their time, their health, and even life itself, as a willing sacrifice in that cause which then moved the nation's soul. As one of these, with her graceful form, was seen moving silently through the darkened

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aisles of an army hospital, as the motion of her passing dress wafted a breeze across the face of the wounded, they felt that their parched brows had been fanned by the wings of the angel of mercy.

Ah! Mr. President, woman is after all a mystery. It has been well said, that woman is the great conundrum of the nineteenth century; but if we cannot guess her, we will never give her up.



TWO SHORT ADDRESSES

by

ABRAHAM LINCOLN



Principles to Live and Die By

by

Abraham Lincoln

Speech in Independence Hall, Philadelphia, February 22nd, 1861.

I am filled with deep emotion at finding myself standing in this place, where were collected together the wisdom, the patriotism, the devotion of principle, from which sprang the institutions under which we live. You have kindly suggested to me that in my hands is the task of restoring peace to our distracted country. I can say in return, sir, that all the political sentiments I entertain have been drawn, so far as I have been able to draw them, from the sentiments which originated in and were given the world from this hall. I have never had a feeling, politically, that did not spring from the sentiments embodied in the Declaration of Independence. I have often pondered over the dangers which were incurred by the men who assembled here and framed and adopted that Declaration. I have pondered over the toils that were endured by the officers and soldiers of the army who achieved that independence. I have often inquired of myself what great principle or idea it was that kept this Confederacy so long together. It was not the mere matter of separation of the colonies from the motherland, but that sentiment in the Declaration of Independence which gave liberty not alone to the people of this country, but hope to all the world, for all future time. It was that which gave promise that in due time the weights would be lifted from the shoulders of all men, and that all should have an equal chance. This is the sentiment embodied in the Declaration of Independence. Now, my friends, can this country be saved on that basis? If it can, I will consider myself one of the happiest men in the world if I can help to save it. If it cannot be saved upon that principle, it will be truly awful. But if this country cannot be saved without giving up that principle, I was about to say, I would rather be assassinated on this spot than surrender it. Now, in my view of the present aspect of affairs, there is no need of bloodshed and war. There is no necessity for it. I am not in favor of such a course; and I may say in advance that there will be no bloodshed unless it is forced upon the government. The government will not use force, unless force is used against it.

PRINCIPLES TO LIVE AND DIE BY

My friends, this is wholly an unprepared speech. I did not expect to be called on to say a word when I came here. I supposed I was merely to do something toward raising a flag. I may, therefore, have said something indiscreet. (Cries of "No, no.") But I have said nothing but what I am willing to live by, and, if it be the pleasure of Almighty God to die by.

For a Just and Lasting Peace

by

Abraham Lincoln

Second Inaugural Address, March 4th, 1865.

Fellow-Countrymen: At this second appearing to take the oath of the Presidential office, there is less occasion for an extended address than there was at first. Then a statement, somewhat in detail, of a course to be pursued seemed very fitting and proper. Now, at the expiration of four years, during which public declarations have been constantly called forth on every point and phase of the great contest which still absorbs the attention and engrosses the energies of the nation, little that is new could be presented.

The progress of our arms, upon which all else chiefly depends, is as well known to the public as to myself, and it is, I trust, reasonably satisfactory and encouraging to all. With high hope for the future, no prediction in regard to it is ventured.

On the occasion corresponding to this four years ago, all thoughts were anxiously directed to an impending Civil War. All dreaded it, all sought to avoid it. While the inaugural address was being delivered from this place, devoted altogether to saving the Union without war, insurgent agents were in the city seeking to destroy it with war—seeking to dissolve the Union and divide the effects by negotiation. Both parties deprecated war, but one of them would make war rather than let the nation survive, and the other would accept war rather than let it perish, and the war came. One-eighth of the whole population were colored slaves, not distributed generally over the Union, but localized in the Southern part of it. These slaves constituted a peculiar and powerful interest. All knew that this interest was somehow the cause of the war. To strengthen, perpetuate, and extend this interest was the object for which the insurgents would rend the Union by war, while the government claimed no right to do more than to restrict the territorial enlargement of it.

Neither party expected for the war the magnitude or the duration which it has already attained. Neither anticipated that the cause of the conflict itself should cease. Each looked for an

FOR A JUST AND LASTING PEACE

easier triumph, and a result less fundamental and astounding. Both read the same Bible and pray to the same God, and each invokes His aid against the other. It may seem strange that any men should dare to ask a just God's assistance in wringing their bread from the sweat of other men's faces, but let us judge not, that we be not judged. The prayer of both could not be answered. That of neither has been answered fully. The Almighty has His own purposes. Woe unto the world because of offences, for it must needs be that offences come, but woe to that man by whom the offense cometh. If we shall suppose that American slavery is one of those offences which, in the providence of God, must needs come, but which having continued through His appointed time, He now wills to remove, and that He gives to both North and South this terrible war as the woe due to those by whom the offence came, shall we discern there any departure from those Divine attributes which the believers in a living God always ascribe to Him? Fondly do we hope, fervently do we pray, that this mighty scourge of war may speedily pass away. Yet if God wills that it continue until all the wealth piled by the bondsman's two hundred and fifty years of unrequited toil shall be sunk, and until every drop of blood drawn with the lash shall be paid by another drawn with the sword, as was said three thousand years ago, so still it must be said, that the judgments of the Lord are true and righteous altogether.

With malice toward none, with charity for all, with firmness in the right as God gives us to see the right, let us finish the work we are in, to bind up the nation's wounds, to care for him who shall have borne the battle, and for his widow and his orphans, to do all which may achieve and cherish a just and lasting peace among ourselves and with all nations.

by

LEWIS W. HARTHILL



Responsibility for Crime

by

Lewis W. Harthill

Address by former chief of police of Minneapolis delivered before the Business Men's Club at the Y. M. C. A.

It is generally believed by the public that a police department is a brutal institution, that its only function is to apply the iron hand of the law, to arrest and convict those who may have violated the law or committed crime. To be sure that is one of its functions, but to me its most important work is the prevention of crime, and through prevention the protection of the public.

Before discussing with you vice, crime and its causes, I wish to call to your attention two or three facts that might aid you in following this argument. First, that in the United States today we are spending almost as much money for law enforcement, such as for police departments, sheriffs' offices, courts, and penal institutions, as we are spending for public school education, and every year we are increasing the police, grinding our courts over time, adding to and building new penal institutions, and filling them to their capacity. Second, that almost 80 per cent of the people handled by the police are not criminal or vicious of heart, but victims of circumstances, often extenuating, or of hostile economic conditions. Third, that the attitude of the police and the methods used by them toward juveniles oftentimes determine whether in the future the boys and girls become habitual criminals.

Bearing these facts in mind, I want to discuss with you not so much the handling of criminals, which is the biggest problem of the police, but the work of the police department as a public safety department. Understanding the human animal, in particular his mental reactions, is important. The science of psychology has changed, and we find now obsolete all the methods used by the police departments in years gone by.

A review of past history teaches us that vice and crime have not been minimized, but that our problems are becoming more intensified and complicated. In the past public law enforcement bodies and penal institutions have shown a desire to punish,

thereby making the inmates of penal institutions bitter because most of them believe that they have been over-punished, sending them back to society with a grudge and a keen desire to retaliate too often. We have measured the efficiency of law enforcement bodies very largely by the number of arrests they have made, and not by the amount of education that they have given.

In taking charge of the Minneapolis police department I was not a so-called "copper," but a layman superintendent chosen to guide the activities of the police force. I believed that closing the channels that feed white slavery, prostitution and crime was far more important than applying the iron hand of the law and apprehending those who had merely committed crime, and I immediately started a campaign of education in our public schools, parents' and teachers' associations and high society, for the prevention of crime. I started this campaign after handling some of the most notorious and vicious criminals known to the police departments throughout the United States.

It is not a complex problem to handle a habitual criminal, because the most severe punishment can be resorted to. Those who have no regard for human life and property can be punished without any injustice to the criminal himself. But to handle the 80 per cent who need help far more than they need punishment, and especially the juvenile who needs advice, help and sympathy was what puzzled me, and every other police officer and led me to this campaign of education. I placed the responsibility of the 80 per cent of preventable crime and vice on the shoulders of society. Environment determines the destiny of most of us. To punish a girl for having made a mistake when she finds her wages and working conditions are such as not to permit her to live within a semblance of common decency, is a social crime. To punish the juvenile whose parents because of poor wages and long hours are prevented from giving the child ordinary opportunities, is a crime. In other words, to me the greatest crime that is being committed is the crime of punishing those who have violated the law under conditions that society is responsible for.

The campaign I carried on for the prevention of crime, and the minimizing of vice through closing the channels that feed the crime mills, was merely a campaign of placing upon the shoulders of society responsibilities for which it is rightly responsible. This may seem to you a unique position for the chief of police of a city of nearly half a million to take, but iron-bound convention and hoary tradition mean little to me. I believed frank admission of real causes sooner or later had to be admitted and the sooner the admission was made the sooner the results.

I made probably the most exhaustive study of vice and crime that was made by any police head in the United States, at least I was given that credit by the largest police papers in the world.

The study was merely a personal observation of human wreckage, good, bad and indifferent. All of them, every mother's son and every mother's daughter, was a challenge to my theory. In one year, of the hundreds of girls handled by the police under my administration, I turned five hundred and nine back to their parents without even placing a scratch of the pen against them, all of them guilty of some minor offense. I took the position that the parents after all, were by far the best custodians and that they needed help more than they needed punishment. My attitude was this: Out of the five hundred and nine, if only one little girl proved herself worthy, I would rather let five hundred and eight who were undeserving go scot-free than to punish one little girl who was deserving. But I found that nearly every one of them did her best to make good and tried to prove her worthiness.

Prostitution is not a police problem, it is a problem of society. Arresting of scarlet women has never minimized vice, merely complicated it. To teach the growing girl the dangers and the price they pay for such a life does minimize, does save and tends toward making cleaner, more wholesome communities.

Probably one of the most heart-rending investigations I made was the investigation and study of drug addicts. I handled personally over six hundred drug fiends, sat in the cells with ninety-two of them at different times, from four to six hours, in order to observe the effect of the drug as it wore off. I have seen these boys and men suffer all the tortures and agonies of Hell. I have seen them lie on the floor of the cell, rolling backward and forward begging me for a piece of sugar, a lemon or an orange, for they do not feed their system any nourishing food, and the result is that they have no resisting powers. I have seen them double up their fist, stick out their thumbs and drive their thumb nails into their stomach until it bled, trying to ease the pain and gnawing of that vicious drug as it took its pay in after effects. I have seen drug victims who have been dragged down to the very dregs of society, physical wrecks, and all hope lost, and I have thought, "What satisfaction is there in punishing poor unfortunates of this character?" They were here and had to be contended with, but how about the hundreds of thousands that were being made every day, boys and girls from the ages of twelve years up, being cursed by society, and nothing done to help them.

My investigation took me down through almost every known vice and crime, and I wondered whether our law enforcement bodies, courts and penal institutions were really functioning. Were they really helping the great mass of humanity, who, after all was said and done, were God's people.

And that is why I am talking to you today. It is your problem. If, as chief of police of the City of Minneapolis, all I had

to do was to handle vicious criminals, and apply the iron hand of the law, it would be simple and easy, but if I conceived as my job the making of an educational institution, an institution for the prevention of crime, then the problem was big.

In conclusion I merely want to say this, that regardless of the attitude and methods used by the police in the past, and I say that because the methods and practices used by the police determine the destiny of almost every youth that is brought within their clutches, the time has come when common sense and humane methods have got to be used by these institutions. They can and will be changed only by demand on the part of the public. I am asking that our public schools, which are the educators of our youth, start immediately a course of study, first, to teach the child respect for law, to teach him that law is not made to punish people, but is made to help people. Law merely draws a line to show where we encroach upon the life of others. No child would destroy an American flag, and he does not refrain because there is punishment attached to the act. He refrains because he has been taught a loyalty to the flag. children also should be taught in school that there is no profit in crime. All criminals eventually are caught. The process sometimes may seem long, but eventually they are caught, and they pay. The price for committing crime or leading a life of crime is absolutely immeasurable. You may measure the price paid merely by the number of years served in a penal institution, but who can measure the heartaches of the mother, the disgrace brought upon the family, the loss of confidence of friends, and the destruction of entire futures.

While chief of police I have had boys boast to me of having gone to jail, but I never had a boy boast to me of having caused his mother heartaches or bringing disgrace upon his family. If properly taught the boy will refrain from committing crime more on account of the heartaches of his mother and the disgrace brought upon his family, than on account of the penalty attached by law. I am urging and appealing to the public and to society to assume its share of responsibility in bringing about cleaner and more wholesome communities through education, or through the abandonment of the iron hand.

May I just call your attention to a little story in the Bible—the story of Sodom and Gomorrah, where the Lord confided in Abraham that he was going to destroy these two cities on account of their wickedness. Abraham being a Jew argued with the Lord and said, "Lord, if there are only one hundred good, will you save the city?" and the Lord said, "If there are one hundred good I will not destroy them." Abraham Jewed the Lord down to ten and he said, "Lord, if there are only ten, will you save the city?" And the Lord said, "If there are only ten good I will

not destroy it." But there were only five. The Lord saved the five and destroyed the city. To me, the Lord tried to convey the teaching that if there is any good in anyone he is worth saving.

Instead of punishing and destroying, let's educate. Let's assume our responsibilities. The sooner we do the sooner we shall throw a cloak of protection around the human race.



"WE, THE PEOPLE" OR "WE, THE STATES"

by

PATRICK HENRY



"We, the People," or "We, the States"

By

Patrick Henry

From his famous address to The Virginia Convention, June 5, 1788.

Mr. Chairman: The public mind, as well as my own, is extremely uneasy at the proposed change of government.

Give me leave to form one of the number of those who wish to be thoroughly acquainted with the reasons of this perilous and uneasy situation, and why we are brought hither to decide on this great national question. I consider myself as the servant of the people of this commonwealth, as a sentinel over their rights, liberty, and happiness. I represent their feelings when I say that they are exceedingly uneasy, being brought from that state of full security, which they enjoy, to the present delusive appearance of things. Before the meeting of the late Federal Convention at Philadelphia, a general peace and a universal tranquillity prevailed in this country, and the minds of our citizens were at perfect repose; but since that period they are exceedingly uneasy and disquieted.

When I wished for an appointment to this convention, my mind was extremely agitated for the situation of public affairs. I conceive the Republic to be in extreme danger. If our situation be thus uneasy, whence has arisen this fearful jeopardy? It arises from this fatal system; it arises from a proposal to change our government—a proposal that goes to the utter annihilation of the most solemn engagements of the States—a proposal of establishing nine States into a confederacy, to the eventual exclusion of four States. It goes to the annihilation of these solemn treaties we have formed with foreign nations. The present circumstances of France, the good offices rendered us by that kingdom, require our most faithful and most punctual adherence to our treaty with her. We are in alliance with the Spaniards, the Dutch, the Prussians: these treaties bound us as thirteen States, confederated together. Yet here is a proposal to sever that confederacy. Is it possible that we shall abandon all our treaties and national engagements? And for what?

I expected to have heard the reasons of any event so unexpected to my mind, and many others. Was our civil policy, or

public justice, endangered or sapped? Was the real existence of the country threatened, or was this preceded by a mournful progression of events? This proposal of altering our Federal government is of a most alarming nature; make the best of this new government—say it is composed of anything but inspiration—you ought to be extremely cautious, watchful, jealous of your liberty; for, instead of securing your rights, you may lose them forever. If a wrong step be now made, the republic may be lost forever. If this new government will not come up to the expectation of the people, and they should be disappointed, their liberty will be lost, and tyranny must and will arise.

I repeat it again, and I beg, gentlemen, to consider, that a wrong step made now will plunge us into misery, and our republic will be lost. It will be necessary for this convention to have a faithful historical detail of the facts that preceded the session of the Federal Convention, and the reasons that actuated its members in proposing an entire alteration of government—and to demonstrate the dangers that awaited us. If they were of such awful magnitude as to warrant a proposal so extremely perilous as this, I must assert that this convention has an absolute right to a thorough discovery of every circumstance relative to this great event. And here I would make this inquiry of those worthy characters who composed a part of the late Federal Convention. I am sure they were fully impressed with the necessity of forming a great consolidated government, instead of a confederation. That this is a consolidated government is demonstrably clear, and the danger of such a government is to my mind very striking. I have the highest veneration for those gentlemen; but, sir, give me leave to demand what right had they to say, "We, the People?" My political curiosity, exclusive of any anxious solicitude for the public welfare, leads me to ask who authorized them to speak the language of "We, the People" instead of "We, the States?" States are the characteristics and the soul of a confederation. If the States be not the agents of this compact, it must be one great consolidated national government of the people of all the States.

I have the highest respect for those gentlemen who formed the convention; and were some of them not here, I would express some testimonial of esteem for them. America had, on a former occasion, put the utmost confidence in them—a confidence which was well placed; and I am sure, sir, I would give up anything to them; I would cheerfully confide in them as my representatives. But, sir, on this great occasion I would demand the cause of their conduct. Even from that illustrious man who saved us by his valor, I would have a reason for his conduct; that liberty which he has given us by his valor tells me to ask this reason, and sure I am, were he here, he would give us this information. The people gave them no power to use their name. That they exceed their power is perfectly clear.

"WE, THE PEOPLE," OR "WE, THE STATES"

It is not mere curiosity that actuates me: I wish to hear the real, actual, existing danger, which should lead us to take those steps so dangerous in my conception. Disorders have arisen in other parts of America, but here, sir, no dangers, no insurrection or tumult, has happened: everything has been calm and tranquil. But notwithstanding this, we are wandering on the great ocean of human affairs. I see no landmark to guide us. We are running we know not whither. Difference in opinion has gone to a degree of inflammatory resentment in different parts of the country, which has been occasioned by this perilous innovation. The Federal Confederation ought to have amended the old system; for this purpose they were solely delegated: the object of their mission extended to no other consideration. You must, therefore, forgive the solicitation of one worthy member to know what danger could have arisen under the present confederation, and what are the causes of this proposal to change our government.



FAREWELL

by

HENRY CLAY



Farewell

By

Henry Clay

From his Farewell Address delivered to the United States Senate in 1842.

From 1806, the period of my entrance upon this noble theatre, with short intervals, to the present time, I have been engaged in the public councils, at home or abroad. Of the services rendered during that long and arduous period of my life it does not become me to speak. History, if she deign to notice me, and posterity, if the recollection of my humble actions shall be transmitted to posterity, are the best, the truest, and the most impartial judges. When death has closed the scene, their sentence will be pronounced, and to that I commit myself. My public conduct is a fair subject for the criticism and judgment of my fellow men; but the motives by which I have been prompted are known only to the great Searcher of the human heart and to myself; and I trust I may be pardoned for repeating a declaration made some thirteen years ago, that, whatever errors—and doubtless there have been many—may be discovered in a review of my public service, I can with unshaken confidence appeal to that divine Arbiter for the truth of the declaration, that I have been influenced by no impure purpose, no personal motive; have sought no personal aggrandizement; but that in all my public acts I have had a single eye directed, and a warm and devoted heart dedicated, to what, in my best judgment, I believed the true interests, the honor, the union, and the happiness of my country required.

During that long period, however, I have not escaped the fate of other public men, nor failed to incur censure and detraction of the bitterest, most unrelenting, and most malignant character; and though not always insensible to the pain it was meant to inflict, I have borne it in general with composure, and without disturbance here (pointing to his breast), waiting, as I have done, in perfect and undoubting confidence for the ultimate triumph of justice and of truth, and the entire persuasion that time would settle all things as they should be, and that whatever wrong or injustice I might experience at the hands of man, He to whom all hearts are open, and fully known, would, by the inscrutable dispensations of His providence, rectify all error, redress all wrong, and cause ample justice to be done.

FAREWELL

But I have not, meanwhile, been unsustained. Everywhere throughout the extent of this great continent, I have had cordial, warm-hearted, faithful and devoted friends, who have known me, loved me, and appreciated my motives. To them, if language were capable of fully expressing my acknowledgments, I would not offer all the return I have the power to make for their genuine, disinterested, and persevering fidelity and devoted attachment, the feelings and sentiments of a heart overflowing with never-ceasing gratitude. If, however, I fail in suitable language to express my gratitude to them for all the kindness they have shown me, what shall I say, what can I say, at all commensurate with those feelings of gratitude with which I have been inspired by the State whose humble representative and servant I have been in this chamber?

I emigrated from Virginia to the State of Kentucky, now nearly forty-five years ago; I went as an orphan boy, who had not yet attained the age of majority; who had never recognized a father's smile, nor felt his warm caresses; poor, penniless, without the favor of the great, with an imperfect and neglected education, hardly sufficient for the ordinary business and common pursuits of life; but scarcely had I set my foot upon her generous soil when I was embraced with parental fondness, caressed as though I had been a favorite child, and patronized with liberal and unbounded munificence. From that period the highest honors of the State have been freely bestowed upon me; and when, in the darkest hour of calumny and detraction, I seemed to be assailed by all the rest of the world, she interposed her broad and impenetrable shield, repelled the poisoned shafts that were aimed for my destruction, and vindicated my good name from every malignant and unfounded aspersion. I return with indescribable pleasure to linger a while longer, and mingle with the warm-hearted and whole-souled people of that State; and when the last scene shall forever close upon me, I hope that my earthly remains will be laid upon her green sod with those of her gallant and patriotic sons.

I go from this place under the hope that we shall, mutually, consign to perpetual oblivion whatever personal collisions may at any time unfortunately have occurred between us, and that our recollections shall dwell in future only on those conflicts of mind with mind, those intellectual struggles, those noble exhibitions of the powers of logic, argument, and eloquence, honorable to the Senate and to the nation, in which each has sought and contended for what he deemed the best mode of accomplishing one common object—the interest and happiness of our beloved country. To these thrilling and delightful scenes it will be my pleasure and my pride to look back in my retirement with unmeasured satisfaction.

FAREWELL

In retiring, as I am about to do, forever, from the Senate, suffer me to express my heartfelt wishes that all the great and patriotic objects of the wise framers of our Constitution may be fulfilled; that the high destiny designed for it may be fully answered; and that its deliberations, now and hereafter, may eventuate in securing the prosperity of our beloved country, in maintaining its rights and honor abroad, and upholding its interests at home. I retire, I know, at a period of infinite distress and embarrassment. I wish I could take my leave of you under more favorable auspices; but without meaning at this time to say whether on any or on whom reproaches for the sad condition of the country should fall, I appeal to the Senate and to the world to bear testimony to my earnest and continued exertions to avert it, and to the truth that no blame can justly attach to me.

May the most precious blessings of heaven rest upon the whole Senate and each member of it, and may the labors of every one rebound to the benefit of the nation and the advancement of his own fame and renown. And when you shall retire to the bosom of your constituents, may you receive that most cheering and gratifying of all human rewards—their cordial greeting of "Well done, good and faithful servant."

And now, Mr. President and Senators, I bid you all a long, a lasting, and a friendly farewell.



THE AMERICAN EXPERIMENT

by

DANIEL WEBSTER



The American Experiment

By

Daniel Webster

From the Centennial Oration on Washington, 1832.

Washington had attained his manhood when that spark of liberty was struck out in his own country which has since kindled into flame and shot its beams over the earth. In the flow of a century from his birth, the world has changed in science, in arts, in the extent of commerce, in the improvement of navigation, and in all that relates to the civilization of man. But it is the spirit of human freedom, the new elevation of individual man, in his moral, social, and political character, leading the whole train of other improvements, which has most remarkably distinguished the era. Society, in this century, has not made its progress, like Chinese skill, by a greater acuteness of ingenuity in trifles; it has not merely lashed itself to an increased speed round the old circles of thought and action; but it has assumed a new character; it has raised itself from beneath government to a participation in governments; it has mixed moral and political objects with the daily pursuits of individual men; and, with a freedom and strength before altogether unknown, it has applied to these objects the whole power of the human understanding. It has been the era, in short, when the social principle has triumphed over the feudal principle; when society has maintained its rights against military power, and established, on foundations never hereafter to be shaken, its competency to govern itself.

It was the extraordinary fortune of Washington, that, having been intrusted, in revolutionary times, with the supreme military command, and having fulfilled that trust with equal renown for wisdom and for valor, he should be placed at the head of the first government in which an attempt was made on a large scale to rear the fabric of a social order on the basis of a written constitution and of a pure representative principle. A government was to be established, without a throne, without an aristocracy, without castes, orders, or priviliges and this government, instead of being a democracy existing and acting within the walls of a single city, was to be extended over a vast country of different climates, interests, and habits, and of various communions of our common Christian faith. The experi-

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ment certainly was entirely new. A popular government of this extent, it was evident, could be framed only by carrying into full effect the principle of representation or of delegated power; and the world was to see whether society could, by the strength of this principle, maintain its own peace and good government, carry forward its own great interests, and conduct itself to political renown and glory. By the benignity of Providence, this experiment so full of interest to us and to our posterity forever, so full in interest, indeed, to the world in its present generation and in all its generations to come, was suffered to commence under the guidance of Washington. Destined for this high career, he was fitted for it by wisdom, by virtue, by patriotism, by discretion, by whatever can inspire confidence in man toward man. In entering on the untried scene early disappointment and the premature extinction of all hope of success would have been certain, had it not been that there did exist throughout the country, in a most extraordinary degree, an unwavering trust in him who stood at the helm.

I remarked, gentlemen, that the whole world was and is interested in the result of this experiment. And is it not so? Do we deceive ourselves, or is it true that at this moment the career which this government is running is among the most attractive objects to the civilized world? Do we deceive ourselves, or is it true at this moment that love of liberty and that understanding of its true principles which are flying over the whole earth, as on the wings of all the winds, are really and truly of American origin?

At the period of the birth of Washington there existed in Europe no political liberty in large communities, except in the provinces of Holland, and except that England herself had set a great example, so far as it went, by her glorious Revolution of 1688. Everywhere else, despotic power was predominant, and the feudal or military principle held the mass of mankind in hopeless bondage. One half of Europe was crushed beneath the Bourbon sceptor, and no conception of political liberty, no hope even of religious toleration, existed within that nation which was America's first ally. The king was the state, the king was the country, the king was all. There was one king, with power derived from his people, and too high to be questioned and the rest were all subjects, with no political right but obedience. above was intangible power, all below was quiet subjection. A recent occurrence in the French chamber shows us how public opinion on these subjects is changed. A minister had spoken of the "king's subjects." "There are no subjects," exclaimed hundreds of voices at once, "in a country where the people make the king!"

Gentlemen, the spirit of human liberty and of free government, nurtured and grown into strength and beauty in

THE AMERICAN EXPERIMENT

America, has stretched its course into the midst of the nations. Like an emanation from Heaven, it has gone forth, and it will not return void. It must change, it is fast changing, the face of the earth. Our great, our high duty is to show, in our own example, that this spirit is a spirit of health as well as a spirit of power; that its benignity is as great as its strength; that its efficiency to secure individual rights, social relations, and moral order, is equal to the irresistible force with which it prostrates principalities and powers. The world, at this moment, is regarding us with a willing, but something of a fearful admiration. Its deep and awful anxiety is to learn whether free States may be stable, as well as free; whether popular power may be trusted as well as feared; in short, whether wise, regular, and virtuous selfgovernment is a vision for the contemplation of theorists or a truth established, illustrated, and brought into practice in the country of Washington.

Gentlemen, for the earth which we inhabit, and the whole circle, of the sun, for all the unborn races of mankind, we seem to hold in our hands, for their weal and woe, the fate of this experiment. If we fail, who shall venture the repetition? If our example shall prove to be one not of encouragement, but of terror, not fit to be imitated, but fit only to be shunned, where else shall the world look for free models. If this great Western Sun be struck out of the firmament, at what other fountain shall the lamp of liberty hereafter be lighted? What other orb shall emit a ray to glimmer, even, on the darkness of the world?



THE SUNSHINE OF LIFE

by

GEORGE M. D. POSEY











THE SUNSHINE OF LIFE

A painter's masterpiece will fade, marble may crumble, nations and empires may fall, those whom we called our friends may desert us, our money may take wings and fly away, but the brotherhood of Love and the love, laughter and song of the righteous man will ever remain, leading us through the dark hours of sorrow out into the sunshine of life.

Let us remember that sorrow, pain and suffering is but the resultant of man's violation of the laws of God, nature or man.

So as we go through life let us lend a hand and speak a kind word and endeavor to cultivate happiness within and say with Foss:

"Let me live in my house by the side of the road, Where the race of men goes by.
They are good, they are bad,
They are weak, they are strong,
Wise, foolish—so am I.

"Then why should I sit in the scorner's seat Or hurl the cynic's ban? Let me live in my house by the side of the road And be a friend to man."



A GROUP OF SPEECHES

by

H. H. BROACH



Man---Blind, Greedy and Brutal

By

H. H. Broach

An address given to a luncheon club made up of both men and women.

It is not a very pleasant thing to talk frankly and bluntly about man—man as he was, and man as he is—blind, deceitful, greedy and brutal. I asked your committee just what prompted them to suggest such a subject, and was told that during your discussions the question was asked, "How can there be any hope, how can there be any real progress, when the average man shows the evil passions that he does?"

And sometimes the future does seem somewhat hopeless when you come to think of it. Here men are fighting like savage beasts, as the animals used to fight. Here they are cheating and stealing from one another, as the stronger animals stole from the weak. Here they are, hundreds of millions of them, followers of the great Teacher who gave as His chief commandment, "Love one another." And they cover the earth with churches in His honor; they bow down before His teachings, and every Sunday they repeat, "Love one another." But every day they continue hating, cheating and killing one another.

And sometimes it looks as if man will go right on forever hating and fighting, cheating and sacrificing, and stinging and slaughtering his brothers and sisters.

But there is hope—hope because man has advanced, and will continue to advance, in spite of himself, in spite of his arrogance, his blindness, his selfishness and his brutality. Why it's only a few years since he crushed the bones of his brothers in iron boots; cut off their lips and eye lids, pulled out their finger nails; jerked out their tongues, gouged out their eyes; tore at their quivering flesh with iron hooks and pincers; burned them at the stake, mocked their cries and groans, and ravished their wives and robbed their children and then prayed to God to finish the job in hell.

That was man—man in all his glory.

For thousands of years he believed that disease and health, happiness and misery, fortune and misfortune, success and fail-

MAN, BLIND, GREEDY AND BRUTAL

ure, were but arrows shot at him by shadowy ghosts. He believed that when these citizens of the air, fires and waters, were pleased or displeased by his actions, that they blessed the earth with harvest or cursed it with famine; that they fed or starved children at will, and crowned and uncrowned kings overnight. These ghosts were his school masters, his physicians and scientists, his philosophers and legislators, his judges and historians of the past—in short, everything.

Then man was a helpless slave to ignorance and fear, and down on his knees half the time to these aristocrats of the clouds, the fires and waters. He went to them for all information, for authority and orders to torture and kill. He was like a bat living in darkness. Ignorance covered the brain of the world; superstition ran riot, and torture and murder occupied the throne.

Fellow human beings were burned for causing frost in sumer; for destroying crops with hail, for causing storms and making cows go dry. They believed the devil had taken possession of certain dumb beasts, so they tried, convicted and executed these helpless animals with all due solemnity. They tried, convicted and duly executed roosters for laying eggs containing witch ointment.

They went through the streets and alleys warning all rats and snakes to leave by a certain time or else suffer the same fate as the roosters; and they passed a law in the state of Minnesota setting aside certain days for fasting and prayer to see if the Lord could not be induced to kill the grasshoppers or send them to another state.

Yes, that was man—man who now is so cocky and boasts so proudly about his "glorious past"—his "gallant" ancestors.

He hated and fought progress as bitterly as he now fights smallpox. Whenever a doubting Thomas came forth and said, "I don't believe we have any enemies in the air or fires or waters watching every move we make"—the others cried, "Stone him; throw him on the torture rack; start the fire. He's against religion; he will corrupt the youth; he will break up the home. Away with him."

When a thinking brother came along and said, "You can't frighten diseases away, but you can cure them"—the other's cried, "Down with him; crucify him; he's against morality; he's against the church; he doubts the elders. Put him away"—and they did.

When the inquisitive fellow came along and started to gaze at the sky through a telescope, the believers in "things as they are," the aged and mental defectives, cried, "Fool! doubter;

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atheist! club him; he's against God; he's against the king; he's against government; heat the oil red hot; imprison him in the cave. Be done with him."

And when a studious brother discovered how to read and write, the upholders of the old faith, then as now, cried, "Chain him; confine him under the hill; he is a disturber of the peace; he's against law and order; he will incite riot and rebellion; he will bring shame and disgrace on our 'best' people; he wants free love, free booze, free everything. Lynch him. Put him away." And they did.

When the young enthusiast from Italy came forth and said, "The world is round; there are other lands; I can sail over the Atlantic; give me ships and I will prove it." The others cried, "He's crazy; this Columbo is a nut; stone him; mock him; get rid of him." And when the sanitarily inclined American gentleman rigged up a bath tub for himself, the other brothers, the intelligent and able lawyers in the legislatures, cried, "Drown him; hang him; he will spread sickness; he will teach people bad habits. Pass laws to make him get rid of that bath tub." And they did.

So it has been with man all down through the ages—through every page of history, blotted and smeared with blood, with selfishness and blindness.

And the pitiful part, the most shameful part, is that so many of our present day men, men who claim to be "civilized," still cling desperately to the ignorant, brutal beliefs and dogmas of the dark past. They would gladly turn out all lights of reason and throw away all brains; they would bring back the torture racks, the whips and chains and dungeon keys—if only they could.

But fortunately, man is young, and the earth will last hundreds of millions of years longer, according to the best of scientists. The brain of the world is not yet fully developed. And while we still have intellectual diseases—intellectual mumps and measles—the new will continue to come, and the old will continue to protest and fight, then shrivel and wrinkle up and finally be carried off mournfully to the grave.

So we need not despair. The miracle of miracles is yet to come. Man has conquered the animals of the wilderness; he has conquered the air, the lightning and waters; he has diverted rivers from their course, bored holes through mountains and made lakes and dams at will—but he has yet to conquer himself—to rule himself.

MAN, BLIND, GREEDY AND BRUTAL

And perhaps the time will come when men will marvel that there ever was a period when they called themselves "civilized," yet hated, cheated and sacrificed, clubbed and slaughtered one another like wild beasts without mercy or shame.

And perhaps the man of tomorrow will not curse and disgrace his land with insane asylums and poor-houses; with jails, and gallows; with illiterates and defectives; and perhaps he will manage somehow to get along without wholesale lies, hypocrisy and murder. Who knows?

Enemies

By

H. H. Broach

From a short talk to a conference of representative men.

I quite agree with what the others have said—that if this conference decides to follow the course outlined, it will mean a number of new enemies—and bitter ones—for every one in this room.

Of course it will. And why? Simply because those you are trying to serve, humans that they are, demand that you do something which they would positively refuse to do were they placed in your positions and knew the facts as you know them; and many of them will believe only what they want to believe—nothing else. This you are powerless to prevent.

But what of it? Why be afraid to make a few enemies? Most of you will admit that the proposed action is right, that it is just and timely. Then why worry about enemies, for enemies you will have. There is nothing more common or certain.

You know that in this race of life you are either too radical or too conservative; too slow or too aggressive; too emotional or too sentimental; too hard or too soft; too greedy, careless or changeable. And you simply cannot seem right to any unless you seem wrong to many.

And show me the man who is not making himself new enemies every day, and I will show you a worthless, insignificant creature who is simply cheating the undertaker out of his just dues. All faultless people are under the ground.

So our main concern here should be that what we do is just and proper, and that it be done just as well as we know how. And we should strive to lift ourselves up and above a lack of appreciation and a want of kindness on the part of others.

But you can disregard this view if you wish, you can hold back because you fear what others might think. That is the easiest course to follow. But if you are wise you will do as all wise men do, and that is, bow to the inevitable and go through with what you know to be right. This I urge you to do.

Tears and Progress

By

H. H. Broach

From a short talk made to a New Year's gathering.

It's very pleasing to come to such an unusual affair of this sort, and join with you in seeing the old year pass on its way. And what a year it has been—misery and suffering, work and struggles, disappointments and disillusions, tears and sorrows, and some progress—just the age-old story of life.

Perhaps you know its story only too well. And there is no use going back over the things that have been done foolishly, for now the year is about dead. All our mistakes and failures, our stupidities and follies, our heartaches and wounds—all these miseries that have gone to make life weary in the past year, all of them are now behind us, gone into what we call the past, never to return.

Just now, as usual, many are happy, or think they are. Many more are sad. And we might well say to the greedy and heartless, to those who are not disturbed about little human beings ministering to our needs and pleasures, who think it all right that tender hands and weary little bodies should slave away in the beet fields and canneries, in the factories and in the mines; to those who are quite willing that millions of desperate, hungry men and women should now tramp the streets begging and pleading for a chance to work—to each and every one of these, we might well say: "Eat, drink and be merry, if you can, while others are in misery, rags and tears." We might wish them well, for the holiday season comes but once a year.

And to those who are weary and discouraged, whose hearts are heavy and sad; to the bread winner who could not secure enough to provide the little things that go to cheer the young and the old, and to those who are tired and who would willingly give up the struggle—to each and every one of them, we might well say: "Sorrow, pain and discouragement come to everyone. No one escapes them. Set-backs have been the lot of all. Changes often come suddenly and unexpectedly. So don't be without hope. The past cannot be changed. We must make the best of it. But the future is ours—ours to do or die."

TEARS AND PROGRESS

What the new year holds in store for us, no one knows. We know it will not be a summer's dream. The struggle and quarrel between men, the cheating and hating, will go merrily on. And the mad race for money, power and position will not come to an end. Each of us will continue to be tossed about on the sea of fate, driven here and there, and each one will do about the best he knows how. New ones will join us in the race of life, without their consent, and old ones will depart against their will—bound they know not where. Most of us who remain will simply take life as it is, living on, hoping and dreaming, loving and striving, and nerving ourselves to meet the hard rebuffs of life.

That's the game and we must play it. But the game is still on, and we now know more of life; we know more about one another; we possess more knowledge; the past year has taught each one of us lessons of priceless value. We have learned that our problems, our weaknesses and shortcomings, cannot be cured by closing our eyes or running away from foes, and we can do what we ought to do, and can be what we ought to be—if we will make up our minds and stick to our highest hopes, not to our doubts and fears.

Head Work

By

H. H. Broach

From a short address to a group of workmen during education week.

Men like to be flattered. They like to be told things they most want to hear, rather than things they most need to know. They like to be led to believe that they are something which they are not.

But I shall not attempt to flatter you and tell you that you are brainy men, for you know that I would be telling an untruth. I shall leave that to the quacks and office seekers. Rather I am going to speak plainly—even bluntly—and frankly tell you that there is a vast amount of ignorance in your ranks, and you must be broad enough to recognize and admit it.

There is always this difference between a sensible, useful man, and an ignorant, foolish man: The one is ignorant and knows it, while the other is ignorant and does not know it. And the thing that always marks out the sensible, useful man, is his willingness to say, "I don't know, I don't know." This was the favorite remark of Socrates, the Greek philosopher, and perhaps the world's wisest man.

And one of the unfailing signs of an ignorant, foolish man, one of the things that always stamps him out from the rest, is his ready desire to appear to know what he does not. He is always the cockiest and most egotistic, because he is the silliest and most ignorant. But he is always found out—to his disadvantage and sorrow.

It is very difficult to tell him anything, because he never made a mistake; he never lost an argument—and he will admit absolutely nothing. His ignorance will not permit him to, because he mistakes his ignorance for facts. So he is to be pitied—deeply pitied.

It is only the humble-minded man that ever really learns—that can learn—and he does not become humble-minded until he begins to recognize his own limitations, until he begins to see that there is so much which he does not know, and until he becomes broad enough to frankly admit it.

HEAD WORK

Now most of you admire what we call head work. You pay dearly for it. You make your children study for it. You make your children study to display it. You send them to school for this purpose—to study—and yet you neglect to do the very thing that you insist upon your children doing.

Certainly you ought to be able to see the need of it without a week being set aside to remind you of it. Your employer sees it. He realizes the great value of it. He studies much of his time. He studies prices. He studies business conditions. He studies the market. He studies you. That explains why he is an employer and you an employee: it explains why you work for him instead of his working for you.

Now I well know that this kind of talk will probably not appeal to many of you. If it does you are an exception—an exception because most men resent anything that disturbs their mental repose. They fight all mental effort. They don't want to be bothered; they want to be let alone.

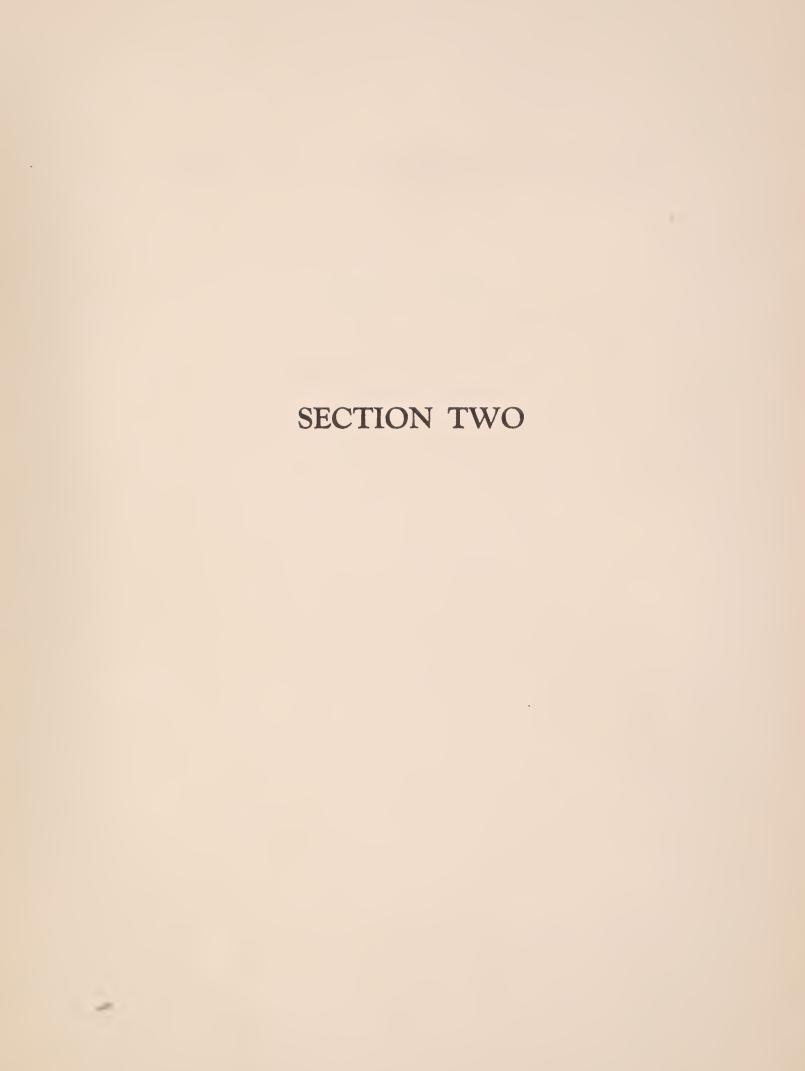
It's so much easier for them to read about the doings of the Gumps or to follow the antics of Spark Plug from day to day. They want pictures—something where the answer is always put before them without having to inquire about it, or to dig for it.

But if you are an exception, if you want to push yourselves forward and be of greater service and get the most out of life; if you want to know how you can be the most efficient, how you can make your strength count for the most, stop making wild guesses and take the trouble to inquire and investigate. When you do you will be taking the first step toward knowledge.

So start now to play square with your children. Do what you demand of them. Devote as much time as possible to study, to developing your minds and to educating yourselves in a sound way. As long as you are not too old to laugh, talk and play, you are not too old to study and learn.

Study and carefully weigh all sides to every question, and by all means stop, and stop now, reading the cheap fiction that lulls you to sleep and keeps you going around in a daze.







by

M. H. HEDGES



How to Conduct Meetings

By

M. H. Hedges

Editorial Note: No exposition of the principles of parliamentary law, however brief can be prepared without reference to the standard work, "Rules of Order, Revised" by Henry M. Robert. We hereby acknowledge our indebtedness to Mr. Robert, and to his father, for frequent consultations of their book. Our debt to E. W. Hawley, instructor in parliamentary law, University of Minnesota, who has freely given suggestions in the preparation of this miniature rules of order, is also gratefully acknowledged. Mr. Hawley is a friend of General Robert and has often had his personal assistance in ironing out technical points of law.

If you will stop to think a moment you will at once understand that a meeting of any kind would soon furn into a "howling mob" without rules to govern its conduct.

These rules of conduct, or rules of order, or parliamentary law, as they are called, have grown up through long years of precedent in such bodies as the English House of Commons, and the United States Congress.

Though infinitely complex, and infinitely technical still like every other science, parliamentary law reduces itself to a few principles which if mastered by the student will enable him to go into a meeting and secure the action desired. But the student must master them, and then have courage in applying them.

Rules of order have these primary purposes:

To insure the rule of the majority.

To protect the minority, and to give it a right to be heard.

To accord certain equal personal privileges to every member of the assembly.

To insure orderly and speedy transaction of business, by introducing, discussing and disposing of one subject at a time.

Naturally these rules must be enforced by someone. The ultimate authority is the will of the majority. For all normal

purposes, it is the presiding officer, be he temporary or acting chairman, president of the organization, or permanent moderator.

The first step in the organization of any meeting, therefore, is to name a chairman. This is usually done by motion of someone active in calling the occasional meeting. He steps to the front and says: "The meeting will please come to order. I move that Mr. White, or Mr. Jones act as chairman of the meeting."

Someone in the audience says: "I second the motion." The motion is then put by the self-appointed leader, and when passed, Mr. Jones or Mr. White is called to the chair and begins to conduct.

Other officers are then elected, secretary first, then usually vice-chairman, and treasurer. Committees are named on motion from the floor, or selected by an executive committee so named or appointed by the chair.

In meetings of bodies already organized, and with standing officers, these preliminaries are, of course, dispensed with.

The formula, or agency, by which business is introduced into an assembly is the motion. A somewhat more formal method is the resolution. In city councils there is the ordinance, and in legislative assemblies there is the bill or act.

The form of the motion is usually, "Mr. Chairman, or Mr. President, I move that....." followed by a statement of the desired action.

For instance, "Mr. President, I move that this organization donate \$500 for foreign relief."

The correct progress of this, or of any other motion introduced through the assembly, is as follows:

- (a) A member rises and addresses the chair.
- (b) The chair recognizes the mover.
- (c) The member states his motion.
- (d) It is seconded, or is lost for want of a second.
- (e) If seconded,—it is nearly always necessary that the motions be seconded,—the presiding officer restates the motion, so that each member of the audience may gain a clear impression of it.
- (f) The motion is debated, unless undebatable.
- (g) The motion goes to vote. It may be modified by amendment.
- (h) The result of the vote is announced.

These simple rules govern debate:

- (a) Only one person may speak at a time.
- (b) The speaker must first gain the floor by recognition of the chair before he attempts to speak.
- (c) A person may speak only once if others, who have not spoken, are clamoring for the floor, unless he be accorded special privilege by the chair or by the assembly.
- (d) A speaker must speak only on the motion.
- (e) Debate may be limited by the assembly.

In view of the fact that main motions are the principal agencies, by which business is transacted, most conflicts center in motions, their introduction into the meeting and their progress.

When a motion is introduced, if it does not meet the approval of an individual or section of the assembly, it may be amended. A mover gains the floor and says: "Mr. Chairman, I move to amend the motion to read that this organization donate \$1,000 to foreign relief." The amendment must be seconded. Then the amendment may, in turn, be amended. Here, however, changes cease, as a motion to amend an amendment to an amendment is not in order. After amendments are debated, but debate must be confined to amendment, the chair then puts the amendment to the amendment, then the amendment, and finally the motion as amended.

The course of a motion through an assembly may follow these paths:

- 1. Motion may be modified in order to lessen or to harshen its intent, and for various other reasons.
 - (a) By amendment, as described above. (Must pass by majority vote.)
 - (b) By reference to a committee for modifications. (Majority vote.)
 - 2. Motion may be side-tracked or delayed.
 - (a) By a postponement to a special time. (Majority vote.)
 - (b) By being made special order of business.
 - (c) By being laid on table. This motion is undedebatable. (Majority vote.)
 - (d) By motion to adjourn, which takes precedence over all motions except motion to fix time to which to adjourn, and is undebatable. (Majority vote.)

- 3. Motion may be suppressed.
 - (a) By objection to its consideration. (Two-thirds vote.)
 - (b) By moving previous question, and thereby killing it.
 - (c) By being postponed indefinitely. (Majority vote.)
 - (d) By being laid on table. (Majority vote.)
- 4. Debate may be limited.
 - (a) By moving the previous question. Previous question doesn't mean anything connected with the word previous but refers to main motion before the house. If this is carried by two-thirds vote it ends all debate without further amendments. It is undebatable.
 - (b) By fixing limit of debate. (Two-thirds vote.)
- 5. Motion may be reconsidered.
 - (a) By being taken from table. (Majority vote.)
 - (b) By vote for reconsideration. (Majority vote.)
 - (c) By vote to rescind previous action. (Majority vote if notice has been given at previous meeting, then either two-thirds, or vote of majority of whole membership.)

The simplest order of business for organizations is as follows:

- 1. Reading of Minutes of previous Meeting.
- 2. Reports of Standing Committees.
- 3. Reports of Special Committees.
- 4. Unfinished Business.
- 5. New Business.

The student should secure for himself a good book on parliamentary law. The standard reference is "Rules of Order Revised" by Henry M. Robert. "Text-Book on Parliamentary Law" by Hall and Sturgis is excellent for its simplicity. Henry M. Shattuck has a book called "Shattuck's Parliamentary Answers" that serves as a swift and useful guide.

by

M. H. HEDGES



How to Use a Library

By

M. H. Hedges

Only the fool despises learning. No man who knows the alphabet needs remain ignorant.

All industry, all government, the skill of all workmen, and all art, rest in and spring from knowledge.

Trade unions have recognized this fact in their recent employment of engineers and accountants to study industry from the trade union point of view, and to present the results to government commissions, and in the founding of classes and schools for trade unionists. Even Henry Ford, who sneers at history and knowledge of the past, purchases the best engineering talent—men who know—for his railroads and factories. A large mail order house in Chicago has a library of 15,000 volumes for its employes. Every salesman and every department head must consult this library to fit himself for his job. A Detroit newspaper has a library of 25,000 volumes, and eight librarians. Every city and every college has great collections of books—indeed one view of education, is that it simply is knowing how to find knowledge and to use it.

Unfortunately, however, many students, who have set out upon a course of self-instruction, fail to take advantage of the library in their own city. They are scared off by the formidable array of material before them, or they are indifferent to what the library offers. Students should remember:

- 1. The public library is a free institution. It belongs to the student, and he may have free access to all its departments.
- 2. The public library is a great department store of knowledge which contains valuable material on every conceivable subject;—sealing wax and kings, cabbages and cats, carburetors and zebras, love and Marxianism, the solar system and Sovietism, medicine and meal. No subject under the sun remains untreated before you.
- 3. This knowledge has been assorted, arranged, systemized, and made accessible to you for the taking. Trained librarians will aid you to get it, and no man who knows the alphabet needs to remain ignorant if he will only use his library.

Libraries are divided into the following departments:

General circulation

Reference

Art

Documents

Magazine

Newspaper

From the general circulation department, you may draw fiction and non-fiction of current interest to take home.

In the reference department are the books, and periodicals not in general circulation, which you may use for study.

In the document room is a valuable store of government papers, congressional records, reports of commissions, etc.—a hoard of knowledge—a library in itself too much neglected by students.

How is all this vast collection systemized? Simply by giving each book and author a number, and by placing the number, the author's name, and the title of his book on a card; and by placing these cards in a case, in alphabetical order. If the student knows the author's name or the general subject, or the title he is interested in, he can find his book.

Here is the system. It is called the Dewey Decimal System and is spaced on a basis of 1000 points. The ten large divisions are:

- 000 General Works
- 100 Philosophy (Science of Wisdom)
- 200 Religion
- 300 Sociology (Science of Society)
- 400 Philology (Science of Language)
- 500 Natural Science
- 600 Useful Arts
- 700 Fine Arts
- 800 Literature
- 900 History

Each of these large divisions is in turn divided into ten, thus:

300 Sociology

310 Statistics

320 Political Science

330 Political Economy

340 Law

350 Administration

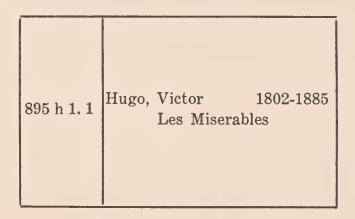
360 Associations

370 Education

380 Commerce

390 Customs

So when the student wants Victor Hugo's famous novel "Les Miserables," he goes to the card catalogue for fiction books, and looks up under "H" Hugo or under "L" Les Miserables. This is what he finds



He writes these items on a slip provided for the purpose, and hands it to the librarian. 895 immediately indicates that the book belongs to the general division of literature; h 1. 1 signifies the author. With this data in hand, the librarian can go to the shelf and take down the desired book, for the shelves are numbered correspondingly.

Now a great deal of valuable knowledge never gets into books at all, but is contained in magazines. These magazines are on file. They are indexed, too, in large volumes titled "Readers' Index to Periodical Literature 1910-1915." By knowing the name of an author, or title of his magazine article, or the general subject in which interested, the student can find the name of the magazine, the volume, and the page number containing the article desired.

Magazines are usually kept in the reference room. In addition, all kinds of reference books are placed on open shelves in this room for the student's use:

Dictionaries

Encyclopedias

Who's Who

Who's Who in America

Collections of Orations

Proceedings of Learned Societies

Book Publishers' Lists, etc.

In most cities, a municipal library branch supplies business men, local government officials and other citizens with books and reference material having to do with industry, commerce and politics.

Learn to use your library. Make a habit of loafing before open book shelves. Read titles of books. Read, and keep a scrapbook of material that appeals to you. In this way, and this way only, you will grow into an effective person.

SECTION THREE

Scrap Book Section



SCRAP BOOK SECTION

A S far back as we know anything about civilization, the cultivation of the soil has been the first and most important industry in any thriving state. It will always be. Herodotus, the father of history, tells the story of the human race in the valley of the Euphrates.

He says that with poor cultivation those who tilled soil there got a yield of fifty fold, with fair cultivation one hundredfold, and with good cultivation two hundredfold. That was the garden of the world in its day. Its great cities, Babylon and Nineveh, where are they? Piles of desert sand mark where they stood. In place of the millions that over-ran the world, there are a few wandering Arabs feeding half-starved sheep and goats. The Promised Land-The Land of Canaan itself-to which the Children of Israel were brought up from Egypt, what is it now?

A land overflowing with milk and honey? Today it has neither milk nor honey. It is a barren waste of desert, peopled by scattered robber bands. A provision of Providence fertilized the soil of the valley of the Nile by overflowing it every year. From the earliest records that history gives, Egypt has been a land of remarkable crops; and today the land thus fertilized by overflow is yielding more abundantly than ever.

It is made clear by every process of logic and by the proof of historic fact that the wealth of a nation, the character of its people, the quality and permanence of its institutions are all dependent upon sound and sufficient agricultural foundation. Not armies or navies of commerce or diversity of manufacture or anything other than the farm is the anchor which will hold through the storms of time that sweep all else away.

—James J. Hill.

ORATORY offers the acme of human delight; it offers the nectar that Jupiter sips; it offers the draft that intoxicates the gods, the divine felicity of lifting up and swaying mankind. There is nothing greater on this earth. 'Tis the breath of the Eternal—the kiss of the Immortal.

Oratory is far above houses and lands, office and emoluments, possessions and power.

While it may secure all of these it must not for a moment be classed with them. These things offer nothing that is worthy of a high ambition. Enjoyed to their fullest, they leave you hard, wrinkled and miserable. Get all they can give and the hand will be empty, the mind hungry, and the soul shriveled.

Oratory is an individual accomplishment and no vicissitude of fortune can wrest it from the owner. It points the martyr's path to the future; it guides the reaper's hand in the present, and it turns the face of ambition toward the delectable hills of achievement. One great speech made to an intelligent audience in favor of the rights of man will compensate for a life of labor, will crown a career with glory, and give a joy that is born of the divinities. There is no true orator who is not also a hero.

-John P. Altgeld.

* * *

IN Asiatic countries when you try to cure a plague of the body, ignorant people at the bottom resent it, attack you and say you lack respect for law.

In civilized countries like our own, when you try to cure the plague of poverty, ignorance at the top attacks you, says that you are interfering with what always has been, always will be, and SHOULD be, and that you show lack of respect for the law.

-Arthur Brisbane.

THERE is nothing to make one indignant in the mere fact that life is hard, that men should toil and suffer pain. The planetary conditions once for all are such, and we can stand it. But that so many men, by mere accidents of birth and opportunity, should have a life of nothing else but toil and pain and hardness and inferiority imposed upon them, should have no vacation, while others natively no more deserving never get any taste of this campaigning life at all—this is capable of arousing indignation in reflective minds. It may end by seeming shameful to all of us that some of us have nothing but campaigning, and others nothing but unmanly ease.

If now-and this is my idea-there were, instead of military conscription, a conscription of the whole youthful population to form for a certain number of years a part of the army enlisted against Nature, the injustice would tend to be evened out, and numerous other goods to the commonwealth would follow. The military ideals of hardihood and discipline would be wrought into the growing fibre of the people; no one would remain blind, as the luxurious classes now are blind, to man's real relations to the globe he lives on, and to the permanently sour and hard foundations of his higher life.

To coal and iron mines, to freight trains, to fishing fleets in December, to dish-washing, clothes-washing, and window-washing, to road-building and tunnel-making, to foundries and stokeholes, and to the frames of skyscrapers, would our gilded youths be drafted off, according to their choice to get the childishness knocked out of them, and to come back into society with healthier sympathies and soberer ideas. They would have paid their blood-tax, done their own part in the immemorial human warfare against nature, they should tread the earth more proudly, the women would value them more highly, they would be better fathers and teachers of the following generation.

Such a conscription, with the state of public opinion that would have required it, and the many moral fruits it would bear, would preserve in the midst of a pacific civilization the manly virtues which the military party is so afraid of seeing disappear in peace. We should get toughness without callousness, authority with as little criminal cruelty as possible, and painful work done cheerily because the duty is temporary, and threatens not as now, to degrade the whole remainder of one's life.

-William James.

* * *

MAN progresses. He was a poor, shivering creature on this earth a hundred thousand years ago, afraid of wind that roared through his cave, calling it a devil; afraid of lightning that flashed in the sky, imagining that the supreme God was trying to hit his poor little carcass. That same lightning, the electric spark man uses inside the engine of the flying machine that carries him through clouds where lightning flashes. He knows scientific truth and that makes him free of superstition and free to ride through the air.

-Arthur Brisbane.

* * *

No man will ever be a big executive who feels that he must, either openly or under cover, follow up every order he gives and see that it is done nor will he ever develop a capable assistant.

—John Lee Mahin.

* * *

CO-OPERATION is not a sentiment —it is an economic necessity.

—Charles Steinmetz.

* * *

A LITTLE while ago, I stood by the grave of the old Napoleon—a magnificent sarcophagus of rare and nameless marble, where rest at last the ashes of the restless man. I leaned over the balustrade and thought about the career of the greatest soldier of the modern world. I saw him walking upon the banks of the Seine, contemplating suicide. I saw him at Toulon—I saw him putting down the mob in the

streets of Paris—I saw him at the head of the army of Italy—I saw him crossing the bridge of Lodi with the tricolor in his hand—I saw him in Egypt in the shadows of the pyramids—I saw him conquer the Alps and mingle the eagles of France with the eagles of the crags.

I saw him at Marengo-at Ulm and Austerlitz. I saw him in Russia, where the infantry of the snow and the cavalry of the wild blast scattered his legions like winter's withered leaves. I saw him at Leipsic in defeat and disaster-driven by a million bayonets back upon Paris—clutched like a wild beast-banished to Elba. I saw him escape and retake an empire by the force of his genius. I saw him upon the frightful field of Waterloo, where Chance and Fate combined to wreck the fortunes of their former king. And I saw him at St. Helena, with his hands crossed behind him, gazing out upon the sad and solemn sea.

I thought of the orphans and widows he had made—of the tears that had been shed for his glory, and of the only woman who ever loved him, pushed from his heart by the cold hand of ambition. And I said I would rather have been a French peasant and worn wooden shoes. I would rather have lived in a hut with a vine growing over the door, and the grapes growing purple in the kisses of the autumn sun. I would rather have been the poor peasant with my loving wife by my side, knitting as the day died out of the sky—with my children upon my knees and their arms about me—I would rather have been that man and gone down to the tongueless silence of the dreamless dust, than to have been that imperial impersonation of force and murder, known as "Napoleon the Great."

-Robert G. Ingersoll.

A S long as the production of ammunition of war remains a private commercial undertaking, huge vested interests grow up around it which influence public opinion through the press and otherwise in the direction of war. There is no doubt that the influence of Krupps has been harmful to the

great peace interests of the world, and, in a less degree, the same could probably be said of most other similar undertakings.

The very success of that sort of basiness depends on the stimulation of the war atmosphere among the people. The press, influenced by the large profits and advertising enterprise of the armament firms, whips up public opinion on every imaginable occasion; small foreign incidents are written up and magnified into grave international situations affecting the pacific relations of the states; and the war temperature is artificially raised and kept up.

-General Smuts.

* * *

A LL business as now conducted—particularly those lines of business which embrace the so-called industries—requires specialized training and technical education, in fact so much scientific knowledge that the distinctive line between "business" and "profession" is fast disappearing. Any one who hopes to achieve success, even the average, must know more, or at least as much, about some one thing as any other one, and not only know, but know how to do—and how to utilize his experience and knowledge for the benefit of others.

The crying evil of the young man who enters the business world today is the lack of application, preparation, and thoroughness, with ambition but without the willingness to struggle to gain his desired end. Mental and physical strength come only through the exercise and working of mind and body. There is too little idea of personal responsibility; too much of "the world owes me a living," forgetting that if the world does owe you a living you yourself must be your own collector.

-Theodore N. Vail.

* * *

So to conduct one's life as to realize oneself—this seems to me the highest attainment possible to a human being. It is the task of one and all of us, but most of us bungle it.

-Ibsen.

BE dissatisfied with your work especially, for it is what you DO that counts, not what you think about yourself or what you imagine you will do in the future. Be satisfied with your supply of information and try to get more, no matter how much or how little you may have. The libraries are open and the knowledge is in them.

Be dissatisfied with what you do for those that depend upon you or that have a right to depend upon you. Old Well Enough is a sleepy, harmful, dismal humbug. Don't have him in your neighborhood. NEVER LET WELL ENOUGH ALONE — MAKE IT BETTER.

-Arthur Brisbane.

* * *

BELIEVE that, in future warfare, great cities, such as London, will be attacked from the air and that a fleet of 500 airplanes each carrying 500 tenpound bombs of, let us suppose, mustard gas, might cause 200,000 minor casualties and throw the whole city into panic within half an hour of their arrival.

Picture, if you can, what the result will be: London for several days will be one vast raving Bedlam, the hospitals will be stormed, traffic will cease, the homeless will shriek for help, the city will be in pandemonium. What of the government at Westminster? It will be swept away by an avalanche of terror. Then will the enemy dictate his terms, which will be grasped like a straw by a drowning man. Thus may a war be won in forty-eight hours and the losses of the winning side may be actually nil!

-Col. J. F. C. Fuller, D. S. O.

* * *

A WISE man once said that when a plumber makes a mistake, he puts it in the bill. When a doctor makes a mistake, he buries it. When a judge makes a mistake it becomes the law.

-John P. Frey.

F OR every three farmers in the United States there is some one behind a counter. For every four workmen in the factories of the United States there is a store clerk or a store manager or a store owner waiting to sell what the workmen produce. We think we have a lot of railroad men in the United States. We have; but it takes as many store clerks standing behind counters to sell goods to us as it does men to carry these goods in transportation, keep the railroads in repair and the rolling stock in good condition. For every 40 families in the United States there is a retail store. Struggling under this heavy burden, these American families have discovered that the job can not be done by having only one member of the family at work.

It has actually come about that dad, who used to feed and clothe the old-fashioned American family of five persons, has found himself unable to hold up his end. Census figures indicate that at least one member of the family must assist dad to do the father's part in keeping the retail stores in his community alive. And at that he doesn't do it. Five grocery men out of every 100 fail every year.

—Wm. G. Sheperd, addressing Annual Session Association of National Advertisers, 1922.

* * *

T O be in Hell is to drift; to be in Heaven is to steer.

-G. B. Shaw.

* * *

THE twofoldness of human nature is so obvious that some have thought that we have two souls; a single subject appears to them to be incapable of such and so sudden changes—from unbounded presumption to a horrible depression of the heart.

—Pascal.

* * *

I MAY be wrong, but it seems to me that not one of the ancient civilized nations restricted the freedom of thought.

---Voltaire.

I DO not remember that in my whole life I ever wilfully misrepresented anything to anybody at any time. I have never knowingly had connection with a fraudulent scheme. I have tried to do good in this world, not harm, as my enemies would have the world believe. I have helped men and have attempted in my humble way to be of some service to my country.

-J. Pierpont Morgan.

* * *

L AUGHTER, while it lasts, slackens and unbraces the mind, weakens the faculties, and causes a kind of remissness and dissolution in all the powers of the soul; and thus far it may be looked upon as a weakness in the composition of human nature. But if we consider the frequent reliefs we receive from it, and how often it breaks the gloom which is apt to depress the mind and dampen our spirit, with transient, unexpected gleams of joy, one would take care not to grow too wise for so great a pleasure of life.

-Addison.

* * *

IT is in the nature of things that those who are incapable of happiness should have no idea of it. Happiness is not for wild animals, who can only oscillate between apathy and passion. To be happy, even to conceive happiness, you must be reasonable or (if Nietzsche prefers the word) you must You must have taken the be tamed. measure of your powers, tasted the fruits of your passions and learned your place in the world and what things in it can really serve you. To be happy you must be wise. This happiness is sometimes found instinctively, and then the rudest fanatic can hardly fail to see how lovely it is, but sometimes it comes of having learned something by experience (which empirical people never do) and involves some chastening and renunciation; but it is not less sweet for having this touch of holiness about it, and the spirit of it is healthy and beneficent.

-George Santayana.

WE must either breed political capacity, or be ruined by Democracy.

-G. B. Shaw.

* * *

I WISH to put a stop to Courts nullifying laws which the people deem necessary to their general welfare. If the Courts have the final say-so on all legislative Acts, and if no appeal can lie from them to the people, then they are the irresponsible masters of the people.

-Theodore Roosevelt.

* * *

YOU want success, but are you willing to pay the price for it? How much discouragement can you stand? How much bruising can you take? How long can you stand in the face of obstacles? Have you the courage to try to do what others have failed to do? Have you the nerve to attempt things that the average man would never dream of tackling? Have you the persistence to keep on trying after repeated failures? Can you go up against skepticism, ridicule and opposition without flinching? Can you keep your mind steadily on the single object you are pursuing, resisting all temptations to divide your attention?

Have you the patience to plan all the work you attempt; the energy to wade through masses of detail; the accuracy to overlook no point, however small, in planning or executing? Are you strong on the finish as well as quick at the start? Success is sold in the open market. You can buy it. ANY MAN CAN BUY IT WHO IS WILLING TO PAY THE PRICE.

-Anonymous.

* * *

CONGRESS shall make no law respecting an establishment of religion, or prohibiting the free exercise thereof; or abridging the freedom of speech, or of the press; or the right of the people peaceably to assemble and to petition the government for a redress of grievances.

—First Amendment to U. S. Constitution.

PEOPLE are seduced by romance because they are ignorant of reality.

-G. B. Shaw.

* * *

THE case is this: People once lived an animal life, and violated or killed whom they thought well to violate or to kill. They even ate each other; and public opinion approved of it. Thousands of years ago, as far back as the time of Moses, a day came when people realized that to violate or kill each other is bad. But there were people for whom the reign of force was advantageous, and these did not approve of the change, but assured themselves and others that to do deeds of violence and to kill people is not always bad, but that there are circumstances when it is necessary and even moral.

And violence and even slaughter, though not so frequent or so cruel as before, continued—only with this difference, that those who committed or commended such acts excused themselves by pleading that they did it for the benefit of humanity.

—Tolstoi.

* * *

I DO then with my friends as I do with my books. I would have them where I can find them, but I seldom use them.

-Emerson.

k *

O PPONENTS fancy they refute us when they repeat their own opinion and pay no attention to ours.

-Goethe.

* * *

WHAT it does show is that, notwithstanding a coating of education and of Christianity, the habits of the Stone Age are yet so strong in man, that he still commits actions long since condemned by his reasonable conscience.

—Tolstoi.

W E, the People of the United States, in order to form a more perfect union, establish justice, insure domestic tranquility, provide for the common defense, promote the general welfare, and secure the blessings of liberty to ourselves and our posterity, do ordain and establish this Constitution for the United States of America.

-Preamble to U. S. Constitution.

* * *

WITHOUT free speech no search for truth is possible; without free speech no discovery of truth is useful; without free speech progress is checked and the nations no longer march forward toward the nobler life which the future holds for man. Better a thousandfold abuse of free speech than denial of free speech. The abuse dies in a day, but the denial slays the life of the people, and entombs the hope of the race.

-Charles Bradlaugh.

* * *

THE sheet-anchor of the Ship of State is the common school. Teach first and last, Americanism. Let no youth leave the school without being thoroughly grounded in the history, the principles and the incalculable blessing of American liberty. Let the boys be the trained soldiers of constitutional freedom, the girls the intelligent lovers of freemen.

—Chauncey M. Depew.

* * *

WHAT is a friend? I will tell you. It is a person with whom you dare to be yourself. Your soul can go naked with him. He seems to ask of you to put on nothing, only to be what you are. He does not want you to be better or worse. When you are with him you feel as a prisoner feels who has been declared innocent. You do not have to be on your guard. You can say what you think, so long as it is genuinely you.

He understands those contradictions in your nature that lead others to mis-

judge you. With him you breathe free. You can take off your coat and loosen your collar. You can avow your little vanities and envies, and hates and vicious sparks, your meannesses and absurdities, and in opening them up to him they are lost, dissolved on the white ocean of his loyalty. He understands.

You do not have to be careful. You can abuse him, neglect him, tolerate him. Best of all, you can keep still with him. It makes no matter. He likes you. He is like fire that purifies all you. He is like water, that cleanses all you say. He is like wine, that warms you to the bone. He understands, he understands. You can weep with him, laugh with him, sin with him, part with him. Through and underneath it all he sees, knows and loves you.

A friend, I repeat, is one with whom you dare to be yourself.

-Selected.

O NE fact stands out in bold relief in the history of men's attempts for betterment. That is that when compulsion is used, only resentment is aroused, and the end is not gained. Only through moral suasion and appeal to men's reason can a

movement succeed.

-Samuel Gompers.

THE old idea of romance: The country boy goes to the city, marries his employer's daughter, enslaves some hundred of his fellow humans, gets rich, and leaves a public library to his home town. The new idea of romance: To undo some of the mischief done by the old idea of romance.

-Seymour Deming.

* * *

GET the confidence of the public and you will have no difficulty in getting their patronage. Inspire your whole force with the right spirit of service; encourage every sign of the true spirit. So display and advertise wares that customers shall buy with understanding. Treat them as guests when they come and when they go, whether or not they buy. Give them all that can be given fairly, on the principle that to him that giveth shall be given. Remember always that the recollection of quality remains long after the price is forgotten. Then your business will prosper by a natural process.

-H. Gordon Selfridge.

* * *

THE men whom I have seen succeed best in life have always been cheerful and hopeful men, who went about their business with a smile on their faces, and took the changes and chances of this mortal life like men, facing rough and smooth alike as it came.

-Chas. Kingsley.

* * *

IT is easy in the world to live after the world's opinions; it is easy in solitude to live after our own; but the Great Man is he who in the midst of the crowd keeps with perfect sweetness the independence of solitude.

—Emerson.

* * *

THE worst of errors is to believe that any one religion has the monopoly of goodness. For every man, that religion is good which makes him gentle, upright and kind. But to govern mankind is a difficult task. The ideal is very high and the earth is very low. Outside the sterile province of philosophy, what we meet at every step is unreason, folly and passion. The wise men of antiquity succeeded in winning to themselves some little authority only by impostures, which gave them a hold upon the imagination, in their lack of physical force.

-Ernest Renan.

I IMAGINE from the progress that has been made in the past that in the future, we will not have recourse to gas alone but will employ every force of nature that we can. We have X-rays, we have light rays, we have heat rays. We may not be so very far from the development of some kind of lethal rays which will shrivel up or paralyze or poison human beings. The final form of human strife as I have regarded it, is germ welfare. I think it will come to that. And so far as I can see, there is no reason why it should not, if you mean to fight—prepare now.

-General Swinton.

* * *

IF we are tempted to make war upon another nation, we should remember that we are seeking to destroy an element of our own culture, and possibly its most important element. As long as war is regarded as wicked, it will always have its fascination. When it is looked upon as vulgar, it will cease to be popular.

-Oscar Wilde.

* * *

EVERY step in woman's movement is creative. There are no precedents whatever, not even bad ones. Now the invention of new ways of living is rare enough among men, but among women it has been almost unknown. Housekeeping and baby-rearing are the two most primitive arts in the whole world. They are almost the last occupations in which rule of thumb and old wives' tales have resisted the application of scientific method. They are so immemoriably backward, that nine people out of ten hardly conceive the possibility of improving upon them. They are so backward that we have developed a maudlin sentimentality about them, have associated family life and the joy in childhood with all the stupidity and wasted labor of the inefficient home.

The idea of making the home efficient will cause the average person to shudder, as if you were uttering some blasphemy against monogamy. "Let science into the home, where on earth will Cupid go to?" Almost in vain do

women like Mrs. Gilman insist that the institution of the family is not dependent upon keeping woman a drudge amidst housekeeping arrangements inherited from the early Egyptians. Women have invented almost nothing to lighten their labor. They have made practically no attempt to specialize, to co-operate. They have been the great routineers.

-Walter Lippmann.

* * *

TRIBUTES TO MOTHER

IF I had all the mothers I ever saw to choose from, I would have chosen you my Mother.

—Carlyle.

In after life you may have friends, but never again will you have the inexpressible love and gentleness lavished upon you which a Mother bestows.

—Macaulay.

My Mother was an angel on earth. She has been a spirit from above watching over me for good. Without her the world feels so like a solitude.

-John Quincy Adams.

It is to my Mother that I owe everything. If I did not perish long ago in sin and misery, it is because of the long and faithful years in which she pleaded for me. What comparison is there between the honor I paid her and her slavery for me?

-St. Augustine.

You have been the best Mother—I believe the best woman, in the world. I thank you for your indulgence to me, and beg forgiveness for all I have done ill, and for all I omitted to do well.

—Dr. Johnson.

What would I not give to call my dear Mother back to earth for a single day, to ask her pardon on my knees for all those acts by which I grieved her gentle spirit.

-Charles Lamb.

All I am, all that I hope to be, I owe to my angel Mother. Blessings on her memory! I remember my Mother's prayers. They have always followed me. They have clung to me all my life.

-Abraham Lincoln.

In memory, my Mother stands apart from all others, wiser, purer, doing more, and living better, than any other woman.

—Alice Cary.

* * *

YOUNG MEN, and old men, fight poverty as you would fight slavery. Ask the old and they will tell you that poverty is the great, widespread curse. Not wealth is necessary to happiness, but freedom from poverty that grinds, poverty that worries, poverty that makes a man the slave of any man who has a dollar—THAT is necessary to happiness.

-Arthur Brisbane.

* * *

W HAT nonsense it is, then, to talk of liberty as if it were a happygo-lucky breaking of chains. It is with emancipation that real tasks begin, and liberty is a searching challenge, for it takes away the guardianship of the master and the comfort of the priest. The iconoclasts didn't free us. They threw us into the water, and now we have to swim.

-Walter Lippmann.

* * *

THE old idea was that the people were the wards of king and priest—that their bodies belonged to one and their souls to the other. And what more? That the people are the source of political power. That was not only a revelation, but it was a revolution. It changed the ideas of people with regard to the source of political power. For the first time it made human beings men. What was the old idea? The old idea was that no political power came from nor in any manner belonged to the people. The old idea

was that the political power came from the clouds; that the political power came in some miraculous way from heaven; that it came down to kings, and queens and robbers. That was the old idea.

The nobles lived upon the labor of the people; the people had no rights; the nobles stole what they had and divided with the kings, and the kings pretended to divide what they stole with God Almighty. The source, then of political power was from above. The people were responsible, to the nobles, the nobles to the king, and the people had no political right whatever, no more than the wild beasts of the forests. The kings were responsible to God; not the people. They were responsible to the clouds, not to the toiling millions they robbed and plundered.

And our forefathers, in this Declaration of Independence, reversed this thing, and said: No, the people, they are the source of political power, and their rulers—these presidents, these kings—are but the agents and servants of the great sublime people. For the first time, really, in the history of the world, the king was made to get off the throne, and the people were royally seated thereon. The people became the sovereigns, and the old sovereigns became the servants and the agents of the people.

It is hard for you and me to imagine even the immense results of the change. It is hard for you and me, at this day, to understand how thoroughly it had been ingrained in the brain of almost every man, that the king had some wonderful right over him; that in some strange way the king owned him; that in some miraculous manner he belonged, body and soul, to somebody with epaulettes on his shoulders and a tinsel crown upon his brainless head.

-Robert G. Ingersoll.

* * *

THE statesmen of the world have no vision. It is the people of the world who see. No great vision has ever come to mankind that was not wrought from the suffering of mankind.

-Woodrow Wilson.

A FEW aeroplanes could visit New York as the central point of territory 100 miles square every 8 days and drop enough gas to keep the entire area inundated—200 tons of phosgene gas could be laid every 8 days and would be enough to kill every inhabitant.

-Brigadier General Mitchell, of the U. S. Army.

THERE was a curious, exalted state of mind about the early days of the war. All of us who dodged about, immune from its hardship and dangers, felt that mood, but the men at the front—wallowing in filth and misery, hardened themselves against instant death—must have indeed felt in a much different mood. They had been taught to go on; but deep down lay a rebellion against the whole principle of the thing.

-Irwin.

MEN fail for various reasons, little and big. Most men fail because they are lazy. To be lazy means—to be late, to be slovenly, to be a poor economist of time, to shirk responsibility.

It means to say of anything that is clamoring to be done: "No, I'm not going to do that, because it isn't my work." Laziness is at the back of most of the lesser reasons for failure. The minor causes are derivatives from that one great major cause. It is so easy to dream in the sun and let the world go by; to dawdle and procrastinate, till one wakes up—too late. Late and lazy, are, in fact first cousins. If you are late, you waste other people's time as well as your own.

Lazy people have all the time there is, and yet they haven't time to be polite. They disdain the forms of ceremony that sweeten life. They are grouchy, surely, gruff. It pains them to be pleasant, to say thanks and smile. To be deferential is not to be servile. It is merely to be decently respectful. The biggest men are the most unassuming and most unpresuming. It is the in-

significant people who fluff themselves up with a false and foolish pride and are forever orating from the flimsy and slippery platform of their own touchy dignity.

Failure is generally elective. It rests with the man himself whether he cares enough for success to pay the price.

-Philadelphia Public Ledger.

THE rivalries that begin in commerce end on battlefields. The history of war is green with international jealousies. Whatever the diplomatic excuse, every great conflict in modern times had its origin in some question of property rights.

—Advertisement National Hughes Alliance, Oct. 11, 1916.

MEN fight shy of you if you tell a certain kind of lie persistently, and if you cheat at cards. But I've been all my life lying. It was my profession to lie. I was a diplomatist, you know. Nobody thinks a bit the worse of me. In fact, I've got a jewel case full of ribbons and stars and things given me as tokens of respect for my skill as a liar.

-Lord Daintree, Ex-Diplomat.

A N expert has said that a dozen Lewisite air bombs of the greatest size in use during 1918, might with a favorable wind have eliminated the population of Berlin. The armistice came; but as research went on, we have more than a hint of gas beyond Lewisite. A mere capsule of this gas in small grenades can generate square rods and even acres of death in the absolute.

—Irwin.

PEOPLE talk about agitators but the only real agitator is injustice; and the only way is to correct the injustice and allay the agitation.

-Sir Charles Napier.

THE right of citizens of the United States to vote, shall not be denied or abridged by the United States or by any state on account of sex.

-XIX Amendment to U. S. Constitution.

In general 37c of the consumer's dollar represents the cost of producing the article and the costs of all materials that went into it. The remaining 63c of the dollar represents the middlemen's fee for bringing the article to the ultimate consumer.

-Sydney Anderson.

* * *

THE rights of citizens of the United States to vote shall not be denied or abridged by the United States or by any State, on account of race, color, or previous condition of servitude.

-Article XV, U. S. Constitution.

MORAL science, in revealing the right use of my gun, inevitably reveals the wrong use also; and since the wrong use will often serve my selfish purpose better than the right, my neighbors run a new risk of being shot at and plundered. A bad man armed with moral science is another name for the Devil. If Mephistopheles had been examined in this subject by a modern university, he would have carried off all the prizes. At that point moral science and natural science are in the same boat.

—L. P. Jacks.

* * *

THE making of this world a better place to live in is the task of education. To that end all forces must co-operate, each one bringing its specific contribution to the attainment of human welfare. A democratic government, to be successful, must rely on private initiative, on individuals, on religious groups to supplement what it is doing. But to suppress the endeav-

ors of all non-state groups, in the supposed interests of a higher loyalty, will always be regarded by right-thinking men as an act of the grossest tyranny, the final result of which can be nothing short of the destruction of the social organism itself.

—John H. Ryan.

* * *

I AM saying that in my judgment American women generally are not interested in public affairs, national or local, in the concrete or in the abstract. Having made this charge, I will make another. The American woman, as I meet her, is more concerned with informing herself along almost any line rather than politics and public affairs. And when I say this, I have in mind my friends, my associates, my acquaintances, myself, my dressmaker, my milliner, my cook, my younger relatives, and the daughters of my friends.

-George Madden Martin.

* * *

NO, the life which the writer paints, or suggests, is divested of all the nobler pleasures; empty of intellectual interest; devoid of social diversion; artless, heartless, furtive, narrow, bleak, mournful, mean, and inhuman. Impossible to speak or read of it jocosely. Jest and irony die in their preconception. This is the American! To this he has fallen! We look in the magic glass, and the glass is truly magic with the grace and truth of genius, and we see our American brother's face. It is a very sad face, but not sad with thought; not furrowed by dark experience; not weary with having lived. No, the face, as it appears on this canvas, wears the mournful, baffled expression of a soul which does not know how to live, and has not lived.

—Langdon Mitchell.

* * *

THE divorce between thought and will is an unhappy feature of our time. To what fatal consequences it has led! We need only refer to our

political leaders and to the various orders of social life; they are deeply infected with this pernicious dualism. Many of them are assuredly powerful enough in respect of their mental faculties, and have an abundance of ideas; but they lack a sound orientation and the fine thoughts which science applies to the life of individuals and of peoples.

-Francisco Ferrer.

* * *

THE Americans are not free from all obligations towards Europe. Let them apply their national enthusiasm to international life. As they call upon children to regenerate parents, so let them act as good sons to the countries from which they sprang, and let the renovation of Europe be their work! All their initiative, all their good will and all their religious zeal combined will not be too much to overcome our egotism and routine. Let them be worthy of their ancestors and of ours. Let it be their glory to become guides and not masters.

—Destournelles De Constant.

* * *

THE appalling and wanton sacrifice of life which are incident to the evolution of machinery and the division of labor seem to demand at times their elimination. In weariness we are urged to retrace our steps and go back to craftsmanship and the Guilds. But it is idle to talk about going back or eliminating institutionalized features of society. We cannot go back, we have not the ability to discard this or that part of our environment except as we make it over.

-Helen Marot.

* * *

IT is the continual and stupendous dead pressure of this unhuman upon the living human under which the modern world is groaning. Not merely the subject races, but you who live under the delusion that you are free, are every day sacrificing your freedom and humanity to this fetich of nation-

alism, living in the dense poisonous atmosphere of world-wide suspicion and greed and panic.

-Rabindranath Tagore.

* * *

IN every conscious existence there comes a moment when the living being is no longer determined but begins to determine himself; when he takes over the responsibility from the surrounding powers, in order to shoulder it for himself; when he no longer accepts the forces that guide him, but creates them; when he no longer receives but freely chooses the values, ideals, aims and authorities whose validity he will admit; when he begets out of his own being the relations with the divine which he means to serve.

-Walter Rathenau.

* * *

S O it goest with this question of order and morality among nations. We need the law; we need also personal ethics—international morality. By the forces of light which we have—churches, schools, all associations of men for spiritual and intellectual ends—we need to strengthen the belief that a state, including your own, can do wrong, that between nations there is such a thing as live and let live, that humanity is greater than mere race.

This does not mean abolishing the sentiment of patriotism. There are two conceptions of that noble old emotion. One ends at the mental condition of Germany in 1914—the state for the state's sake, your hand ever on your sword to protect her honor and her interests, though every person in the state be rendered less happy by the process. The other regards the nation as an agency for the greatest good of the greatest number. He who follows this conception takes his pride not in his nation's hollow victories of arms but in her achievements of order, common prosperity, art, science, industry. The one is the old-fashioned patriotism, grown in the twentieth century to a world-menace; the other is the patriotism of the future.

-Will Irwin.

I KNOW not if I deserve that a laurel-wreath should one day be laid on my coffin. Poetry, dearly as I have loved it, has always been to me but a divine plaything. I have never attached any great value to poetical fame; and I trouble myself very little whether people praise my verses or blame them. But lay on my coffin a sword; for I was a brave soldier in the Liberation War of humanity.

-Heinrich Heine.

* * *

THE Art of life is that high art which children name Behaviour, and as art is the end of science, so beautiful behaviour is the end of hope. If it were not so, Nobel would not have wasted his money on Idealism, nor I my labour. Here is the highest and most difficult art in the world, and yet the one in which each is called to be an artist; the art which any man, in any walk of life, may excel in, but in which not many may achieve perfection. Not even K'ung, the Master, achieved perfection, if he is now worshipped alongside of Heaven. Not even the Buddha achieved perfection, if the Gods in Heaven now worship him.

-Allen Upward.

* * *

MANY of the men were so weakened by the want and hardship of the winter that they were no longer in condition for effective labor. Some of the bosses who were in need of added hands were obliged to turn men away because of physical incapacity. One instance of this I shall not soon forget.

It was when I overheard early one morning, at a factory gate, an interview between a would-be laborer and the boss. I knew the applicant for a Russian Jew, who had at home an old mother and a wife and two young children to support. He had had intermittent employment throughout the winter in a sweater's den, barely enough to keep them all alive, and, after the hardships of the cold season, he was again in desperate straits for work.

The boss had all but agreed to take him on for some sort of unskilled labor, when, struck by the cadaverous look of the man, he told him to bare his arm. Up went the sleeve of his coat and his ragged flannel shirt, exposing a naked arm with the muscles nearly gone, and the blue-white transparent skin stretched over sinews and the outline of the bones.

Pitiful beyond words were his efforts to give a semblance of strength to the biceps which rose faintly to the upward movement of the forearm. But the boss sent him off with an oath and and a contemptuous laugh, and I watched the fellow as he turned down the street, facing the fact of his starving family with a despair at his heart which only mortal man can feel and no mortal tongue can speak.

-Walter S. Wyckoff.

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IT is not because of his toil that I lament for the poor: we must all toil, or steal (howsoever we name our stealing), which is worse; no faithful workman finds his task a pastime. The poor is hungry and athirst; but for him also there is food and drink: he is heavy-laden and weary; but for him also the Heavens send sleep, and the deepest; in his smoky cribs, a clear dewy haven of rest envelops him, and fitful glitterings of cloud-skirted dreams.

But what I do mourn over is, that the lamp of his should go out; that no ray of heavenly, or even of earthly, knowledge should visit him; but only, in the haggard darkness, like two spectres, Fear and Indignation bear him company.

Alas, while the body stands so broad and brawny, must the soul lie blinded, dwarfed, stupefied, almost annihilated! Alas, was this too a Breath of God; bestowed in heaven, but on earth never to be unfolded! That there should one man die ignorant who had capacity for Knowledge, this I call a tragedy, were it to happen more than twenty times in the minute, as by some computations it does.

The miserable fraction of Science which our united Mankind, in a wide universe of Nescience, has acquired,

why is not this, with all diligence, imparted to all?

—Thomas Carlyle.

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NOW, after all is said and done, there is really no reason for discussing the undesirability of child employment. Let us leave the scientific aspect of it entirely aside; there is no reason for discussing it anyhow, because no one believes in it. The employer does not believe in it because he does not send his own children to work in the mine or workshop; the laborer does not believe in child labor because every child that is sent into the mill or workshop to work for its living is sent there because of economic expediency on the part of the adult; it is the grown-up that sends the child into the workshop because of his fancied need.

-Dr. Albert Freiberg.

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THE average Western American of Lincoln's generation was fundamentally a man who subordinated his intelligence to certain dominant practical interest and purposes. He was far from being a stupid or slow witted man. On the contrary, his wits had been sharpened by the traffic of American politics and business, and his mind was shrewd, flexible, and alert. But he was wholly incapable either of disinterested or of concentrated intellectual exertion. His energies were bent in the conquest of certain stubborn external forces, and he used his intelligence almost exclusively to this end. The struggles, the hardships, and the necessary self-denial of pioneer life constituted an admirable training of the will. It developed a body of men with great resolution of purpose and with great ingenuity and fertility in adapting their insufficient means to the realization of their important business affairs. But their almost exclusive preoccupation with practical tasks and their failure to grant their intelligence any room for independent exercise bent them into exceedingly warped and onesided human beings.

—Herbert Croly.

No young man believes he shall ever die. It was a saying of my brother's and a fine one. There is a feeling of Eternity in youth which makes us amends for everything. To be young is to be as one of the immortals. One-half of time indeed is spent—the other half remains in store for us, with all its countless treasures, for there is no line drawn, and we see no limit to our hopes and wishes.

-William Hazlitt.

* * *

THE social creeds of the Christian churches will remain the expressions of vague aspirations until they are supplemented by the knowledge essential to their concrete definition. Men and women who profess allegiance to the Great Commandments of Jesus have come to realize that the Kingdom of God on Earth, the Brotherhood of Man, cannot be built by fiat or verbal proclamation. The building of a worthy civilization is as definitely an engineering enterprise as the building of the Panama Canal. It demands a scientific procedure and a patient devotion as thorough-going as that which during the past two hundred years has gone into the development of the steam engine, the aeroplane, or high-tension electric transmission. The theory of nationalization, like the theory of collective bargaining and the traditional theory of progress by free competition, must each be tested, as the existing social and industrial order must be tested, in the light of painfully ascertained facts, and in terms of their effect upon the individual personality.

-Robert W. Bruere.

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A ND though all the winds of doctrine were let loose to play upon the earth, so Truth be in the field, we do injuriously by licensing and prohibiting to misdoubt her strength. Let her and Falsehood grapple; who ever knew Truth put to the worse, in a free and open encounter?

-Milton's Areopagitica.

A ND we can with certitude declare that the First Amendment forbids the punishment of words merely for their injurious tendencies. The history of the Amendment and the political function of free speech corroborate each other and make this conclusion plain.

-Z. Chaffee.

* * *

VITAL as is the necessity in time of war not to hamper acts of the executive in the defense of the nation and in the prosecution of the war, of equal and perhaps greater importance, is the preservation of constitutional rights.

—Judge Mayer.

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IF there be any among us who wish to dissolve this union, or to change its republican form, let them stand undisturbed, as monuments of the safety with which error of opinion may be tolerated where reason is left free to combat it. I know indeed that some honest men have feared that a republican government cannot be strong; that this government is not strong enough. But would the honest patriot, in the full tide of successful experiment, abandon a government which has so far kept us free and firm on the theoretic and visionary fear that this government, the world's best hope, may, by possibility, want energy to preserve itself? I trust not. I believe this, on the contrary, the strongest government on earth.

-Jefferson's First Inaugural.

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THE "Liberty" is likely to survive longer than anything else that I have written, because it is a kind of philosophic text-book of a single truth, which the changes progressively taking place in modern society tend to bring out into ever stronger relief: the importance, to man and society, of a large variety in types of character, and of giving full freedom to human nature to expand itself in innumerable and conflicting directions.

-John Stuart Mill, Autobiography.

DEMOCRACY is not a water-tight compartment. It is a great adventure, and in order to prepare people for that adventure we have to teach them to think for themselves on the problems they will have to face when they grow up. It is not simply teaching them the ideals of the day,—we must train them to make the ideals of tomorrow.

-Z. Chaffee.

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WE are all travelers in what John Bunyan calls the wilderness of this world—all, too, travelers with a donkey; and the best that we find in our travels is an honest friend. He is a fortunate voyager who finds many. We travel indeed to find them. They are the end and reward of life.

-Robert Louis Stevenson.

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To be honest to be kind—to earn a little and to spend a little less, to make upon the whole a family happier for his presence, to renounce when that shall be necessary and not be embittered, to keep a few friends, but these without capitulation—above all, on the same grim conditions, to keep friends with himself—here is a task for all that a man has of fortitude and delicacy.

-Robert Louis Stevenson.

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THROUGH the ages one increasing purpose runs. And the thoughts of men are widened with the process of the suns.

—Tennyson.

* * *

I TEACH you the superman! Man is something that shall be surpassed. What have ye done to surpass him? All beings that have come into the world heretofore have created something beyond themselves. Are ye going back to the animal or ahead to the superman? What to man is the ape? A joke or a sore shame. Man shall be the same to the superman—a

joke or a sore shame. Ye have made your way from worm to man, but much within you is still worm. Once ye were apes, but even now man is but an ape greater than any ape. . . Behold, I teach you the superman!

* * *

-Nietzsche.

PURGE out of every heart the lurking grudge. Give us grace and strength to forbear and to persevere. Offenders, give us the grace to accept and to forgive offenders. Forgetful ourselves, help us to bear cheerfully the forgetfulness of others. Give us courage and gaiety and the quiet mind. Spare to us our friends, soften to us our enemies . . . Bless us, if it may be, in all our innocent endeavors. If it may not, give us the strength to encounter that which is to come, that we be brave in peril, constant in tribulation, temperate in wrath, and in all changes of fortune, and down to the gates of death, loyal and loving one to another.

-Robert Louis Stevenson.

JUSTICE shines in smoke-grimed houses and holds in regard to the life that is righteous; she leaves with averted eyes the gold-bespangled palace which is unclean, and goes to the abode that is holy.

—Aeschylus.

WHEREFORE, O judges, be of good cheer about death, and know this is a truth—that no evil can happen to a good man, either in life or after death. He and his are not neglected by the gods. The hour of departure has arrived, and we go our ways-I to

die, you to live. Which is better, God only knows.

—Socrates.

So long as we love, we serve; so long as we are loved by others I would almost say we are indispensable; and no man is useless while he has a friend.

* * *

-Robert Louis Stevenson.

WE should not let ourselves be burnt for our opinions themselves, of which we can never be quite sure, but we may perhaps do so for the right to hold and change them.

-Nietzsche.

E VERYTHING that everybody in the world wants for the coming year may be simmered down to one thing—Happiness. Everybody wants to be Happy. Hence these Fourteen Points. They may not cover the whole case, but they are worth thinking about:

- 1. Keep Normal. Good old Mother Nature has so arranged it that every organism, from kittens to kings, is happy if it is living in accordance with Nature's laws. Every living creature normally secretes joy. Suffering only comes when someone, ourselves or somebody else, breaks these laws.
- 2. Don't Worry. If you can help it, help it. If you cannot help it, why worry?
- 3. Go to Work. Find some kind of work for which people are willing to pay you money. That does not mean that you are a miser; it means that you are doing something that other people think is of real value. The surest road to joy is to serve somebody.
- 4. Resolve to be Happy. Lincoln said that he had discovered that most people are about as happy as they had made up their minds to be.
- Beware of Frauds. The greatest of these is alcohol, or any other kind of drug that gives you artificial happi-The Bottomless Pit is full of poor suckers who are deceived by this kind of bait.
- 6. Look for Happiness in Yourself. That is where it comes from. Unless you have inner resources of happiness no one else can supply you.
- 7. Be Careful of Love. Get all you can, and keep all you get. The love of no human creature is to be despised. Nor of dogs, either.

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ens me.

- 8. Adjust yourself. A great deal of unhappiness comes because we do not fit. If you do not fit where you are, go somewhere else. Transportation is cheap. If you cannot go, and cannot change your circumstances, change yourself. And, after all, it is easier to change oneself than to change the world.
- 9. Do not Look for Safety. Look for Adventure. The safest people in the world are in jail, and they are not particularly happy.
- 10. Try to Make Others Happy. You cannot expect to reap happiness unless you plant it. No one ever heard of a person who was wretched or tragic, or miserable, yet constantly engaged in trying to make other people happy.
- 11. Keep the Rules of the Game. You cannot have fun in any game unless you play it according to the rules. You can have no fun at baseball if you insist on running to third base before you do to first. Nobody will play with you. It is so in the Game of Life.
- 12. Do Not Postpone Happiness. If you cannot be happy now, there is not much chance tomorrow. The text of R. L. Stevenson cannot be too often repeated: The true happiness of mankind is not to arrive, but to travel.
- 13. Adjust Yourself to Your Instincts. Especially that instinct which is the latest product of evolution, the instinct we call Conscience. Do right. If there ever was any one blissfully happy all his life in doing what he knew to be wrong, I never heard of him.
- 14. Use God. It matters not so much what the name of your God is, or the form you use in worshipping Him. And it does you no good to believe in God unless you use Him. If you do not know how to use God, you might learn. Other people have learned.

—Dr. Frank Crane.

(By courteous permission of "Current Opinion.")

* * *

THE greatness of man lies in this: that he is a bridge and not a goal. The thing that can be loved in man is this: that he is a transition and an

exit. . . I love those who do not seek beyond the stars for reasons to perish and be sacrificed, but who sacrifice themselves that earth may one day bring forth the superman.

-Nietzsche.

* * *

MY counsel is that we hold fast ever to the heavenly way and follow justice and virtue. Thus we shall live dear to one another and to the gods, both while remaining here, and when, like conquerors in the games, we go to receive our reward.

-Plato.

BELOVED Pan, and all ye other gods who haunt this place, give me beauty in the inward soul; and may the outward and inward man be at one. May I reckon the wise to be the wealthy, and may I have such a quantity of gold as none but the temperate can

-Socrates.

WHAT does not kill me, strength-

-Nietzsche.

HELP thyself; then everyone else helps thee.

-Nietzsche.

THE center of our studies, the goal of our thoughts, the point to which all paths lead and the point from which all paths start again, is to be found in Rome and her abiding power.

—Freeman.

R OME was the whole world, and all the world was Rome.

—Spencer.

THERE are briars in the road? Then turn aside from them, but do not add, Why were such things made? Thou will be ridiculed by a man who is acquainted with nature, as thou wouldst be by a carpenter or shoemaker if thou didst complain that there were shavings and cuttings in his shop.

-Marcus Aurelius.

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THE philosopher has to be the bad conscience of his age.

-Nietzsche.

* * *

THE old order changeth, yielding place to new. And God fulfills Himself in many ways, lest one good custom should corrupt the world.

-Tennyson.

* *

AT every moment some one country, more than any other, represents the future and the welfare of mankind.

-Emerson.

* * *

WE consider bibles and religions divine—I do not say they are not divine,

I say they have all grown out of you, and may grow out of you still, It is not they who give the life, it is you who give the life. . . .

-Whitman.

* * *

THE best way to avenge thyself is not to become like the wrongdoer.

—Marcus Aurelius.

* * *

BEHOLD, the body includes and is the meaning, the main concern, and includes, and is the soul: Whoever you are, how superb and how divine is your body, or any part of it!

-Whitman.

SO I asked myself: How can there be any body and soul after all? Maybe there's only one. . . And so I said to my body: I will no longer call you body: there must be another name for you! And so I said to my soul: I will no longer call you soul: there must be another name for you.

-Traubel.

THE settlement of the Teutonic tribes was not merely the introduction of a new set of ideas and institu-

tions. . . . it was also the introduction of fresh blood and youthful mind—the muscle and brain which in the future were to do the larger share of the

world's work.

-George Burton Adams.

* * *

EVERYTHING harmonizes with me which is harmonious to thee, O Universe! No thing is too early or too late which is in due time for thee! Everything is fruit to me which the seasons bring, O Nature! From thee are all things; in thee are all things; to thee all things return. The poet says, Dear city of Cecrops; and shall not I say, Dear city of Zeus?

-Marcus Aurelius.

* * *

WHAT is known I strip away, I launch all men and women forward with me into the Unknown.

-Whitman.

* * *

FROM a child I was fond of reading, and all the little money that came into my hands was ever laid out in books. Pleased with the Pilgrim's Progress, my first collection was of John Bunyan's works in separate little volumes. I afterward sold them to enable me to buy R. Burton's Historical Collections; they were small chapmen's books, and cheap, 40 or 50 in all. My father's little library consisted chiefly of books in polemic divinity,

most of which I read, and have since often regretted that, at a time when I had such a thirst for knowledge, more proper books had not fallen in my way, since it was now resolved I should not be a clergyman. Plutarch's Lives there was, in which I read abundantly, and I still think that time spent to great advantage.

There was also a book of De Foe's called an Essay on Projects, and another of Dr. Mather's, called Essays to Do Good, which perhaps gave me a turn of thinking that had an influence on some of the principal future events of my life.

-Benjamin Franklin.

WHEN thou wishest to delight thyself, think of the virtues of those who live with thee.

-Marcus Aurelius.

No man is a democrat, a true democrat, who forgets that he is interested in the welfare of the race. Who asks only, what is best for America, instead of what is best for man—the whole of man. Is a man a citizen of Camden, only? No—no indeed. And if not of Camden, not of New Jersey, nor even of America. No—no—no—no: a man is no democrat if he takes the narrow in preference to the broad view. He may talk democracy, of the people, but it's all a lie—all false—nothing but nuts crackling under a pot.

—Whitman.

NOTHING can take the place of love. Nothing in marriage and nothing outside of marriage. If love is dead within marriage that moment the marriage ceases. And if love come to life outside marriage that moment the marriage begins. This is not a question as if between free love and some other kind of love. It's a question as if between loving and not loving.

—Traubel.

TO say all in a word, everything which belongs to the body is a stream and all that belongs to the soul is a dream and a vapor; life is a warfare and a stranger's sojourn, and after fame is oblivion. What then is there about which we ought seriously to employ ourselves? This one thing—just thoughts and social acts, words that do not lie, and temper which accepts gladly all that happens.

-Marcus Aurelius.

In that narrow sense I am no American—count me out. Restrict nothing—keep everything open: to Italy, to China, to anybody. I love America, I believe in America, because her belly can hold and digest all—anarchist, socialist, peacemakers, fighters, disturbers or degenerates of whatever sort—hold and digest all. If I felt that America could not do this I would be indifferent as between our institutions and any others. America is not all in all—the sum total: she is only to contribute her contribution to the big scheme.

-Whitman.

A BOUT this time I met with an odd volume of the "Spectator." It was the third. I had never before seen any of them. I bought it, read it over and over and was very much delighted with it. I thought the writing excellent, and wished, if possible, to imitate it. With this view I took some of the papers, and, making short hints of the sentiment in each sentence, laid them by a few days, and then, without looking at the book, tried to complete the papers again, by expressing each hinted sentiment at length, and as fully as it had been expressed before, in any suitable words that should come to hand.

Then I compared my "Spectator" with the original, discovered some of my faults, and corrected them. But I found I wanted a stock of words, or a readiness in recollecting and using them, which I thought I should have acquired before that time if I had gone on making verses; since the continual

occasion for words of the same import, but of different length, to suit the measure, or of different sound for the rhyme, would have laid me under a constant necessity of searching for variety, and also have tended to fix that variety in my mind, and make me master of it.

Therefore I took some of the tales and turned them into verse; and, after a time, when I had pretty well forgotten the prose, turned them back again. I also sometimes jumbled my collections of hints into confusion, and after some weeks endeavored to reduce them into the best order, before I began to form the full sentences and complete the paper. This was to teach me the method in arrangement thoughts. By comparing my work afterward with the original I discovered many faults and amended them; but I sometimes had the pleasure of fancying that, in certain particulars of small import, I had been lucky enough to improve the method or the language, and this encouraged me to think I might possibly in time come to be a tolerable English writer, of which I was extremely ambitious.

My time for these exercises and for reading was at night, after work or before it began in the morning, or on Sundays, when I contrived to be in the printing house alone, evading as much as I could the common attendance on public worship which my father used to exact of me when I was under his care, and which indeed I still thought a duty, though I could not, as it seemed to me, afford time to practise it. . . .

-Benjamin Franklin.

* * *

BE courteous to all, but intimate with few; and let those few be well tried before you give them your confidence. True friendship is a plant of slow growth, and must undergo and withstand the shocks of adversity before it is entitled to the appellation. Let your heart feel for the afflictions and distresses of every one, and estimation of the widow's mite, but, that it is not everyone who asketh, that deserveth charity; all, however, are worthy of the inquiry, or the deserving may suffer.

Do not conceive that fine clothes make fine men, any more than fine feathers make fine birds. A plain, genteel dress is more admired, and obtains more credit, than lace and embroidery, in the eyes of the judicious and sensible. The last thing, which I shall mention, is first in importance; and that is to avoid gaming. This is a vice, which is productive of every possible evil; equally injurious to the morals and health of its votaries. It is the child of avarice, the brother of iniquity, and the father of mischief. It has been the ruin of many worthy families, the loss of many a man's honor, and the cause of suicide.

To all those who enter the lists, it is equally fascinating. The successful gamester pushes his good fortune, till it is overtaken by a reverse. The losing gamester, in hopes of retrieving past misfortunes, goes on from bad to worse, till grown desperate he pushes at everything and loses his all. In a word, few gain by this abominable practice, while thousands are injured.

-George Washington.

* * *

BUT isn't our first duty to take care of ourselves—our America? Yes—that's right. Take care of your family, your state, your nation—that's right from a certain standpoint: some people seem ordained to care for one man, for a dozen men, for a single nation: and some people—of whom I hope I am one—to care for them all. All sounds so damned much better than one—don't you think? The whole business done at once instead of a little patch of it here and there! I don't want the brotherhood of the world to be so long a-coming. I can wait till it comes—it is sure to come—but if I can hurry it by a day or so I am going to do so.

-Whitman.

* * *

A ND so I do not doubt that the corruption in a man with love is purer than the saintliness in a man without love. . . . And that you, no matter who you are, should go with love to the ends of love and not be afraid.

-Traubel.

S UPPOSE that man curse thee, or kill thee . . . if a man stand by a pure spring and curse it, the spring does not cease to send up wholesome water.

-Marcus Aurelius.

* * *

A MIDST all their exultations, Americans and Frenchmen should remember that the perfectibility of man is only human and terrestrial perfectibility. Cold will still freeze, and fire will never cease to burn; disease and vice will continue to disorder, and death to terrify mankind. Emulation next to self-preservation will forever be the great spring of human actions, and the balance of a well-ordered government will alone be able to prevent that emulation from degenerating into dangerous ambition, irregular rivalries, destructive factions, wasting seditions, and bloody civil wars.

The great question will forever remain, who shall work? Our species cannot all be idle. Leisure for study must ever be the portion of a few. The number employed in government must forever be very small. Food, raiment, and habitations, the indispensable wants of all, are not to be obtained without the continual toil of ninetynine in a hundred of mankind. As rest is rapture to the weary man, those who labor little will always be envied by those who labor much, though the latter in reality be probably the most enviable.

With all the encouragements, public and private, which can never be given to general education, and it is scarcely possible they should be too many or too great, the laboring part of the people can never be learned. The controversy between the rich and the poor, the laborious and the idle, the learned and the ignorant, distinctions as old as the creation, and as extensive as the globe, distinctions which no art or policy, no degree of virtue or philosophy can ever wholly destroy, will continue, and rivalries will spring out of them.

These parties will be represented in the legislature, and must be balanced or one will oppress the other. There will never probably be found any other mode of establishing such an equilibrium, that by constituting the representation of each an independent branch of the legislature, and an independent executive authority, such as that in our government, to be a third branch and a mediator or an arbitrator between them.

—John Adams, 1790.

* * *

WHEN I went home to my family where I had been chosen in my absence, without any solicitation, one of their representatives, I said to my wife, I have accepted a seat in the House of the Representatives, and thereby have consented to my own ruin, to your ruin, and the ruin of our children. I give you this warning, that you may prepare your mind for your fate. She burst into tears, but instantly cried out in a transport of magnanimity, "Well, I am willing in this cause to run all risks with you, and be ruined with you, if you are ruined." These were times, my friend, in Boston, which tried women's souls as well as men's.

—John Adams.

* * *

THESE are the times that try men's souls. The summer soldier and the sunshine patriot will, in this crisis, shrink from the service of his country; but he that stands it now, deserves the love and thanks of man and woman. Tyranny, like hell, is not easily conquered; yet we have this consolation with us, that the harder the conflict the more glorious the triumph.

-Thomas Paine.

* * *

To live with all my might, while I do live. Never to do anything, which I should be afraid to do, if it were the last hour of my life. To think much, on all occasions, of my dying and of the common circumstances which attend death. When I feel pain, to think of the pains of martyrdom, and of hell. When I think of any theorem in divinity to be solved, immediately to

do what I can toward solving it, if circumstances do not hinder. If I take delight in it as a gratification of pride, or vanity, or on any such account, immediately to throw it by. Never to suffer the least emotions of anger toward irrational beings. Never to speak evil of any one, so that it shall tend to his dishonor, more or less, upon no account except for some real good.

-Jonathan Edwards.

* * *

I'VE met the sayers of democracy. But I want to meet the democrat. They say the people may be all right sometimes, but not yet. I take the people as they are. I don't idealize them. They're the sure material in my foundations. I don't give them faith. They give me faith. They're not built upon me. I'm built upon them.

—Traubel.

* * *

I FREQUENTLY hear persons in old age, say how they would live, if they were to live their lives over again: Resolved, That I will live just as I can think I shall wish I had done, supposing I live to old age.

-Jonathan Edwards.

* * *

SO I kept on: while my betters were doing the recognized thing I was left with what was discarded:

I took my place in the ranks:

I was happy: it's best of all to just serve unseen:

It's not half as much fun being the rose as the root: oh how I like it down there in the ground!

It's not half as much fun eating the fruit as having been the cause of the fruit: Oh! How I like it being a ray of the sun!

It's more my wish to be something very necessary yet totally unknown: to be required but denied:

That's how I've traveled my voyage: under cover: invisible: never named by those who make out the lists:

A mere atom, maybe, yet a necessary grain of sand. Perhaps the most needed item of all yet unspelled in words.

-Traubel.

* * *

THE whole human family, scarred and tortured, prays for peace; and yet there is no peace. When shall we cease to live in this atmosphere of war? When shall we escape from the spell of war? When shall we loosen the grip of the monster? This is the most stupendous problem in the world today. Beside this question, all other questions are subsidiary and incidental. Without a solution, and a favorable solution of this riddle, human progress becomes a misfortune, the inventions of the human mind a curse, and civilization, so-called, an alluring trap into which men and women are ensnared to a death of unspeakable torture.

-Senator Borah.

* * *

NO one is lost who stays with himself. And no one is found who wanders from himself. There is no practical and unpractical. There is no reasonable and unreasonable. There is only a man and his vision. There is only what a man is and what a man sees. And if he fails to follow what he sees he deserts himself.

-Traubel.

* * *

I DON'T propose to hand myself back to the residual gases. I propose to pass myself forward to the impeccable gods.

—Traubel.

* * *

ASK of politicians the ends for which laws were originally designed, and they will answer that the laws were designed as a protection for the poor and weak, against the oppression of the rich and powerful. But surely no

pretense can be so ridiculous; a man might as well tell me he has taken off my load; because he has changed the burden.

-Edmund Burke.

***** * *

AMERICA is lawyer-ridden. Consequently, it is law-ridden.

Not only have these lawyer-politicians indulged in an orgy of law-making, but they have contrived to set up our courts exactly to their liking.

Judges are as liable as any other mortals to make mistakes, particularly when their own interests, or the interests of their close, personal friends, are concerned.

—B. C. Forbes.

* * *

I CAN'T follow the hair-splitters and the quibblers. The document worshippers and the constitution mongers. For the people always come back to me. The plaintive cry of the people. I can't draw lines. They're all people. Just about equally wise. Just about equally foolish. Just about equally deceived. Just about equally brutalized.

—Traubel.

* * *

THIS is the real issue that will continue in this country when these poor tongues of Judge Douglas and myself shall be silent. It is the eternal struggle between these two principles, right and wrong, throughout the world. They are the two principles that have stood face to face from the beginning of time.

The one is the common right of humanity, the other the divine right of kings. It is the same principle in whatever shape it develops itself. It is the same spirit that says you toil and work and earn bread and I'll eat it.

—Abraham Lincoln.

Do you know that since the Supreme Court in 1922 declared the Child Labor Lawunconstitutional, child labor in the factories, fields and canneries has increased at an alarming rate?

Do you know that the increase in 11 cities is 57 per cent, in 14 cities 24 per cent, in 5 cities 100 per cent, while in others it has run up to 800 per cent?

Do you know that in Waterbury, Conn., nearly eight times as many children received work permits in 1923 as in 1922?

Do you know that in Manchester, N. H., more than five times as many children are at work as there were a year ago?

Do you know that working in the beet fields makes the backs of little boys and girls crooked, and that in two counties alone in Colorado there are 715 children under 6 years of age and 1,400 between 6 and 16 years at work in the fields from eight to ten hours a day for weeks at a time?

Do you know that in the anthracite mining district in Pennsylvania many children of 13 and 14 years of age have taken their place as full-time wageearners?

Do you know that the child mortality rates are distressingly high in this same district?

Do you know that in Louisiana in the oyster and shrimp canneries children of 8 and 10 and 12 are working from six o'clock in the morning until ten o'clock at night?

Do you know that in North Carolina boys may enter the mills at 12, and boys and girls between 14 and 16 may be employed eleven hours a day?

Do you know that in Georgia orphans or children of widowed mothers may work in factories at the age of 12 and may be worked sixty hours a week, and that after they are 14½ they may legally work all night?

If you do not know all of these facts and figures—and they are only a drop in the bucket—it is about time you did. If you have pity of heart and wisdom of spirit, help the children of the nation to escape from the toils of the exploiter. Support the McCormick Child

Labor Amendment, which will give Congress power to erase from our national record the black mark of child destruction.

If you wish to know more about conditions in factories, fields, mines, canneries, write to Miss Grace Abbott, Children's Bureau, United States Department of Labor, Washington, D. C., from the reports of which the foregoing statistics were taken.

—Pictorial Review for February, 1924.

* * *

THE first effect of the automatic tool was to deal the apprentice system a death-blow. It lingers on in many trades, but is no longer a determining factor in the basic industries, because automatic machinery has forced factory gates ajar for all men of ordinary intelligence and average manual dexterity. Gradually, but in increasing volume, the surplus labor of the countryside, whose power was not being fully exploited on the land, began to flow toward higher wages and the comforts and amusements to be purchased with those wages.

-Arthur Pound.

* * *

THE waste by management in the building industry amounts to 65 per cent; by labor 21 per cent, and by breaking of contracts, 14 per cent. This means 300 per cent more waste by management than by labor in this industry.

In the metal trades 81 per cent of the waste is due to management, and 9 per cent to labor, a difference in waste of 800 per cent between the two. Similar conditions were found to exist in the four other fundamental industries investigated.

—Commission of Engineers investigation Waste in Industry in 1921, at the request of Herbert Hoover, Secretary of Commerce.

MORALITY and religion are but words to him who fishes in gutters for the means of sustaining life, and crouches behind barrels in the street for shelter from the cutting blasts of a winter night.

-Horace Greeley.

* * *

IN the State of Colorado in the beet fields, 800 children below fourteen years of age are working from nine to eleven hours a day, and at least 200 of these children are less than ten years of age. Do you think any education is needed there?

-Dr. Albert Freiberg.

* * *

FIRST, the man and the beast; then, the man and the hand-tool; now, the man and the machine-tool!

This is the century of the automatic machine. The social problem is to accommodate the use of automatic machinery to the well-being of the masses; our political problem is to avert class and state wars growing out of quarrels over the profits, powers, and privileges accruing through the production and marketing of goods. Much of our modern heart-searching, if intelligently directed, leads down to the Iron Man at the base of the industrial structure. He claims the twentieth century as his; the social and economic forces that he releases are those most likely to carry on into the future the reality of our day.

-Arthur Pound.

* * *

THERE is a new vigor in poetry. As I see it, the people are responding to a renewal of humaneness among the poets; human subjects, natural language and vital impulses. We have been slowly emerging from the aesthetic vanity of the nineties toward poetic health again; and the public is quick now to perceive it. The patter of the so-called schools of poetry will do no harm, I think; for they will freshen and diversify technique. But they are

a side-show. And the three rings in the main tent are beauty, vigor and common-sense.

-Witter Bynner.

A MERICAN-mindedness, of itself new, would never accept a great love-story. It would be called sentimental, if not lascivious. The average American is an impossible lover, making it incidental to business. The real and sham are equally above him. He would not know when to be exalted or when to be ashamed. He thinks of his own passion as evil, and thus makes it so. The great love-story can only be written with creative dynamics, and can only be accepted by the few of corresponding receptivity. There is nothing soft about true romance. Some passionate singer of the New Age will likely appear right soon, his story to have the full redolence and lustre of the heart, his emotions thoroughbred, his literary quality at the same time crystalline with Reality.

—Will Levington Comfort.

* * *

HE who depends upon a job vests himself with a proprietary interest therein. Instincts remaining immune to legal distinctions, he speaks of "my job," when he may be tossed out of it within the hour. No ordinary human ever doubts that he is entitled to the means of life; therefore, the wage-employee instinctively assumes proprietorship over that which is essential to his life. In industrial civilization the job is essential to the common man.

His defense of his job, his reaction against the invader who comes between him and his job, is an instinct as his defense of his life, his home, or his woman. His job, indeed, is the first line of home-defense. Job gone, the home is in sore danger; unless another job can be found before the savings go, the home is ruined. Moreover, unless he can keep the job up to standard, he cannot keep his home or himself up to standard. The job is the measure of social fitness, of his standing in the community; by it the common man rises and by it he falls. Hence the apparent anomaly, of a man fighting for the niche in the workaday

world which he walked out of, is no anomaly at all.

The striker leaves the job, not of his own free will, but impelled by a conviction that the job needs improving. It is still, in his view, his job; but not worth keeping on existing terms except as a last resort, under pressure of necessity. When he strikes he expects to return.

—Arthur Pound.

BEHOLD us here, so many thousands, millions, and increasing at the rate of fifty every hour. We are right willing and able to work; and on the Planet Earth is plenty of work and wages for a million times as many.

We ask, if you mean to lead us towards work; to try to lead us,-by ways new, never yet heard of till this new unheard-of-Time? Or if you declare that you cannot lead us? And expect that we are to remain quietly unled, and in a composed manner perish of starvation?

What is it you expect of us? What is it you mean to do with us? This question, I say, has been put in the hearing of all Britain; and will be again put, and even again, till some answer be given it.

—Thomas Carlyle.

T is a significant institution, this war that is inflicted on the many by politicians and other proud and wellto-do leaders of opinion. This last and biggest war was to make the world safe for democracy. It made France more reactionary and militaristic than she had been since Napoleon III. It put Italy under a dictator who boasted of crushing parliamentary government. Spain, Bulgaria, Greece—you can pick up other places on the map for yourself. Don't forget the United States, where the Department of Justice and likewise the State Department and the Klan have joined the thinking that we used to watch in less powerful bodies like the Civic Federation. If this was a war to make the world safe for democracy, what, if waged for some other purpose, would it have done to a silly world that is so easily stuffed full of nonsense when tricky words are flashed across its face?

-Norman Hapgood.

W E have, it seems, discovered other things, which our guardians must by all means watch against, that they may nowise escape their notice and steal into the city.

What kinds of things are these? Riches, said I, and poverty.

-Plato.

* * *

WHEN the American people come to the conclusion that the judiciary of this land is usurping to itself the functions of the legislative department of the Government, and by judicial construction only is declaring what should be the public policy of the United States, we will find trouble. Ninety millions of people—all sorts of people with all sorts of opinions—are not going to submit to the usurpation by the judiciary of the functions of other departments of the Government and the power on its part to declare what is the public policy of the United States.

—Justice Harlan, Associate Justice, U. S. Supreme Court.

* * *

WE have ten persons of every thousand in this country who cannot read and write. England has five, Sweden and Norway have only one. These are astonishing figures.

-Dr. Albert Freiberg.

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THE bells will peal, long-haired men will dress in golden sacks to pray for successful slaughter. And the old story will begin again, the awful customary acts.

The editors of the daily Press will begin virulently to stir men up to hatred and manslaughter in the name of patrotism, happy in the receipt of an increased income. Manufacturers, merchants, contractors for military stores, will hurry joyously about their business, in the hope of double receipts.

All sorts of Government officials will buzz about, foreseeing a possibility of purloining something more than usual. The military authorities will hurry hither and thither, drawing double pay and rations, and with the expectation of receiving for the slaughter of other men various silly little ornaments which they so highly prize, as ribbons, crosses, orders, and stars. Idle ladies and gentlemen will make a great fuss, entering their names in advance for the Red Cross Society, and ready to bind up the wounds of those whom their husbands and brothers will mutilate; and they will imagine that in so doing they are performing a most Christian work.

And, smothering despair within their souls by songs, licentiousness, and wine, men will trail along, torn from peaceful labor, from their wives, mothers and children—hundreds of thousands of simple-minded, goodnatured men with murderous weapons in their hands—anywhere they may be driven.

They will march, freeze, hunger, suffer sickness, and die from it, or finally come to some place where they will be slain by thousands or kill thousands themselves with no reason; men whom they have never seen before, and who neither have done nor could do them any mischief.

when the number of sick, wounded and killed becomes so great that there are not hands enough left to pick them up, and when the air is so infected with the putrefying scent of the "food for Powder" that even the authorities find it disagreeable, a truce will be made, the wounded will be picked up anyhow, the sick will be brought in and huddled together in heaps, the killed will be covered with earth and lime, and once more the crowd of deluded men will be led on and on till those who have devised the project, weary of it, or till those who thought to find it profitable receive their spoil. And so once more men will be made savage, fierce and brutal, and love will wane in the world, and the Christianizing of mankind, which has already begun, will lapse for scores and for hundreds of years.

And so the men who reaped profit from it all will assert that since there has been a war there must needs have been one, and that other wars will follow and they will again prepare future generations for a continuance of slaughter, depraying them from their birth.

—Leo Tolstoi.

THE sun is my father, and the earth is my mother; and on her bosom I will repose.

—Tecumseh, 1768-1813.

* * *

In matters relating to themselves, we have never taken any part, nor does it comport with our policy so to do. It is only when our rights are invaded or seriously menaced that we resent injuries or make preparations for our defense. With the movements in this hemisphere we are, of necessity, more immediately connected, and by causes which must be obvious to all enlightened and impartial observers.

The political system of the Allied Powers is essentially different in this respect from that of America. This difference proceeds from that which exists in their respective Governments; and to the defense of our own, which has been achieved by the loss of so much blood and treasure, and matured by the wisdom of their most enlightened citizens, and under which we have enjoyed unexampled felicity, this whole nation is devoted.

We owe it, therefore, to candor, and to the amicable relations existing between the United States and those powers, to declare that we should consider any attempt on their part to extend their system to any portion of this hemisphere, as dangerous to our peace and safety.

With the existing Colonies or dependencies of any European power we have not interfered, and shall not interfere. But with the governments who have declared their independence and maintained it, whose independence we have, on great consideration and on just principles, acknowledged, we could not view any interposition for the purpose of oppressing them or controlling, in any other manner their destiny, by any European power, in any other light than as the manifestation of an unfriendly disposition toward the United States.

—James Monroe, 1758-1831.

* * *

IT is impossible for a man to be cheated by any one but himself.

—Emerson.

SIR, I had rather be right than be President!

-Senator W. C. Preston, 1839.

* * *

A POWER has risen up in the government greater than the people themselves, consisting of many and various and powerful interests, combined in one mass, and held together by the cohesive power of the vast surplus in the banks.

—John Caldwell Calhoun, 1782-1850.

* * *

I HATE the prostitution of the name of friendship to signify modish and worldly alliances. I much prefer the company of plough-boys and tin peddlers to the silken and perfumed amity which only celebrates its day of encounter by a frivolous display, by rides in a curricle, and dinners at the best tavern.

-Emerson.

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WITH you I hate, deplore and denounce the Barbarism of Slavery. But I do not agree that the National Government has power under the Constitution to touch Slavery in the States, any more than it has power to touch the twin Barbarism of Polygamy in the States, while fully endowed to arrest and suppress both in all the territories.

-Charles Sumner, 1811-74.

* * *

To look up and not down,
To look forward and not back,
To look out and not in,—and
To lend a hand.

-Edward Everett Hale, 1822.

* * *

THE President should strive to be always mindful of the fact that he serves his party best who serves the country best.

-Rutherford Birchard Hayes.

-1822-93

SPEECH is power; speech is to persuade, to convert, to compel. It is to bring another out of his bad sense into your good sense. You are to be missionary and carrier of all that is good and noble. Virtues speak to virtues, vices to vices, each to their own kind in the people with whom they deal.

-Emerson.

* * *

THE art of fiction has, in fact, become a finer art in our day than it was with Dickens and Thackeray. We could not suffer the confidential attitude of the latter now, nor the mannerism of the former, any more than we could endure the prolixity of Richardson or the coarseness of Fielding.

-William Dean Howells, 1837.

* * *

REASON is the triumph of the intellect; faith, of the heart; and whether the one or the other shall best illumine the dark mysteries of our being, they only are to be despaired of who care not to explore.

—James Schouler, 1839.

* * *

IT was a high counsel that I once heard given to a young person. Always do what you are afraid to do.

-Emerson.

* * *

PUBLIC officers are the servants and agents of the people to execute laws which the people have made, and within the limits of a constitution which they have established.

-Grover Cleveland.

* * *

BUT what man is fit to hold office? Only he who regards political office as a public trust, and not as a private perquisite to be used for the pecuniary advantage of himself or his family, or even his party.

-Abram Stevens Hewitt, 1822.

MISUNDERSTOOD! It is a right fool's word. Is it so bad then to be misunderstood? Pythagoras was misunderstood, and Socrates, and Jesus, and Luther and Copernicus, and Galileo, and Newton, and every pure and wise spirit that ever took flesh. To be great is to be misunderstood.

-Emerson.

* * *

 $\prod_{m=1}^{\Gamma}$ is a condition which confronts us

—Grover Cleveland.

* * *

C OMMUNISM is a hateful thing and a menace to peace and organized government. But the communism of combined wealth and capital, the outgrowth of overweening cupidity and selfishness which assiduously undermines the justice and integrity of free institutions, is not less dangerous than the communism of oppressed poverty and toil, which, exasperated by injustice and discontent, attacks with wild disorder the citadel of misrule.

-Grover Cleveland, 1888.

* * *

IF I were asked what book is better than a cheap book, I should answer that there is one book better than a cheap book, and that is a book honestly come by.

-James Russell Lowell.

* * *

To be seventy years young is sometimes far more cheerful and hopeful than to be forty years old.

-Oliver Wendell Holmes.

* * *

IT used to be an applauded political maxim, which was expressed in the words, "Measures, not men." I venture to deny the soundness of this maxim, and to propose in its place its converse. "Men, not measures." I think the first need of good government, like the first need of a large business corporation, is the right men to administer it.

Right in character, in ability, in patriotism, in disinterestedness. . . . Bet-

er a hundred times an honest and capable administration of an erroneous policy than a corrupt and incapable administration of a good one.

-Edward John Phelps, 1822.

* * *

It is impossible to deny that dishonest men often grow rich and famous, becoming powerful in their parish or in parliament. Their portraits simper from shop windows; and they live and die respected. This success is theirs; yet it is not the success which a noble soul will envy.

-George Henry Lewes.

* * *

I WOULD not have the reader conclude that because I advocate plain-speaking even of unpopular views, I mean to imply that originality and sincerity are always in opposition to public opinion. There are many points both of doctrine and feeling in which the world is not likely to be wrong. But in all cases it is desirable that men should not pretend to believe opinions which they really reject, or express emotions they do not feel. And this rule is universal.

-George Henry Lewes.

* * *

AND of yet greater importance is it deeply to know that every beauty possessed by the language of a nation is significant of the innermost laws of its being. Keep the temper of the people stern and manly; make their associations grave, courteous, and for worthy objects; occupy them in just deeds; and their tongue must needs be a grand one. Nor is it possible, therefore—observe the necessary reflected action—that any tongue should be a noble one, of which the words are not so many trumpet-calls to action. All great languages invariably utter great things, and command them; they cannot be mimicked but by obedience; the breath of them is inspiration because it is not only vocal, but vital; and you can only learn to speak as these men spoke, by becoming what these men were.

—John Ruskin.

I N a monarchy there are two classes, those who command and those who obey; the character and expression produced are those of affability, grace, gentleness, honour, and gallantry. Under a despotism we shall see on each countenance the influence of slavery, and we shall have gentle, timid faces, with a modest expression, deprecating and entreating. The slave walks with head bent; he seems always expecting the sword to fall on his neck.

-Denis Diderot.

* * *

IN brief, the public is composed of numerous groups who cry to us: Console me. Amuse me. Make me sad. Make me sympathetic. Make me dream. Make me laugh. Make me shudder. Make me weep. Make me think. Some rare spirits alone request of the artist: Make me something beautiful, in the form which suits you best, according to your temperament.

-Guy De Maupassant.

* * *

TO arrest, for the space of a breath, the hands busy about the work of the earth, and compel men entranced by the sight of distant goals to glance for a moment at the surrounding vision of form and colour, of sunshine and shadows; to make them pause for a look, for a sigh, for a smile—such is the aim, difficult and evanescent, and reserved only for a very few to achieve. But sometimes, by the deserving and the fortunate, even that task is accomplished. And when it is accomplished—behold!—all the truth of life is there: a moment of vision, a sigh, a smile—and the return to an eternal rest.

—Joseph Conrad.

* * *

THOU shalt have no other gods before me.

Thou shalt not make unto thee any graven images, or any likeness of anything that is in the heaven above, or that is in the earth beneath, or that is in the water under the earth.

Thou shalt not bow down thyself to them, nor serve them: for I the Lord thy God am a jealous God, visiting the iniquity of the fathers upon the children unto the third and fourth generation of them that hate me.

And shewing mercy unto thousands of them that love me, and keep my commandments.

Thou shalt not take the name of the Lord thy God in vain; for the Lord will not hold him guiltless that taketh his name in vain.

Remember the sabbath day, to keep it holy. Six days shalt thou labor and do all thy work: but the seventh day is the sabbath of the Lord thy God; in it thou shalt not do any work, thou, nor thy son, nor thy daughter, thy manservant, nor thy maidservant, nor the cattle, nor the stranger that is within the gates.

For in six days the Lord made heaven and earth, the sea, and all that in them is, and rested the seventh day; wherefore the Lord blessed the sabbath day, and hallowed it.

Honour thy father and thy mother that thy days may be long upon the land which the Lord thy God giveth thee.

Thou shalt not kill.

Thou shalt not commit adultery.

Thou shalt not steal.

Thou shalt not bear false witness against thy neighbour.

Thou shalt not covet thy neighbour's house, thou shalt not covet thy neighbour's wife, nor his manservant, nor his maidservant, nor his ox, nor his ass, nor anything that is thy neighbour's.

-The Commandments.

* * *

BLESSED are the poor in spirit: for theirs is the kingdom of heaven.
Blesed are they that mourn: for they shall be comforted.

Blessed are the meek: for they shall inherit the earth.

Blessed are they which do hunger and thirst after righteousness: for they shall be filled.

Blessed are the merciful: for they shall obtain mercy.

Blessed are the pure in heart: for they shall see God.

Blessed are the peacemakers: for they shall be called the children of God.

Blessed are they which are persecuted for righteousness sake: for theirs is the kingdom of heaven.

Blessed are ye, when men shall revile you, and persecute you, and shall say all manner of evil against you falsely, for my sake.

-Sermon on the Mount.

* * *

I DO not despise genius—indeed, I wish I had a basketful of it instead of a brain; but yet, after a great deal of experience and observation, I have become convinced that industry is a better horse to ride than genius. It may never carry any one man as far as genius has carried individuals, but industry—patient, steady, intelligent industry—will carry thousands into comfort and even into celebrity, and this it does with absolute certainty; whereas genius often refuses to be tamed and managed, and often goes with wretched morals. If you are to wish for either, wish for industry.

-Julian Ralph.

* * *

WHEN you define liberty you limit it, and when you limit it you destroy it.

-Brand Whitlock.

* * *

LET us endeavor so to live that when we come to die even the undertaker will be sorry.

-Mark Twain.

* * *

THEN and indeed for many years after, it seemed as though there was no end to the money needed to carry on and develop the business. As our successes began to come, I seldom put my head upon the pillow at night without speaking a few words to myself in this wise: Now a little success, soon you will fall down, soon you will be overthrown. Because you are quite a merchant; look out, or you will lose your head—go steady. These intimate conversations with myself, I am sure had a great influence on my life.

-John D. Rockefeller.

READING is to the mind what exercise is to the body. As by the one, health is preserved, strengthened and invigorated: by the other, virtue (which is the health of the mind) is kept alive, cherished and confirmed.

-Addison.

* * *

GIVE me the money that has been spent in war, and I will clothe every man, woman and child in an attire of which kings and queens would be proud. I will build a schoolhouse in every valley over the whole earth. I will crown every hillside with a place of worship consecrated to the gospel of peace.

-Charles Sumner.

* * *

EACH and every man ought to interest himself in public affairs. There is no happiness in mere dollars. After they are acquired, one can use but a very moderate amount. It is given a man to eat so much, to wear so much, and to have so much shelter, and more he can not use. When money has supplied these, its mission, so far as the individual is concerned, is fulfilled, and man must look still further and higher. It is only in wide public affairs, where money is a moving force toward the general welfare, that the possessor of it can possibly find pleasure, and that only in constantly doing more. The greatest good a man can do is to cultivate himself, develop his power, in order that he may be of greater service to humanity.

-Marshall Field.

* * *

I WOULD rather be sick than idle.
—Seneca.

* * *

IT is nothing to give pension and cottage to the widow who has lost her son; it is nothing to give food and medicine to the workman who has broken his arm, or the decrepit woman wasting in sickness. But it is something to use your time and strength to war with the waywardness and thoughtlessness of mankind; to keep the erring workman in your service

till you have made him an unerring one, and to direct your fellow-merchant to the opportunity which his judgment would have lost.

-John Ruskin.

* * *

BIGOTRY has no head and cannot think, no heart and cannot feel. When she moves it is in wrath; when she pauses it is amid ruin. Her prayers are curses, her God is a demon, her community is death, her decalogue written in the blood of her victims, and if she stops for a moment in her infernal flight it is upon a kindred rock to whet her vulture fang for a more sanguinary desolation.

-Daniel O'Connell.

* * *

THAT we should do unto others as we would have them do unto us—that we should respect the rights of others as scrupulously as we would have our rights respected—is not a mere counsel of perfection to individuals—but it is the law to which we must conform social institutions and national policy, if we would secure the blessings and abundance of peace.

-Henry George.

* *

EDUCATION does not mean teaching people what they do not know. It means teaching them to behave as they do not behave. It is not teaching the youth the shapes of letters and the tricks of numbers, and then leaving them to turn their arithmetic to roguery, and their literature to lust. It means, on the contrary, training them into the perfect exercise and kingly continence of their bodies and souls. It is a painful, continual and difficult work to be done by kindness, by watching, by warning, by precept, and by praise, but above all—by example.

-John Ruskin.

* * *

BAD will be the day for every man when he becomes absolutely contented with the life that he is living, with the thoughts that he is thinking, with the deeds that he is doing, when there is not forever beating at the doors

of his soul some great desire to do something larger, which he knows that he was meant and made to do because he is still, in spite of all, the child of God.

-Phillips Brooks.

* * *

DIE when I may, I want it said of me by those who knew me best, that I always plucked a thistle and planted a flower where I thought a flower would grow.

-Abraham Lincoln.

* * *

AS good almost kill a man as kill a good book; who kills a man kills a reasonable creature, God's image, but he who destroys a good book kills reason itself.

—John Milton.

* *

SELFISHNESS is not living as one wishes to live; it is asking others to live as one wishes to live. And unselfishness is letting other people's lives alone, not interfering with them. Selfishness always aims at creating around it an absolute uniformity of type. Unselfishness recognizes infinite variety of type as a delightful thing, accepts it, acquiesces in it, enjoys it.

-Oscar Wilde.

* * *

I LOVE children. They do not prattle of yesterday: their interests are all of today and the tomorrow—I love children.

-Richard Mansfield.

* * *

THE character and qualifications of the leader are reflected in the men he selects, develops and gathers around him. Show me the leader and I will know his men. Show me the men and I will know their leader. Therefore, to have loyal, efficient employees—be a loyal and efficient employer.

—Arthur W. Newcomb.

* * *

OF all kinds of pride I hold national pride the most foolish; it ruined Greece; it ruined Judea and Rome.

—Herder.

NOTHING is easier than fault-finding; no talent, no self-denial, no brains, no character are required to set up in the grumbling business.

-Robert West.

* * *

YOU can never dragoon men by law into morality. We have too many laws. There is a tendency in the United States to pile on a law to most every new condition that arises in public life. If a man happens to cut his throat with a razor, a law banning razors at once goes into effect. Knives and forks will probably be forbidden as lethal weapons within a few years. A deep respect for less is essential especially in a democracy like our own, but men who work constitutionally for the repeal of a law which they do not believe is fulfilling their sacred civic duty just as certainly as the men who established the law. If we go on as we are we shall create a bureaucracy at Washington and a jobholder's regime in which one man in every three in the United States will be a political officeholder.

—Archbishop Curley.

* * *

THANK God, common sense is coming into its own in our relations to the rest of the world. When men and women ask for intervention, ask them: On whose side? What can Europe want of us except advice, or money, or the pledge to use our army or navy? As to our money, why should our generosity be determined by an international committee instead of being kept in our own conscience? Why should we put a dollar into the right hand of any one who is going to use his left hand to spend it on armament?

We have contributed billions upon billions of dollars to Europe since the war. We have extended salvation to Russia, to Asia, to the Near East. Our taxpayers have carried the interest on the indebtedness of other nations. No one believes this is isolation. As for clarity of foreign policy—members of international conferences and leagues know less of each other's plans and purposes than they know about the plans and purposes of the United

States. I can tell you with first-hand knowledge that I had less trouble in defining where we stand than I had to find out where Europe stands.

-Richard Washburn Child, former Ambassador to Italy.

* * *

MEN are tattooed with their special beliefs like so many South Sea Islanders; but a real human heart with divine love in it beats with the same glow under all the patterns of all earth's thousand tribes.

-O. W. Holmes.

* * *

If you succeed in life, you must do it in spite of the efforts of others to pull you down. There is nothing in the idea that people are willing to help those who help themselves. People are willing to help a man who can't help himself, but as soon as a man is able to help himself, and does it, they join in making his life as uncomfortable as possible.

E. W. Howe.

* * *

NINE-TENTHS of our people are wasting their lives in a hopeless attempt to acquire more property than they need, and the remaining tenth waste theirs in looking after and increasing the superfluous property they already possess.

-George Bernard Shaw.

* * *

MIDDLE Age has its compensations. One is that, on the whole, you feel no need to do what you do not like. You are no longer ashamed of yourself. You are reconciled to being what you are, and you do not much mind what people think of you. They can take you or leave you. You do not want to impose upon them with false pretenses. Youth is bound hand and foot with the shackles of public opinion.

-Somerset Maugham.

* * *

OUR dead are greater and more truly alive than we are! When we forget them, it is our whole future

that we lose sight of; and when we fail in respect to them, it is our own immortal soul that we are tramping under our own feet.

-Maurice Maeterlinck.

* * *

IF the present condition of Europe is the result of a war for righteousness and to make the world safe for democracy, next time let us try a war for wickedness and autocracy.

-Israel Zangwill.

* * *

THERE is no more unhappy tendency in our contemporary American life than that to persecute those individuals with whom we may not ourselves happen to agree.

-Nicholas Murray Butler.

* * *

THE king says, I rule for all; the judge says, I judge for all; the soldier says, I fight for all; the merchant says, I trade for all; the priest says, I pray for all; the working man says, I pay for all.

-John Ruskin.

* * *

THERE is but one straight road to success, and that is merit. The man who is successful is the man who is useful. Capacity never lacks opportunity. It can not remain undiscovered, because it is sought by too many anxious to use it.

-Bourke Cochran.

* * *

I NEVER make the mistake of arguing with people for whose opinions I have no respect.

—Gibbon.

* * *

THE law of worthy life is fundamentally the law of strife. It is only through labor and painful effort, by grim energy and resolute courage, that we move on to better things.

-Theodore Roosevelt.

THE man who trusts men will make fewer mistakes than he who distrusts them.

-Cavour.

k * *

GREAT minds have purposes, others have wishes. Little minds are tamed and subdued by misfortune; but great minds rise above them.

-Washington Irving.

* * *

AS long as nations meet on the field of war—as long as they sustain the relations of savages to each other—as long as they put the laurel and the oak on the brows of those who kill—just so long will citizens resort to violence, and the quarrels be settled by dagger and revolver.

-Robert G. Ingersoll.

* * *

I CAN not commend to a business house any artificial plan for making men producers—any scheme for driving them into business-building. You must lead them through their self-interest. It is this alone that will keep men keyed up to the full capacity of their productiveness.

—Charles H. Steinway.

* * *

H OW much easier our work would be if we put forth as much effort trying to improve the quality of it as most of us do trying to find excuses for not properly attending to it.

-George W. Ballinger.

* * *

THERE is no more valuable subordinate than the man whom you can give a piece of work and then forget it, in the confident expectation that the next time it is brought to your attention it will come in the form of a report that the thing has been done. When this self-reliant quality is joined to executive power, loyalty and common sense, the result is a man whom you can trust.

On the other hand, there is no greater nuisance to a man heavily burdened with the direction of affairs than the weak-backed assistant who is continually trying to get his chief to do his work for him on the feeble plea that he thought the chief would like to decide this or that for himself. The man to whom an executive is most grateful, the man whom he will work hardest and value most, is the man who accepts responsibility willingly.

-Gifford Pinchot.

* * *

You want a better position than you now have in business, a better and fuller place in life. All right; think of that better place and you in it as already existing. Form the mental image. Keep on thinking of that higher position, keep the image constantly before you, and—no, you will not suddenly be transported into the higher job, but you will find that you are preparing yourself to occupy the better position in life—your body, your energy, your understanding, your heart will all grow up to the job—and when you are ready, after hard work, after perhaps years of preparation, you will get the job and the higher place in life

—Joseph H. Appel.

* * *

THE best way for a young man who is without friends of influence to begin is: first, to get a position; second, to keep his mouth shut; third, observe; fourth, be faithful; fifth, make his employer think he would be lost in a fog without him; sixth, be polite.

-Russell Sage.

* * *

THE longer I live, the more deeply I am convinced that that which makes the difference between one man and another—between the weak and the powerful, the great and the insignificant—is energy, invincible determination, a purpose once formed and then death or victory.

-Powell Buxton.

* * *

I HONOR any man who in the conscious discharge of his duty dares to stand alone; the world, with ignorant intolerant judgment, may con-

demn; the countenances of relatives may be averted, and the hearts of friends grow cold; but the sense of duty done shall be sweeter than the applause of the world, the countenances of relatives, or the hearts of friends.

-Charles Sumner.

* * *

NO man lives without jostling and being jostled; in all ways he has to elbow himself through the world, giving and receiving offense.

—Carlyle.

* * *

THE thing needed is not plans, but men. A well-thought-out plan without a man to execute it is a waste of money; and as a rule, the more comparatively the details have been thought out by a man who is not going to execute them himself, the larger will be the amount of money wasted. Get a man with a plan, and the more money he has the greater is his chance of doing a larger work; but a plan without a man is as bad as a man without a plan—the more he has the more he wastes.

-Arthur T. Hadley.

* * *

To achieve what the world calls cess a man must attend strictly to business and keep a little in advance of the times. The man who reaches the top is the one who is not content with doing just what is required of him. He does more. Every man should make up his mind that if he expects to succeed, he must give an honest return for the other man's dollar. Grasp an idea and work it out to a successful conclusion. That's about all there is in life for any of us.

—Edward H. Harriman.

* * *

FULL of anxieties and apprehending daily that we should hear distressing news from Boston, I walked with Mr. Samuel Adams in the State House yard (Philadelphia) for a little exercise and fresh air, before the hour of (the Continental) Congress, and there represented to him the various dangers that surrounded us. He agreed to them

all, but said, what shall we do? I answered him I was determined to take a step which should compel all the members of Congress to declare themselves for or against something. I am determined this morning to make a direct motion that Congress should adopt (as its own) the army before Boston, and appoint Colonel Washington commander of it.

Mr. Adams seemed to think very seriously of it, but he said nothing. Accordingly, when Congress had assembled, I rose in my place. . . . Mr. Washington, who happened to sit near the door, as soon as he heard me allude to him, from his usual modesty, darted into the library room. Mr. Hancock heard me with visible pleasure, but when I came to describe Washington for the commander, I never remarked a more sudden and striking change of countenance. Mortification and resentment were expressed as forcibly as his face could exhibit them. Mr. Samuel Adams seconded the motion, and that did not soften the president's (Hancock's) physiognomy at all.

-John Adams.

* * *

SERVED with General Washington in the Legislature of Virginia, before the Revolution, and, during it, with Doctor Franklin in Congress. I never heard either of them speak ten minutes at a time, nor to any but the main point, which was to decide the question. They laid their shoulders to the great points, knowing that the lit-tle ones would follow of themselves. If the present Congress errs in too much talking, how can it be otherwise, in a body to which the people send one hundred and fifty lawyers, whose trade it is to question everything, yield nothing, and talk by the hour? That one hundred and fifty lawyers should do business together ought not to be expected.

—Thomas Jefferson.

* * *

IF you wish to appear agreeable in society you must consent to be taught many things which you know already.

—Lavater.

ENERAL: I have placed you at GENERAL. I have done this Potomac. Of course, I have done this upon what appears to me to be sufficient reasons, and yet I think it best for you to know that there are some things in regard to which I am not quite satisfied with you. I believe you to be a brave and skilful soldier, which of course I like. I also believe you do not mix politics with your professon, in which you are right. You have confidence in yourself, which is a valuable if not an indispensable quality. You are ambitious, which, within reasonable bounds, does good rather than harm; but I think that during General Burnside's command of the army you have taken counsel of your ambition and thwarted him as much as you could, in which you did a great wrong to the country and to a most meritorious and honorable brother officer. I have heard, such a way as to believe it, of your recently saying that both the army and the government needed a dictator.

Of course, it was not for this, but in spite of it, that I have given you the command. Only those generals who gain successes can set up dictatorships. What I now ask of you is military success, and I will risk the dictatorship. The government will support you to the utmost of its ability, which is neither more nor less than it has done and will do for commanders. I much fear that the spirit which you have aided to infuse into the army, of criticizing their commander and withholding confidence from him, will now turn upon you. I shall assist you as far as I can to put it down. Neither you nor Napoleon, if he were alive again, could get any good out of an army while such a spirit prevails in it; and now beware of rashness. Beware of rashness, but with energy and sleepless vigilance go forward and give us victories. Yours very truly, Abraham Lincoln.

—(Letter to General J. Hooker, January 26, 1863.)

THERE is no moment like the present. The man who will not execute his resolutions when they are fresh upon him can have no hope from them afterwards: they will be dissipated,

lost and perish in the hurry and scurry of the world, or sunk in the slough of indolence.

-Maria Edgeworth.

* * *

I OWE all my success in life to having been always a quarter of an hour before hand.

-Lord Nelson.

* * *

THE darkest hour in any man's life is when he sits down to plan how to get money without earning it.

—Horace Greeley.

* * *

THE leader for the time being, whoever he may be, is but an instrument, to be used until broken and then to be cast aside; and if he is worth his salt he will care no more when he is broken than a soldier cares when he is sent where his life is forfeit in order that the victory may be won. In the long fight for righteousness the watchword for all of us, is spend and be spent. It is a little matter whether any one man fails or succeeds, but the cause shall not fail, for it is the cause of mankind. We, here, in America, hold in our hands the hope of the world, the fate of the coming years; and shame and disgrace will be ours if in our eyes the light of high resolve is dimmed, if we trail in the dust the golden hopes of men. If on this new continent, we merely build another country of great but unjustly divided material prosperity, we shall do as little if we merely set the greed of envy against the greed of arrogance, and thereby destroy the material well-being of all of us.

-Theodore Roosevelt.

* * *

HISSES, groans, catcalls, drumming with the feet, loud conversation and imitations of animals went on throughout (the maiden speech of Benjamin Disraeli in the House of Commons). But . . . it does not follow that maiden speech of the member for Maidstone was a failure. It was indeed in one sense a very hopeful business inasmuch as the reports

prove he was quite capable of holding his own amidst extraordinary interruptions.

Mr. Disraeli wound up in these words: Now, Mr. Speaker, we see the philosophical prejudices of Man. (Laughter and cheers.) I respect cheers, even when they come from the mouth of political opponent. (Renewed laughter.) I think, sir, (Hear, Hear! and repeated cries of Question!) I am not at all surprised, sir, at the reception I have met with. (Continued laughter). I have begun several things many times (laughter), and I have always suceeded at last. (Question.) Ay, sir, and though I sit down now, the time will come when you will hear me.

—Disraeli.

* * *

LIFE would be a perpetual flea hunt if a man were obliged to run down all the innuendoes, inveracities, insinuations and misrepresentations which are uttered against him.

—Henry Ward Beecher.

* * *

THE men who try to do something and fail are infinitely better than those who try to do nothing and succeed.

—Lloyd Jones.

EVERY man is said to have his peculiar ambition. Whether it be true or not, I can say, for one, that I have no other so great as that of being truly esteemed of my fellowmen, by rendering myself worthy of their esteem. How far I shall succeed in gratifying this ambition is yet to be developed. I am young and unknown to many of you. I was born, and have ever remained, in the most humble walks of life. I have no wealthy or popular relations or friends to recommend me. My case is thrown upon the country; and, if elected, they will have conferred a favor upon me for which I shall be unremitting in my labors to compensate. But, if the good people in their wisdom shall see fit to keep me in the background, I have been too familiar with disappointments to be very much chagrined.

—Lincoln to the People of Sangamon, March 9, 1832.

HE is no madman, but the best bundle of nerves I ever saw; cut, bruised and battered, and chained beside, he showed himself to be a man of courage and fortitude. He is a fanatic, of course, beyond all reason, but he thinks himself a Christian, and believes honestly he is called of God to free the negroes. They say when one son was dead by his side, he held his rifle in one hand and felt the pulse of another who was dying, all the time cautioning his men to be cool and sell their lives dearly. "While I was talk-ing with him," continued Governor Wise, "someone called out that he was a robber and a murderer." Brown replied, "You slaveholders are the robbers." I said to him, "Captain Brown, your hair is matted with blood and you are speaking hard words. Perhaps you forget I am a slaveholder; you had better be thinking on eternity.

"Your wounds may be fatal, and if they are not, you will have to stand trial for treason, conspiracy and murder, and how can you hope to escape when you admit your guilt?" The old man leaned on his elbow, and beneath the bandages on his broken face they saw the blue eyes flash, and he answered me: "Governor Wise, you call me old but after all I am only ten or fifteen years, at most, the start of you in that journey to eternity, of which you speak. I will leave this world first, but you must follow. I will meet you across Death's border, and I tell you, Governor Wise, prepare for eternity. You admit you are a slaveholder. You have a responsibility weightier than mine. Prepare to meet your God!"

—Governor Harry A. Wise's Interview with John Brown.

* * *

In the early days of the anti-slavery agitation, a meeting was called at Faneuil Hall in Boston, which a goodnatured mob of soldiers was hired to suppress. They took possession of the floor and danced breakdowns and shouted choruses and refused to hear any of the orators upon the platform. The most eloquent pleaded with them in vain. They were urged by the memories of the Cradle of Liberty, for the honor of Massachusetts, for

their own honor as Boston boys, to respect liberty of speech. But they still laughed and sang and danced, and were proof against every appeal.

At last a man suddenly arose from among themselves, and began to speak. Struck by his tone and quaint appearance, and with the thought that he might be one of themselves, the mob became suddenly still. "Well, fellow citizens," he said, "I wouldn't be quiet if I didn't want to." The words were greeted with a roar of delight from the mob, which supposed it had found its champion, and the applause was unceasing for five minutes, during which the strange orator tranquilly awaited his chance to continue. The wish to hear more hushed the tumult, and when the hall was still he resumed: "No, I certainly wouldn't stop if I hadn't a mind to; but then, if I were you, I would have a mind to!"

The oddity of the remark and the earnestness of the tone, held the crowd silent, and the speaker continued: "Not because this is Faneuil Hall, nor for the honor of Massachusetts, nor because you are Boston boys, but because you are men, and because honorable and generous men always love fair play." The mob was conquered.

-George William Curtis.

* * *

RIENDS, I have thought about this matter a great deal, have weighed the question well from all corners, and am thoroughly convinced the time has come when it should be uttered; and if it must be that I must go down because of this speech, then let me go down linked to truth—die in the advocacy of what is right and just. This nation can not live on injustice. A house divided against itself can not stand, I say again and again.

—Abraham Lincoln.

* * *

I LAY very little stress either upon asking or giving advice. Generally speaking, they who ask advice know what they wish to do, and remain firm to their intentions. A man may allow himself to be enlightened on various points, even upon matters of ex-

pediency and duty; but after all, he must determine his course of action for himself.

-Wilhelm von Humboldt.

* * *

SNOBBERY is the pride of those who are not sure of their position.

-Berton Braley.

* * *

FOURSCORE and seven years ago our fathers brought forth on this continent a new nation, conceived in liberty and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal. Now we are engaged in a great civil war, testing whether that nation, or any nation so conceived and so dedicated, can long endure. We are met on a great battlefield of that war. We have come, to dedicate a portion of that field as a final resting place for those who here gave their lives that that nation might live. It is altogether fitting and proper that we should do this. But in a larger sense we can not dedicate, we can not consecrate, we can not hallow this ground. The brave men, living and dead, who struggled here have consecrated it far above our poor power to add or detract. The world will little note or long remember what we say here, but it can never forget what they did here.

It is for us, the living, rather to be dedicated here to the unfinished work which they who fought here have thus far so nobly advanced. It is rather for us to be here dedicated to the great task remaining before us, that from these honored dead we take increased devotion to that cause for which they gave the last full measure of devotion; that we here highly resolve that these dead shall not have died in vain; that this nation, under God, shall have a new birth of freedom, and that the government of the people, by the people and for the people shall not perish from the earth.

—Address at Gettysburg by Abraham Lincoln.

* * *

A GREAT deal of talent is lost in the world for want of a little courage. Every day sends to their graves obscure men whom timidity prevented

from making a first effort; who, if they could have been induced to begin, would in all probability have gone great lengths in the career of fame. The fact is, that to do anything in the world worth doing, we must not stand back shivering and thinking of the cold and danger, but jump in and scramble through as well as we can. It will not do to be perpetually calculating risks and adjusting nice chances; it did very well before the Flood, when a man would consult his friends upon an intended publication for a hundred and fifty years, and live to see his success afterwards; but at present, a man waits, and doubts, and consults his brother, and his particular friends, till one day he finds he is sixty years old and that he has lost so much time in consulting cousins and friends that he has not more time to follow their advice.

-Sydney Smith.

* * *

MY son, remember you have to work, whether you handle pick or wheelbarrow or a set of books, digging ditches or editing a newspaper, ringing an auction bell or writing funny things, you must work. Don't be afraid of killing yourself by overworking on the sunny side of thirty. Men die sometimes, but it is because they quit at nine P. M. and don't go home until two A. M. It's the intervals that kill, my son. The work gives you appetite for your meals; it lends solidity to your slumber; it gives you a perfect appreciation of a holiday. There are young men who do not work, but the country is not proud of them. It does not even know their names; it only speaks of them as old So-and-So's boys. Nobody likes them; the great, busy world doesn't know they are here. So find out what you want to be and do. Take off your coat and make dust in the world. The busier you are, the sweeter will be your sleep, the brighter your holidays, and the better satisfied the whole world will be with you.

-Bob Burdette.

* * *

I T is of dangerous consequence to represent to man how near he is to the level of beasts without showing him at the same time his greatness. It is

likewise dangerous to let him see his greatness without his meanness. It is more dangerous yet to leave him ignorant of either; but very beneficial that he should be made sensible of both.

-Pascal.

* * *

FEAR is lack of faith. Lack of faith is ignorance. Fear can only be cured by vision. Give the world eyes. It will see. Give it ears. It will hear. Give it a right arm. It will act. Man needs time and room. Man needs soil, sunshine and rain. Needs a chance. Open all your doors and windows. Let everything pass freely in and out, out and in. Even the evil. Let it pass out and in, in and out. No man hates the truth. But most men are afraid of the truth. Make the truth easier than a lie. Make the truth welcomer than its counterfeits. Then man will no longer be afraid, being afraid is being ignorant. Being ignorant is being without faith.

--Horace Traubel.

* * *

FINE as friendship is, there is nothing irrevocable about it. The bonds of friendship are not iron bonds, proof against the strongest of strains and the heaviest of assaults. A man by becoming your friend has not committed himself to all the demands which you may be pleased to make upon him. Foolish people like to test the bonds of their friendship, pulling upon them to see how much strain they will stand.

When they snap, it is as if friendship itself had been proved unworthy. But the truth is that good friendships are fragile things and require as much care in handling as any other fragile and precious things. For friendship is an adventure and a romance, and in adventures it is the unexpected that happens. It is the zest of peril that makes the excitement of friendship. All that is unpleasant and unfavorable is foreign to its atmosphere; there is no place in friendship for harsh criticism or fault-finding. We will take less from a friend than we will from one who is indifferent to us.

-Randolph S. Bourne.

Do your work—not just your work and no more, but a little more for the lavishing's sake; that little more which is worth all the rest. And if you suffer as you must, and if you doubt as you must, do your work. Put your heart into it and the sky will clear. Then out of your very doubt and suffering will be born the supreme joy of life.

-Dean Briggs.

* * *

HUMAN and mortal though we are, we are, nevertheless, not mere insulated beings, without relation to past or future. Neither the point of time nor the spot of earth in which we physically live bounds our rational and intellectual enjoyments. We live in the past by a knowledge of its history, and in the future by hope and anticipation. By ascending to an association with our ancestors; by comtemplating their example, and studying their character; by partaking of their sentiments and imbibing their spirit; by accompanying them in their toils; by sympathizing in their sufferings and rejoicing in their successes and their triumphs—we mingle our own exist-ence with theirs and seem to belong to their age. We become their contemporaries, live the lives which they lived, endure what they endured, and partake in the rewards which they enjoyed.

-Daniel Webster

* * *

TIME was when slaves were exported like cattle from the British Coast and exposed for sale in the Roman market. These men and women who were thus sold were supposed to be guilty of witchcraft, debt, blas-phemy or theft. Or else they were prisoners taken in war-they had forfeited their right to freedom, and we sold them. We said they were incapable of self-government and so must be looked after. Later we quit selling British slaves, but began to buy and trade in African humanity. We silenced conscience by saying, "It's all right—they are incapable of self-gov-ernment." We were once as obscure, ernment." as debased, as ignorant, as barbaric, as the African is now. I trust that the time will come when we are willing to give to Africa the opportunity, the hope, the right to attain to the same blessings that we ourselves enjoy.

-William Pitt.

* * *

EVEN so conservative a body as the Supreme Court discovers that it is possible to change opinions from one decade to another, without bringing the Constitution down in ruins; indeed, if the masses remain insistent a quiet mental revolution in high places is the approved method of averting a noisy physical revolution in the streets.

—Arthur Pound.

* * *

A NYBODY can cut prices, but it takes brains to make a better article.

—Philip D. Armour.

* * *

THE very name—the state—implies no change; a misnomer, perhaps, yet significant as expressing the mass ideal of security.

-Arthur Pound.

* * *

WE think of America as a land of opportunity, dotted by the proverbial little red schoolhouses, and forget that in State after State there is an illiterate population so numerous that these States stand shamed before the countries of northern Europe. Those who were present at the hearings of the Senate committee will hold vivid remembrance of the earnest, able, handsome young woman who spoke for the Schoolroom Teachers' Association and who brought to the committee's notice the coincidence of child labor, illiteracy, and high death-rate. It is precisely in those States which have done nothing or which have done the least to protect the children, that illiteracy is most prevalent and the death-rate is highest.

—Medill McCormick.

* * *

THE periods of history that are most interesting are those which have been lighted up by spiritual bonfires. As we read about such epochs we seem

to feel the fires rekindling in our bosoms. Through the identity of those historic flames with our own, we become aware of our portion in the past, and of our mission in the present. The names of the actors, to be sure, are changed; the names of the forces at work vary continually. Yet the substance of the story is ever the same; the fable deals with ourselves. And therefore that fable stirs the intimate embers in us. Here, within us, are those smothered and banked furnaces which the stride of History has left behind it—the only now living part, the only real part and absolute remnant of the divine pageant.

—John Jay Chapman.

* * *

CHILDREN of twelve can tend many automatic machines as competently as adults. Youths, in fact, approach their highest wage during the very years in which the boys of a generation ago were earning less than living wages as apprentices. Eighteen to tweny-five are the most gainful years for the "machinate manual."

-Arthur Pound.

* * *

THE glory of science is, that it is freeing the soul—breaking the mental manacles—getting the brain out of bondage—giving courage to thought—filling the world with mercy, justice and joy. (Applause.) Science found agriculture plowing with a stick—reaping with a sickle—commerce at the mercy of the treacherous waves and the inconstant winds—a world without books—without schools—man denying the authority of reason, employing his ingenuity in the manufacture of instruments of torture, in building inquisitions and cathedrals.

It found the land filled with malicious monks—with persecuting Protestants, and the burners of men. It found a world full of fear; ignorance upon its knees; credulity the greatest virtue; women treated like beasts of burden; cruelty the only means of reformation. It found the world at the mercy of disease and famine; men trying to read their fates in the stars, and to tell their fortunes by signs and wonders; gen-

erals think to conquer their enemies by making the sign of the cross, or by telling a rosary.

It found all history full of petty and ridiculous falsehood, and the Almighty was supposed to spend most of his time turning sticks into snakes, drowning boys for swimming on Sundays, and killing little children for the purposes of converting their parents. It found the earth filled with slaves and tyrants, the people in all countries down-trodden, half naked, half starved, without reason in the world. Such was the condition of man when the morning of science dawned upon his brain, and before he had heard the sublime declaration that the universe is governed by law.

-Robert G. Ingersoll.

* * *

E NTHUSIASM is the power and the health of the mind. It is youth, ambition, WILL. Man lives and is worth while as long as his enthusiasm lives. And when enthusiasm dies, HE dies—although he may not know it.

-Arthur Brisbane.

* * *

IS there not such a thing as the philosophy of American history and politics? And if so, what is it? . . . Wise men say there are two sets of wills to nations and to persons-one set that acts and works for explainable motives-from teaching, intelligence, judgment, circumstance, caprice, emulation, greed, etc., and then another set, perhaps deep, hidden, unsuspected, yet often more potent than the first, refusing to be argued with, rising as it were out of abysses, resistlessly urging on speakers, doers, communities, unwitting to themselves—the poet to his fieriest words—the race to pursue its loftiest ideal. Indeed, the paradox of a nation's life and career, with all its wondrous contradictions, can probably only be explained from these two wills, sometimes conflicting, each operating in its sphere, combining in races or in persons, and producing strangest results.

-Walt Whitman.

MILLIONS of men on earth remember distinctly the past fifty years, and their fathers remembered fifty years back. The hundred years behind us have seen a complete change in the ways of human beings and in the world's methods. The stage coach, went, steam cars and steamboats came in. The telephone has come-CON-The wireless QUERING SPACE. telephone and telegraph have come-CONQUERING SPACE AND TIME. The flying machine has lifted men from the earth — CONQUERING THE LAW OF GRAVITATION. automobile has replaced the horse on city streets, and will replace it on the farm. Electricity has lightened the labors of women, sweeping, washing, heating, refrigerating, sewing, cooling, lighting, driving machines, executing convicts. Man, born with ten fingers, provides himself through electricity and machinery with a thousand million fingers of steel.

-Arthur Brisbane.

* * *

S TEP by step my investigation of blindness led me into the industrial world. And what a world it is! I must face unflinchingly a world of facts—a world of misery and degradation, of blindness, crookedness, and sin, a world struggling against itself. How reconcile this world of fact with the bright world of my imagining? My darkness had been filled with the light of intelligence, and, behold, the outer day-lit world was stumbling and groping in social blindness. At first I was most unhappy; but deeper study restored my confidence. By learning the sufferings and burdens of men, I became aware as never before of the life-power that has survived the forces of darkness—the power which, though never completely victorious, is continuously conquering.

The very fact that we are still here carrying on the contest against the hosts of annihilation proves that on the whole the battle has gone for humanity. The world's great heart has proved equal to the prodigious undertaking which God set it. Rebuffed, but always persevering; self-reproached, but ever regaining faith; undaunted, tenacious, the heart of man labors towards immeasureably distant goals.

Discouraged not by difficulties without, or the anguish of ages within, the heart listens to a sercret voice that whispers: "Be not dismayed; in the future lies the Promised Land."

-Helen Keller.

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AM aware that many object to the severity of my language; but is there not cause for severity? I will be as harsh as Truth, and as uncompromising as Justice. On this subject I do not wish to think, or speak, or write, with moderation. No! Tell a man whose house is on fire to give a moderate alarm; tell him to moderately rescue his wife from the hands of the ravisher; tell the mother to gradually extricate her babe from the fire into which it has fallen-but urge me not to use moderation in a cause like the present. I am in earnest-I will not equivocate-I will not excuse-I will not retreat a single inch —and I will be heard. The apathy of the people is enough to make every statue leap from its pedestal and hasten the resurrection of the dead.

-William Lloyd Garrison.

* * *

IN moments of progress the noble succeed, because things are going their way: in moments of decadence the base succeed for the same reason; hence the world is never without the exhilaration of contemporary success.

-G. B. Shaw.

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S PEECH is the index of the mind.
—Seneca.

* * *

HE said, "I see." And they said: "He's crazy; crucify him." He still said: "I see." And they said: "He's an extremist." And they tolerated him. And he continued to say: "I see." And they said: "He's eccentric." And they rather liked him, but smiled at him. And he stubbornly said again: "I see." And they said: "There's something in what he says." And they gave him half an ear. But he said as if he'd never said it before: "I see." And at last they were awake;

and they gathered about him and built a temple in his name. And yet he only said "I see." And they wanted to do something for him. "What can we do to express to you our regret?" He only smiled. He touched them with the ends of his fingers and kissed them. What could they do for him? "Nothing more than you have done," he answered. "And what was that?" they wanted to know. "You see," he said, "that's a reward enough; you see, you see."

—Horace Traubel.

* *

M AN is a land-animal. A land-animal can not live without land. All that man produces comes from the land; all productive labor, in the final analysis, consists in working up land, or materials drawn from land, into such forms as fit them for the satisfaction of human wants and desires. Man's very body is drawn from the land. Children of the soil, we come from the land, and to the land, we must return.

Take away from man all that belongs to the land, and what have you but a disembodied spirit? Therefore, he who holds the land on which and from which another man must live is that man's master; and the man is his slave. The man who holds the land on which I must live, can command me to life or to death just as absolutely as though I were his chattel.

Talk about abolishing slavery; We have not abolished slavery; we have only abolished one rude form of it—chattel slavery. There is a deeper and more insidious form, a more cursed form yet before us to abolish, in this industrial slavery that makes a man a virtual slave, while taunting him and mocking him in the name of freedom.

—Henry George.

WIT is a happy and striking way of expressing a thought. It is not often, though it be lively and mantling, that it carries a great body with it. Wit, therefore, is fitter for diversion than business, being more grateful to fancy than judgment. Less judgment than wit, is more sail than ballast. Yet it must be confessed that wit gives an edge to sense, and recommends it extremely. Where judgment has wit to express it, there is the best orator.

-William Penn.

ANY people anywhere being inclined and having the power, have the right to rise up and shake off the existing government and form a new one that suits them better.

-A. Lincoln.

* * *

the militarist had somewhat the better of the moral argument. The man who offered up his life for the welfare or glory of his country was doing a fine thing. But modern war is changing even that. Of the millions killed in battle, the millions under arms, comparatively few made the supreme sacrifice voluntarily. They were conscripted. They had to go and to take the chance of being killed or dying with certainty up against a wall.

—Irwin.

* * *

WE hold these truths to be selfevident; that all men are created equal; that they are endowed by their creator with inherent and inalienable rights, that among these are life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness; that to secure these rights governments are instituted among men deriving their just powers from the consent of the governed; that whenever any form of government becomes destructive of these ends, it is the right of the people to alter or to abolish it, and to institute new government, laying its foundation on such principles and organizing its power in such form, as to them shall seem most likely to effect their happiness. Prudence indeed will dictate that governments long established should not be changed for light and transient causes: and accordingly all experience hath shown that mankind are more disposed to suffer while evils are sufferable, than to right themselves by abolishing the forms to which they are accustomed. But when a long train of abuses and usurpations begun at a distinguished period and pursuing invariably the same object, evinces a design to reduce them under absolute despotism, it is their right, it is their duty, to throw off such government, and to provide new guards for their future security.

—Declaration of Independence.

N the war just finished, according to Historians, about nineteen millions died in battle or of wounds; probably 5 to 7 millions were permanently disabled. Yet we were killing only by "retail" where in the next war, we shall, according to the words of authorities, kill by the "wholesale." At the time of the Armistice we were manufacturing for the campaign of 1919 our Lewisite Gas. It was invisible, a sinking gas, which would search out the refugees of dugouts and cellars; if breathed it killed at once. Wherever it settled on the skin, it produced a poison which brought almost instant death. Masks alone were of no use against it. It had 55 times the "spread" of any poison gas used in the

—Irwin.

* * *

FOR a government to have the right to punish the errors of men it is necessary that their errors must take the form of crime; they do not take the form of crime unless they disturb society when they engender fanaticism; hence men must avoid fanaticism in order to deserve toleration.

—Voltaire.

* * *

THE most unhappy of all men is the man that cannot tell what he is going to do, that has got no work cut out for him in the world, and does not go into it. For work is the grand cure of all the maladies and miseries that ever beset mankind—honest work, which you intend getting done.

—Carlyle.

* * *

CONCERNING one successor of Lewisite Gas, an expert has said: "You burst a container carrying a minute quantity of the substance which makes the gas, at the foot of a tree. You do not see the fumes rise; it is invisible. But within a few seconds you see the leaves begin to shrivel. In the next war—unless we discover meantime some more effective methods of killing—clouds of such gas will sweep over hundreds of square miles, not only eliminating all unprotected life, animal and vegetable but sterilizing the soil for about seven years.

We can reasonably feel that Lewisite and the gas beyond are probably no longer the exclusive secret of the U. S. Government. We had allies in the war: doubtless they learned the formula. Even if not, once science knows that a formula exists, its rediscovery is only a matter of time. And search is quietly going on in the laboratories of Europe, men studying new ways to destroy life.

-Irwin.

* * :

THIS little globe which is but a mere speck, travels through space with its fellows, lost in immensity. Man, a creature about five feet tall, is certainly a tiny thing, as compared with the universe. Yet one of these imperceptible beings declares to his neighbors; "Hearken unto me. The God of all these worlds speaks with my voice. There are nine billion of us wee ants upon earth, but only my ant-hole is precious in God's sight. All the others are eternally damned by Him. Mine alone is blessed."

—Voltaire.

* * *

THE tree of liberty must be refreshed from time to time with the blood of patriots and tyrants.

-Thomas Jefferson.

* * *

THE stomach is a slave that must accept everything that is given to it, but which avenges wrongs as slyly as does the slave.

-Emile Soulvestre.

* * *

TIME to me is so precious that with great difficulty can I steal one hour in eight days, either to satisfy myself or to gratify my friends.

—John Knox.

* *

IF we wish to be just judges of all things, let us first persuade ourselves of this: that there is not one of us without fault; no man is found who can acquit himself; and he who calls himself innocent does so with reference to a witness, and not to his conscience.

-Seneca.

FEEL most deeply that this whole question of Creation is too profound for human intellect. A dog might as well speculate on the mind of Newton! Let each man hope and believe what he can.

-Charles Darwin.

* * *

LET us be glad that we are born in this age and within the swirl and current of the new freedom. Let us do each our share to leave the dams down, and not build them up in our own bosom; for it is in people's bosoms that all these dams exist. We must permit the floods of life to run freely. It is not from any one of our reforms, arts, sciences, and churches but out of all of them that salvation flows. What shall we do to assist in this great process? What relation do we bear to the movement? That is the question which requires a lifetime for its answer. Our knowledge of the subject changes constantly under experience.

At first we desire to help vigorously; and we do all in our power to assist mankind. As time goes on, we perceive more and more clearly that the advancement of the world does not depend upon us, but that we, rather, are bound up in it, and can command no foot-hold of our own. At last we see that our very ambitions, desires and hopes in the matter are a part of the Supernal Machinery moving through all things, and that our souls can be satisfied and our power exerted only in so far as we are taken up into that original motion, and merged in that primal power. Our minds thus dissolve under the grinding analysis of life, and leave behind nothing except God.

Towards him we stand and look; and we, who started out with so many gifts for men, have nothing left in our satchel for mankind except a blessing.

—John Jay Chapman.

A WORLD grown more conscious of life-processes, a public seeking social welfare, waits to see if the corporation and the automatic machine can be swung somewhat more toward public good.

-Arthur Pound.

* * *

WHAT he wants—what every man above the grade of moron craves in toil—is a chance to express his personality within the limits of a specialty in which he knows himself proficient.

-Arthur Pound.

* * *

YOU better live your best and act your best and think your best today; for today is the sure preparation for tomorrow and all the other tomorrows that follow.

-Harriet Martineau.

* * *

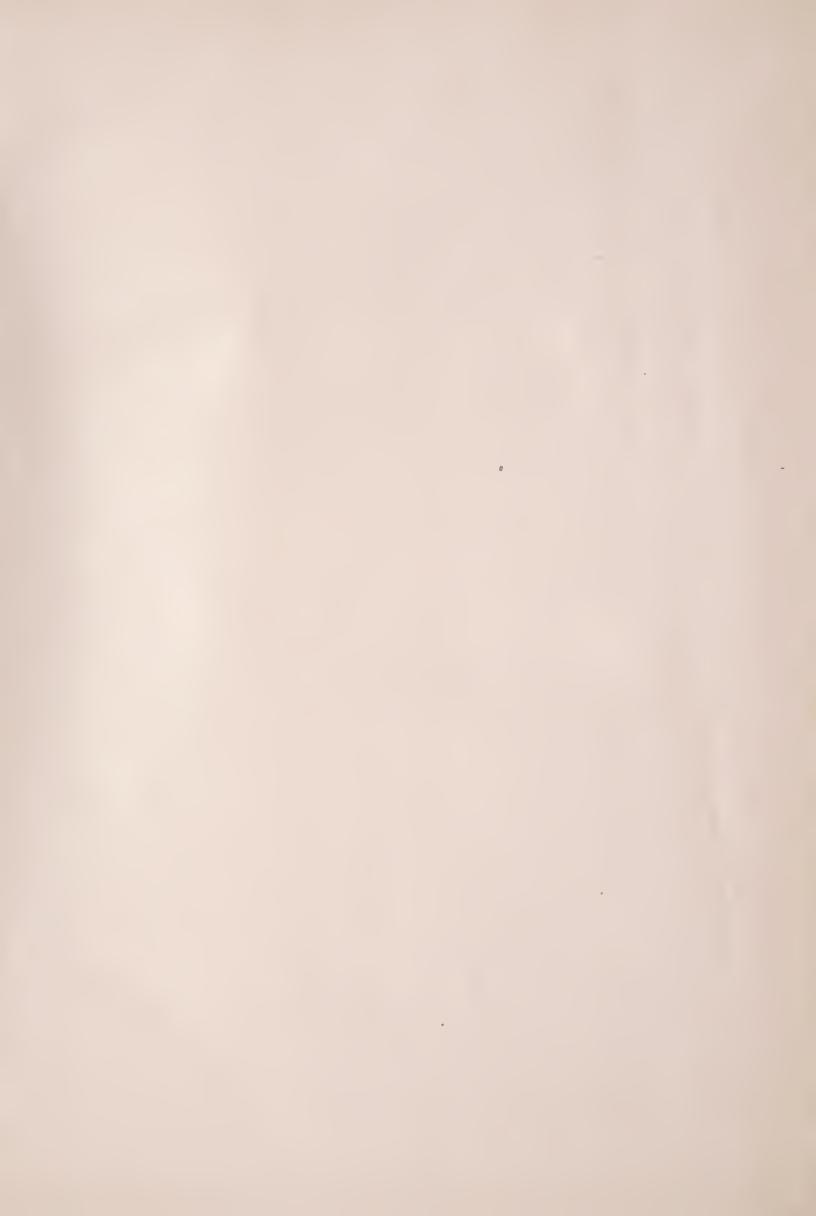
A ND it is not only the children who suffer; nor is it alone the states refusing them protection which suffer. The whole Union suffers. In a democracy like ours the strong suffer by reason of the weak and the literate by reason of the ignorant. For in proportion as some little citizens are denied the opportunity to qualify themselves for citizenship, and to bear their share of burden of citizenship, so is the burden of the other heavier. Obviously, a child robbed of its play, and denied its schooling, is refused the physical and mental development necessary to guarantee to it the free pursuit of happiness and the untrammeled enjoyment of life and liberty. If it be denied the full privileges of an American citizen, so likewise is it handicapped in its assumption of the obligations of a citi-

-Medill McCormick.













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